Collier's
THE NATI LY

December 16, 1939

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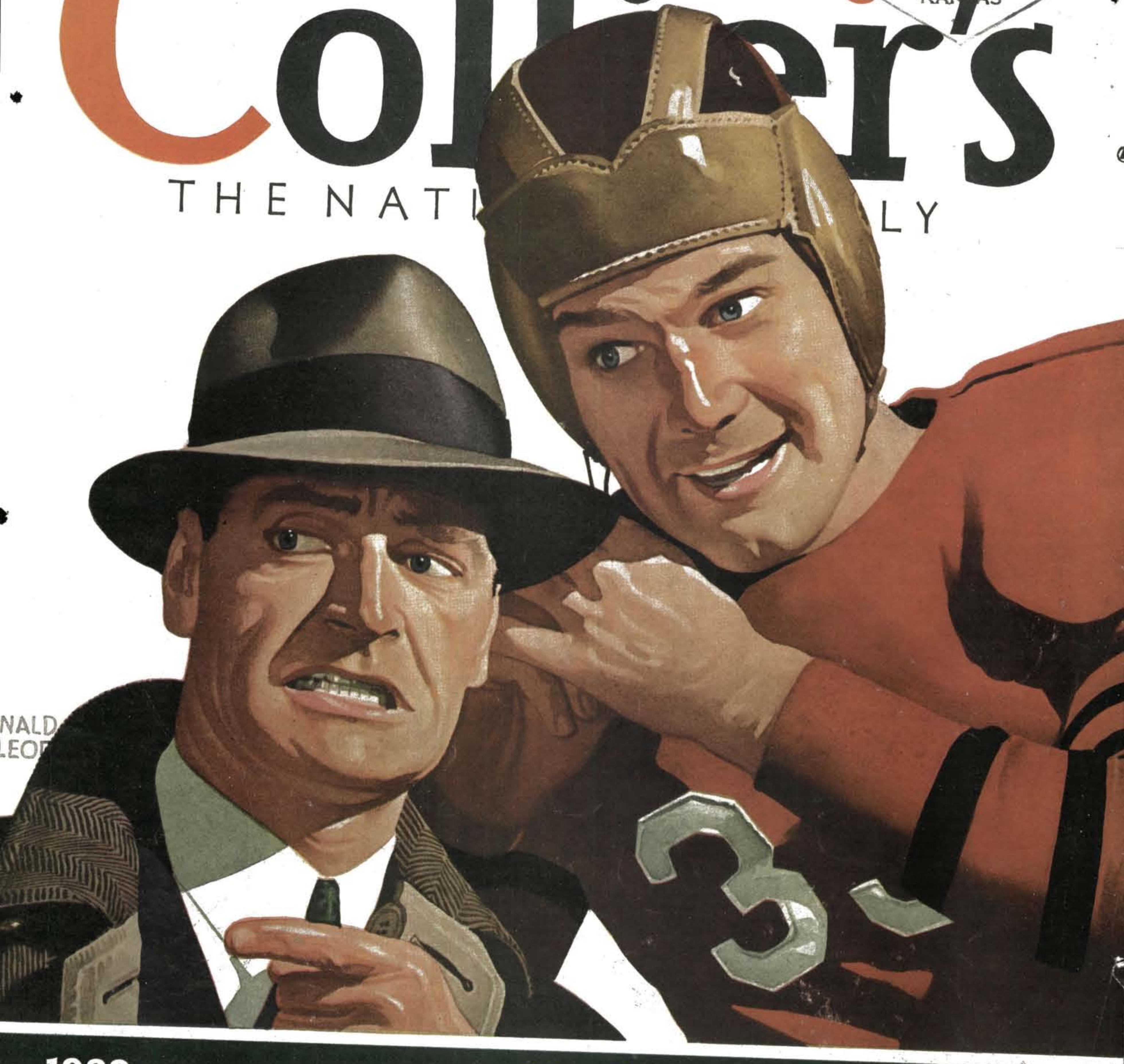

1939 1889

COLLIER'S 50th ANNUAL ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

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Dec. 16, 1939

★ **THERE IS ONLY ONE LIFETIME° PEN... IDENTIFY IT BY THE WHITE DOT**

Its guarantee for life is the only one which has stood the test of long performance

SHEAFFER'S

THE ONLY LIFETIME° PEN

Feathertouch°

NOW MATCHED WITH THE NEW FINELINE PENCIL

Gifts of Splendor

...THAT DO NOT STRAIN GIFT BUDGETS

"Nothing is too fine" for the ones to whom you give—and Sheaffer's Lifetime° pen is the finest of its kind. Yet, compared to so many quickly-laid-aside gifts, Lifetime° Ensembles are indeed inexpensive. Lifetime° gifts will make this Christmas live forever in the hearts of those who receive them, for they are Lifetime° guaranteed; the proud White Dot signifies that. Be sure you give the world's most modern writing equipment—the Lifetime° Feathertouch° pen and new, permanently sharp Fineline pencil combination. Then your satisfaction in giving will be matched only by the pleasure of receiving!

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO., FORT MADISON, IOWA • TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

All Lifetime° pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

LADY SHEAFFER Lifetime° Feathertouch° Ensemble, $12.25
MILADY, $8.50—Other Ensembles, $3.95 to $19.75

CREST Lifetime° Feathertouch° Ensemble, $19.75
LADY CREST, $17.75

$5 with pen

$100 with Lifetime° pen, pencil and 8-day clock—
(without clock $60)—with two Lifetime° pens, $102

$10 with Lifetime° pen

ADMIRAL Ensemble, $8.50—STATESMAN, Lifetime° Feathertouch°, $14—PREMIER, $15

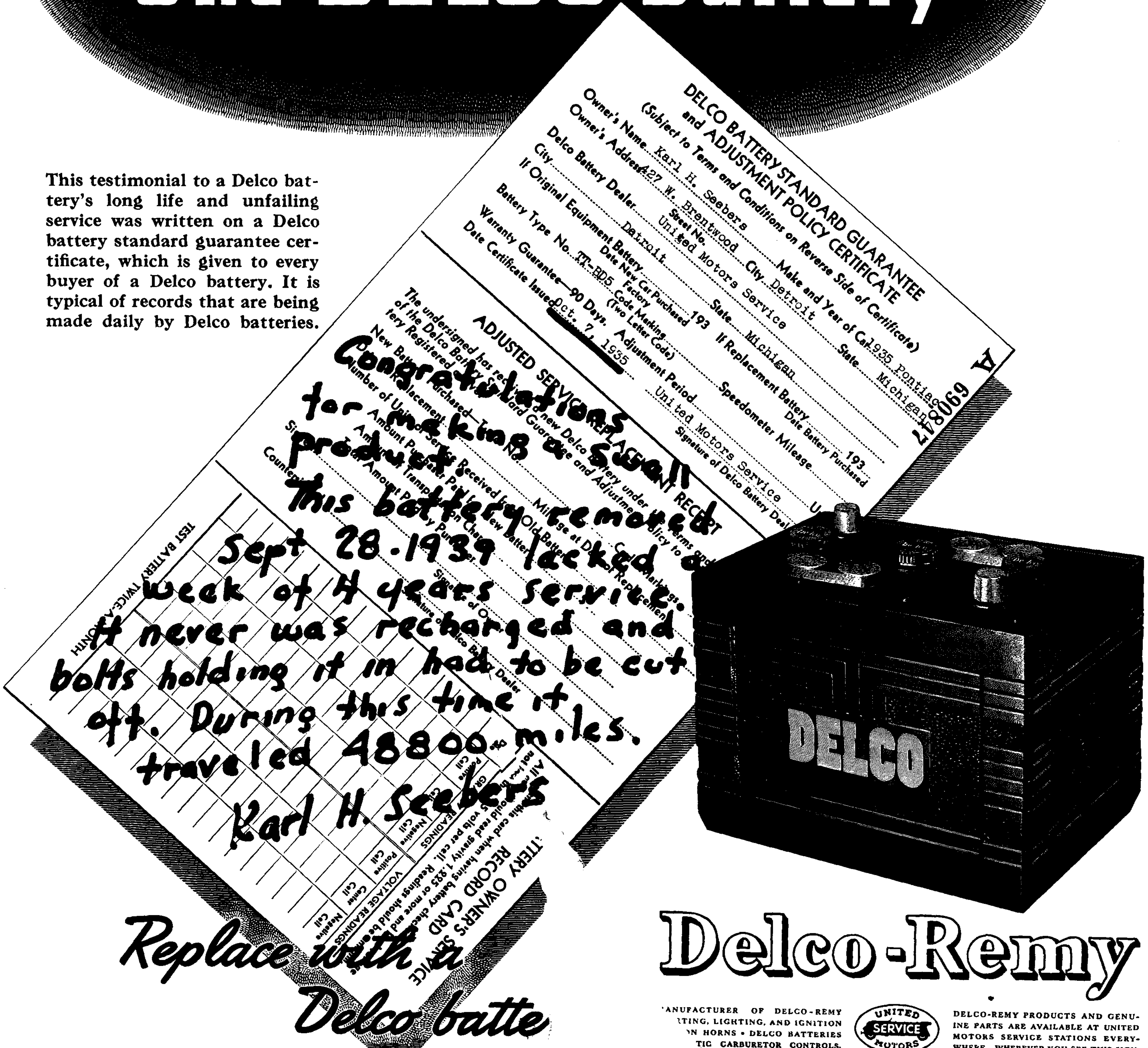
$10 with Lifetime° pen

$7.50 with pen

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright, 1939
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

4 Years 48,800 Miles One DELCO Battery

This testimonial to a Delco battery's long life and unfailing service was written on a Delco battery standard guarantee certificate, which is given to every buyer of a Delco battery. It is typical of records that are being made daily by Delco batteries.



DELCO BATTERY STANDARD GUARANTEE
and ADJUSTMENT POLICY CERTIFICATE
(Subject to Terms and Conditions on Reverse Side of Certificate)

A 690847

Owner's Name Karl H. Seebers Make and Year of Car 1935 Pontiac
Owner's Address 427 W. Brentwood City Detroit State Michigan
Street No.
Delco Battery Dealer United Motors Service
City Detroit State Michigan
If Original Equipment Battery Date New Car Purchased 193 If Replacement Battery Date Battery Purchased 193
Factory Code Marking (Two Letter Code)
Battery Type No. TT-BD5 Speedometer Mileage
Warranty Guarantee—90 Days. Adjustment Period
Date Certificate Issued Oct. 7, 1935 United Motors Service
Signature of Delco Battery Deal

ADJUSTED SERVICE/REPLACEMENT RECEIPT

Congratulations for making a swell product. This battery removed Sept 28. 1939 lacked a week of 4 years service. It never was recharged and bolts holding it in had to be cut off. During this time it traveled 48800 miles.

Karl H. Seebers

BATTERY OWNER'S SERVICE RECORD CARD

TEST BATTERY TWICE A MONTH

Replace with a Delco batte

Delco-Remy

ANUFACTURER OF DELCO-REMY
TING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION
N HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES
TIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

World's Largest Manufacturer o rical Equipment

WILLIAM L. CHENERY	**Editor**
CHARLES COLEBAUGH	**Managing Editor**
THOMAS H. BECK	**Editorial Director**

Collier's

December 16, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK GERVASI	France
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports	MARTHA GELLHORN	Scandinavia
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
		JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

NINE years ago next week there walked into this office a young man with an idea. The young man: Freling Foster. The idea: An illustrated interesting-facts column to be produced jointly by Mr. Foster and Collier's readers.

Keep Up with the World lost no time in establishing itself. Its readers took it instantly to their hearts. Mr. Foster now has four harassed assistants in his office and one each in London, Kyoto and Buenos Aires, cities which, for some reason perennially mystifying to us, are prolific sources of contributed material.

Keep Up with the World has received a little more than 1,800,000 contributions and an almost equal number of inquiries from people curious about sources. Contributions have come from ninety-five foreign countries, including Little America. As a result of all this, Mr. Foster has gathered in his office more than 40,000 separate sources of information, and can prove or disprove any given statement with a celerity that makes him a social hazard. His staff, assiduously keeping up with itself, reads fifty newspapers and fifteen books weekly.

Collier's has paid a little less than $12,000 to about 2,500 successful contributors. About five per cent of these request that their names be omitted, mostly wives holding out on husbands, we guess. About a fourth of the contributions are found to have no basis in fact whatever, and perhaps half of the total will not stand up under rigorous checking. A single fact—that the Pacific end of the Panama Canal is east of the Atlantic end—appears about fifteen times each week, and has been sent in, altogether, about 7,000 times. We've never printed it.

Satisfactory proof, as required by Mr. Foster, has resulted in such assorted items as a bottle of water from the River Jordan, the trousers of a sailor who lay dead for fifteen years in a sunken submarine—these were sent back hastily—and a family of fleas fully clothed in Mexican costumes.

When several readers send in the same fact, as happens often, we use the first to reach us. Mr. Foster, who knows a good thing when he sees it, once published a fact that had been cribbed from his own column.

Errors never escape our readers. Once we muffed the call letters for the international razzberry used by bored radio operators. From ships at sea came 177 correctly transmitted radio razzberries from 177 not-bored radiomen, the last from a ship in the Whangpoo at Shanghai.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

EDNA FERBER
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FRANK CONDON
Gambling Man. A new side light on justice, strictly poetic. Page 17

HOWARD BARRY
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JACLAND MARMUR
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THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Last Cartridge, by Hugh MacNair Kahler. Page 16

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
Saddle and Ride. The first of eight parts. A new and action-packed serial. Page 14

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Sad Cypress. The fourth of ten parts. Enter Hercule Poirot. Page 24

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GRANTLAND RICE
The Fiftieth Anniversary All-America Football Team. 1939's most brilliant line-up. Page 9

HENRY L. JACKSON
We're Dressing. Fashions, for men only. Page 18

SUSAN MYRICK
Pardon My Un-Southern Accent. Why Gone with the Wind won't jar Southerners. Page 20

FRANK GERVASI
The Press Rules Britannia. England's new boss censor takes over. Page 22

HOWARD TAUBMAN
Musical Triple-Threat. Rachmaninoff, composer, conductor and pianist. Page 54

●

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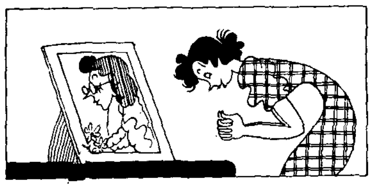
A Two-Ocean Navy?
How's Your Old I.C.? Page 70

COVER RONALD McLE

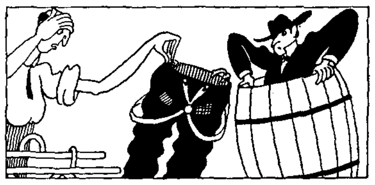
Any Week

A FEW nights ago Mr. Ed Jenney of Charleston, West Virginia, celebrated his birthday, surrounded, he tells us, by a group of supposedly reliable friends. It seems that it became necessary to talk about something. In the ensuing coverage of important topics, someone wondered why Mr. Adolf Hitler gave up paper hanging for politics. And that, unfortunately, reminded someone of what the late Calvin Coolidge said to Mr. Rudy Vallee. Mr. Vallee was playing for Mr. Coolidge at the White House but it did not become apparent during the evening that Mr. Coolidge was fully aware of it. After Mr. Vallee had finished he was introduced to Mr. Coolidge, explaining that he was the conductor of the orchestra. "Well," said Mr. Coolidge, "everybody has to earn a living."

WE'RE unable, apparently, to discourage controversy about whether married women should work or whether workingwomen should marry. We've never been quite sure which it is. Just as we thought we had restored order between the two schools of thought, our own magazine produces an editorial wherein it is said that it is okay for teachers to be married. Immediately a number of letters dissenting arrived, accusing us of being snatchers of bread out of men's mouths. But we got one from Miss Beryl Crossburn of St. Paul, Minnesota, which makes it all worth while. "My mother," writes Miss Crossburn in part, "was a schoolteacher and married, for which I will always be thankful."



OF COURSE you know that if we publish anything irritating it is merely because we are mere "pawns of special privilege." Anyway, we know it. We dread the coming of that dark day when someone does not accuse us of being Wall Street's mouthpiece. We shall be slipping badly, perhaps irretrievably, when we are no longer charged with hatred of the common people and vassals of special privilege. However, we were a bit surprised by Mr. Bertram K. Host's letter. From Grand Rapids, Michigan, Mr. Host informs us that we have "consistently and venally been opposed, by innuendo and direct statement" to America's participation in Europe's war. "America," says Mr. Host, "is willing, able and even eager to fight. America is not deceived by you and other publications which we all know publish only what Big Business and other betrayers approve of. War is not a brutalizing experience; it is the bulwark of our Democracy. What would we be today if the Founding Fathers—George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and John Hancock—had refused to fight? Come, come. Be a man. Stop being Wall Street's office boy."



YOU who are fearful for the future of democracy will rejoice to know that the Arkansas legislature is improving with every session. We have this from a tailor and dry cleaner in Little Rock whose name, alas, we may not use. "I remember," he writes, "when most of our lawmakers looked like bums. They were so bad we turned some of them down in our business. There was one senator who came in one day to get a press-while-you-wait because he was to be married that night. He didn't look so bad, so we let him in. He got in the barrel and handed us his pants. We had to give them back to him unpressed. They would've stood up alone and it would've cost us the price of the press to work on them. Today you can press the clothes of almost all of them without trouble."

FROM Mr. Sherman Billingsley of New York City we have just received instructions how to make escalloped sweetbreads grand duke, filet mignon roumanille and soufflé omelet vanilla, which, as Mr. Billingsley knows, we have needed for some years. Mr. Billingsley, who works in a restaurant, tells us that when we've mastered these he proposes to teach us how to prepare mornay sauce, frogs' legs sauté salonaise and chops murillo. But you're probably not interested. After all, it's merely a courtesy extended by a restaurant worker to one who used to be in the same business. We used to work in Benny Mimus' café and lunchroom in Pittsburgh, and might have been there yet if Benny hadn't got sore.

DEAR old Bicarb Benny. . . . W.D.

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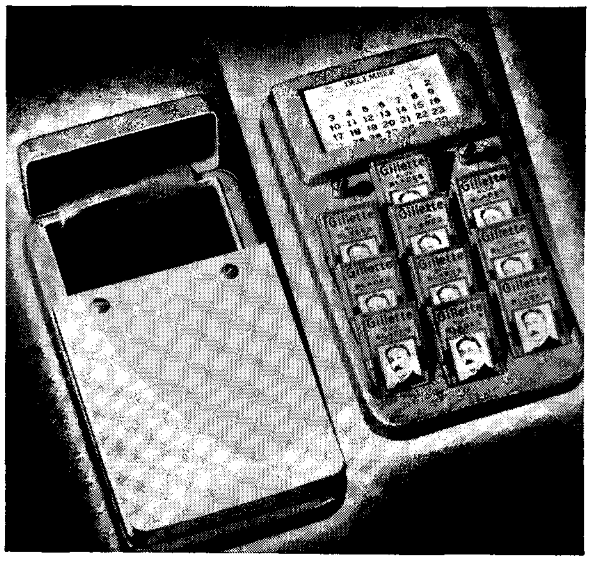
Gillette Offers 7 Sure Ways To Please Any Man This Christmas!

Practical, Brilliantly Styled Razor And Blade Sets Priced From 98c To $7.23 Meet The Requirements Of All Gift Buyers.

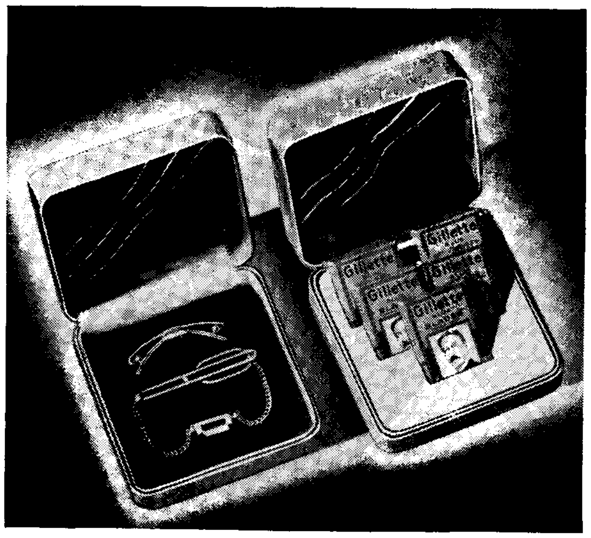
DESIGNED and made by men for men, you can depend on any one of these seven smart Gillette gift sets to "ring the bell" every time. For here are gifts every shaver will use with pleasure and gratitude month in and month out. And you have the satisfaction of knowing that your gift bears a name held in highest regard the world over.

Prices start at only 98c, so these brilliantly styled gifts are within even a child's Christmas budget. The attractive and useful holiday packages cost you nothing extra . . . you pay only the regular prices for the Gillette merchandise they contain.

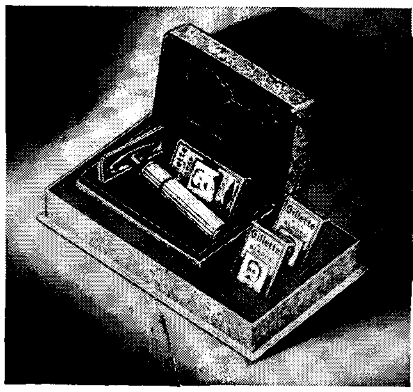
Pictured on this page are gift sets both with and without Gillette Razors. In making your selections, remember that every man enjoys owning an extra razor for home, office, traveling kit or locker room. Ask your dealer to show you all seven of these handsome Gillette gift sets soon. He has them, or can get them for you quickly.

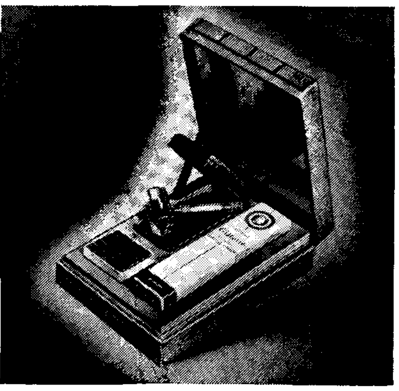


1 **GILLETTE MEMO PAD UNIT** containing 50 Gillette Blue Blades. Memo pad and calendar holder are of metal, covered with pigskin-grained fabric. Perpetual calendar is adjustable to any year. Calendar top, when raised, reveals receptacle for stamps, clips, rubber bands, etc. Pad of memo paper included. Only $2.45.



2 **GILLETTE JEWEL BOX UNIT** containing 25 Gillette Blue Blades in attractive jewel box constructed of metal, covered with durable pigskin-grained fabric and lined with attractive maroon velveteen. A novel and practical holiday item of year-round utility. The jewel box is free—you pay for the blades alone—$1.25.





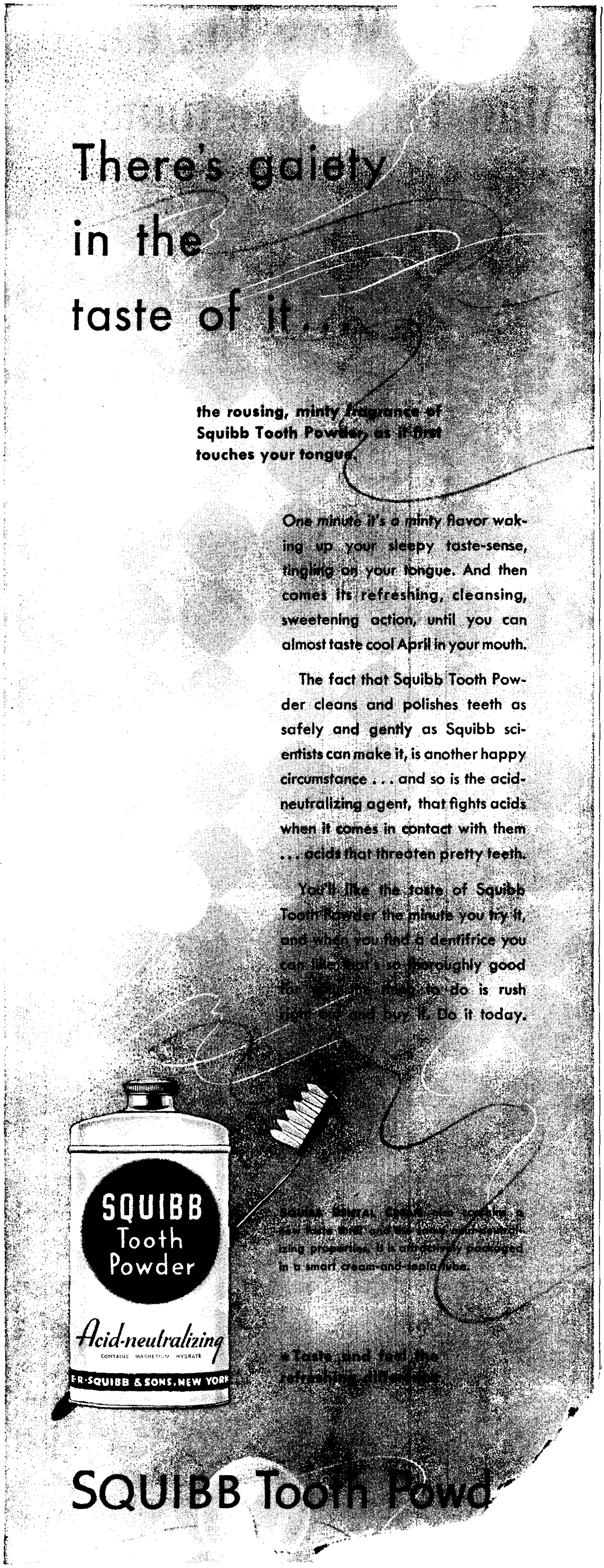
3 **THE GILLETTE TECH.** Transparent casing contains 15 Gillette Blue Blades and nickel-plated Gillette Tech Razor. This razor has four improvements. (1) Solid bar guard for comfort. (2) Non-skid tread to prevent nicks. (3) Rigid blade support—edges can't vibrate. (4) Non-clogging construction—c[illegible]ns instantly. 98c.

4 **THE GILLETTE SENATOR.** Consisting of a nickel-plated one-piece razor and five Gillette Blue Blades. A twist of the handle opens razor cap to remove or replace blade. Fifteen additional Gillette Blue Blades included. Outstanding holiday value at $1.39.

5 **THE GILLETTE SHERATON** includes one-piece, gold-plated Sheraton Razor and five Gillette Blue Blades in metal case covered with durable leather-grained fabric. A twist of the handle opens razor cap to remove or replace blade. Also 25 additional Gillette Blue Blades and tube of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream, $2.48.

CRAT set contains $4 Gillette
24-kt. gold-plated razor
Blades. Also 20 ad-
iner

7 **THE GILLETTE ARISTOCRAT DE LUXE** set contains the $4 Gillette Aristocrat one-piece, 24-kt. gold-plated razor. Also 70 Gillette Blue Blades and two tubes of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. Here's an exceptionally impressive gift for men at $7.23.



There's gaiety in the taste of it...

the rousing, minty fragrance of Squibb Tooth Powder as it first touches your tongue.

One minute it's a minty flavor waking up your sleepy taste-sense, tingling on your tongue. And then comes its refreshing, cleansing, sweetening action, until you can almost taste cool April in your mouth.

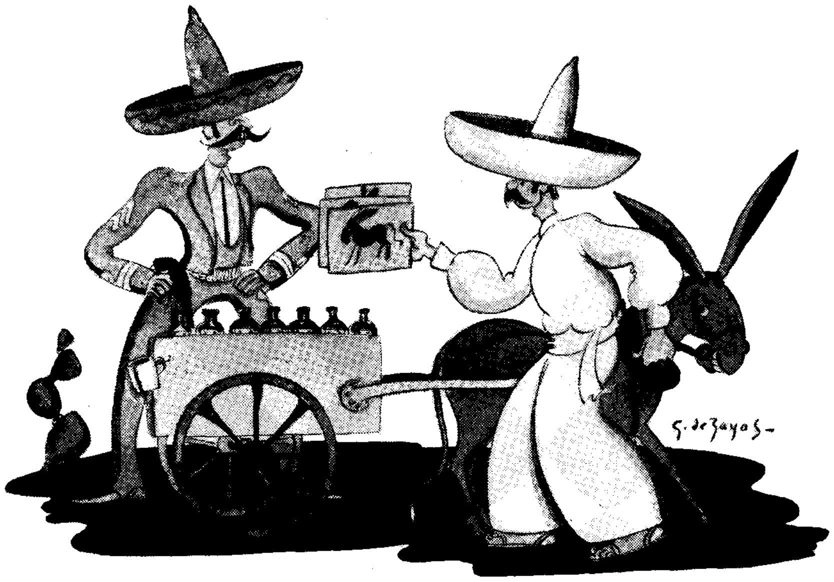
The fact that Squibb Tooth Powder cleans and polishes teeth as safely and gently as Squibb scientists can make it, is another happy circumstance . . . and so is the acid-neutralizing agent, that fights acids when it comes in contact with them . . . acids that threaten pretty teeth.

You'll like the taste of Squibb Tooth Powder the minute you try it, and when you find a dentifrice you can like, that's so thoroughly good for you, the thing to do is rush right out and buy it. Do it today.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM also contains a new taste thrill and the same acid-neutralizing properties. It is attractively packaged in a smart cream-and-sepia tube.

• Taste and feel the refreshing difference.

SQUIBB Tooth Powd



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In the state of Morelos, Mexico, where liquors are sold from door to door by donkey cart, the peddler, when applying for his annual license, is required to furnish six photographs for purposes of identification. They include three front and three side views of the donkey. —*By Charles H. Bond, Mexico City, Mexico.*

Gargantua, the 475-pound gorilla of the Barnum & Bailey Circus, lives in a glass-enclosed, air-conditioned cage, kept constantly at 74 degrees by watchful engineers. It is feared that if this temperature changes as little as one degree in an hour, the ape, whose physical strength is more than a match for 18 men, will develop pneumonia.

Before 1492, there was no one basic food plant that grew in both the Eastern and the Western hemispheres.—*By Mrs. George J. Brucker, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Through injections of the secretion of the pituitary glands of oxen and sheep, such animals as rats, salamanders and bulldogs have grown to double their normal size.

All mail sent by or to prisoners of war, except parcel post and C.O.D. packages, is exempt from all postal charges, not only in the countries of origin and destination but also in intermediate neutral nations.—*By Jack L. Pearce, San Antonio, Texas.*

Citizenship in the United States does not descend to all persons born here. When one of the parents is an alien, the child does not become a citizen unless he resides in this country continuously between his thirteenth and eighteenth birthdays and unless he takes an oath of allegiance within six months after his twenty-first birthday.—*By Leon Normand, Kansas City, Missouri.*

A new radio "press clipping" bureau, operating from many key cities, listens day and night to every important broadcasting station and reports to its subscribers when and where their names have been mentioned.

A New York detective agency that specializes in tracing missing persons has been employed by more than 70,000 wives to find their husbands, but by only fifteen husbands to find their wives.—*By Daniel M. Eisenberg, New York, New York.*

A legitimate and popular method of making a trotting horse step higher and thus take longer strides in a race is to nail a three-ounce "toe weight" on each of his front hoofs.

The cosmetic industry of England has just produced a new shade of lipstick for every kind of woman's service uniform. New colors have also been worked out for such occasions as black-out parties and shelter socials.

Ivory billiard balls are so sensitive to temperature changes that they must be warmed and cooled very slowly to avoid breaking and splitting. Balls purchased in winter should not be unwrapped for thirty-six hours after arrival and not used for a week so they may gradually reach room temperature. Even a slight draft from a window is highly injurious to them.—*By Robert C. Geake, New York, New York.*

More than 125,000 Americans have eyes that do not match in color.

All parachutes used in our Army, Navy and civil aeronautics are required, by regulation, to be opened, hung up and aired for about twenty-four hours at least every sixty days to prevent the decay of the silk through molding or sweating.

An analysis of the Olympic Games, held between 1896 and 1936, shows that the athletes of the United States, in competition with those from twenty-four other countries, won 325 of the 1,029 events in these eleven meets.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, *The National Weekly. None of the items may* be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

Weather Eye *Magic*

A SHRIEKING GALE has smothered the sun and swept the lake bare of skaters.

You're standing there, chilled to the bone, dreading the journey home.

Suddenly — a flash of light, and laughing faces . . . a whisper of tires on the snow. Someone's brought a new Nash!

You slip into the broad, welcoming front seat—someone twirls a mysterious little dial, and instantly it's June!

With all the windows closed, out of nowhere comes a draftless flood of fresh, invigorating air—exactly heated as "tuned in". Into nowhere vanishes stuffy air, the smoke of your cigarette, the moisture of your breath. The windshield stays clear.

The mercury tumbles . . . the wind howls louder—but stop or go, fast or slow—your comfort is automatically kept the same. That little thermostatic sentinel just inside the windshield never lets a chilly breath slip by. Yes — it's Weather Eye magic that even outguesses "old man Winter"!

• • •

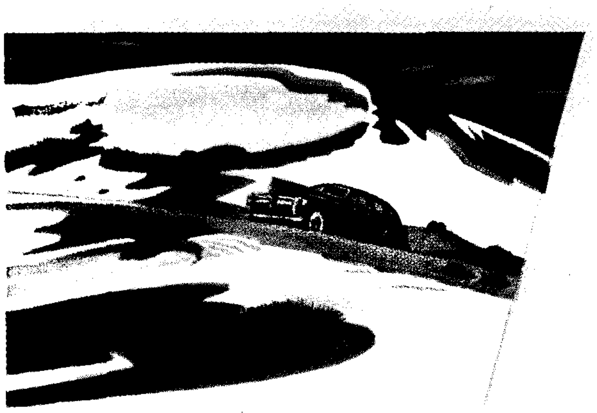
But that's no harder to believe than a new Fourth Speed Forward with an automatic Overtake that shoots you way ahead of those traffic stragglers.

Or Nash's silent Arrow-Flight ride that lets you relax in comfort over the worst Winter roads. Or that new feather-touch wheel that wields a magic influence over curves and rough spots.

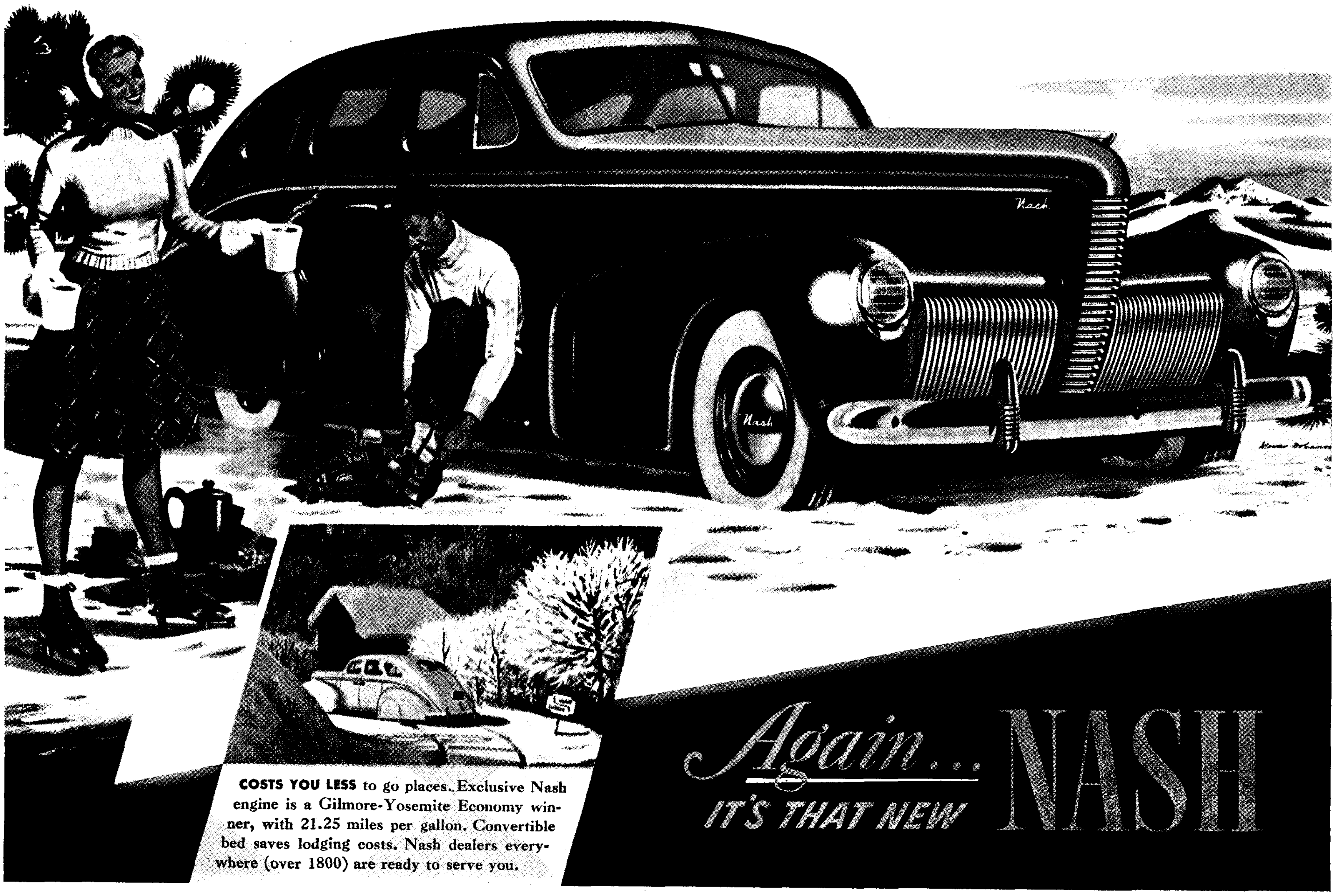
Fact is, you'll have to revise all your ideas of what a car can be — and do. (And that's going to be the thrill of a motoring lifetime!)

It's priced so low, with resale value so high . . . that it will pay to trade away your troubles to your Nash dealer today — and start having year 'round fun!

GO WHERE THE FUN IS! Travel in new conditioned air comfort . . . on a miraculous new Nash springing combination called "Arrow-Flight." At night, drive in the glareless safety of new Sealed Beam lights.



THERE'S A NEW THRILL in the throttle. Pick-up of 15 to 50 MPH in 13 seconds, *high* gear . . . and a new Fourth Speed Forward for gliding speed — with an unbeatable automatic Overtake.



COSTS YOU LESS to go places. Exclusive Nash engine is a Gilmore-Yosemite Economy winner, with 21.25 miles per gallon. Convertible bed saves lodging costs. Nash dealers everywhere (over 1800) are ready to serve you.

Your telephone will take you home at holiday time

Spend the holidays back home or with far-away friends, if you can. That's best of all. *But next best is a telephone chat.*

Miles fade away. You can hear their happy, eager voices and enjoy personal bits of family news as if you were face-to-face. And you'll come back to your own fireside with the warm satisfaction that grows from pleasure *gained* and *given!*

Remember that rates are lowest after seven every evening and all day Sunday. For rates, look in your local telephone directory or ask the Long Distance operator.

BELL SYSTEM

BY GRANTLAND RICE

The Fiftieth All-America Football Team

FRANK IVY
End — University of Oklahoma

NICHOLAS DRAHOS
Tackle — Cornell University

HARRY SMITH
Guard — University of Southern California

JOHN SCHIECHL
Center — University of Santa Clara

EDWARD MOLINSKI
Guard — University of Tennessee

JOE BOYD
Tackle — Texas A. & M.

ESCO SARKKINEN
End — Ohio State University

PAUL CHRISTMAN
Quarterback — University of Missouri

NILE KINNICK
Halfback — University of Iowa

TOM HARMON
Halfback — University of Michigan

BANKS McFADDEN
Fullback — Clemson College

Quarterback Paul Christman of Missouri is a junior majoring in Physical Education. He is 21 years old, and his home is in Maplewood, Missouri. He is not interested in professional football but would like to become a big-league baseball player

THE fiftieth parade of Collier's All-America marches by—a parade started by three teams—Harvard, Yale and Princeton—in 1889 under Walter Camp's supervision. It has been just half a century since Lonnie Stagg, Pudge Heffelfinger, Snake Ames and others made Walter Camp's first All-America. No one then could have looked forward fifty years to the autumn of 1939 with its 10,000 or more well-trained, well-coached football players electrifying more than 40,000,000 fans.

It is far more difficult today to make an All-Southern, an All-Eastern or any "All" sectional team than it was then. In those days there were fifty or sixty good players around. Today sectional selections must be made from a vastly greater number of stars.

It was for this reason that Collier's decided to celebrate its Fiftieth All-America by having its All-America Advisory Board name, for the first time, the five leading all-sectional teams from which the All-America is selected.

Geographically these sections are: Eastern, from the northern Atlantic to Ohio; Southern, from the Southeastern and the Southern conferences, from Virginia to Mississippi and Louisiana State; Midwest, from Ohio to the Rocky Mountains, including the Big Ten, the Big Six and the Big Seven, plus Notre Dame and other strong entries that belong to no particular conference. In addition there are the strong Southwestern Conference and the Pacific Coast.

Schedules today play a leading role in All-

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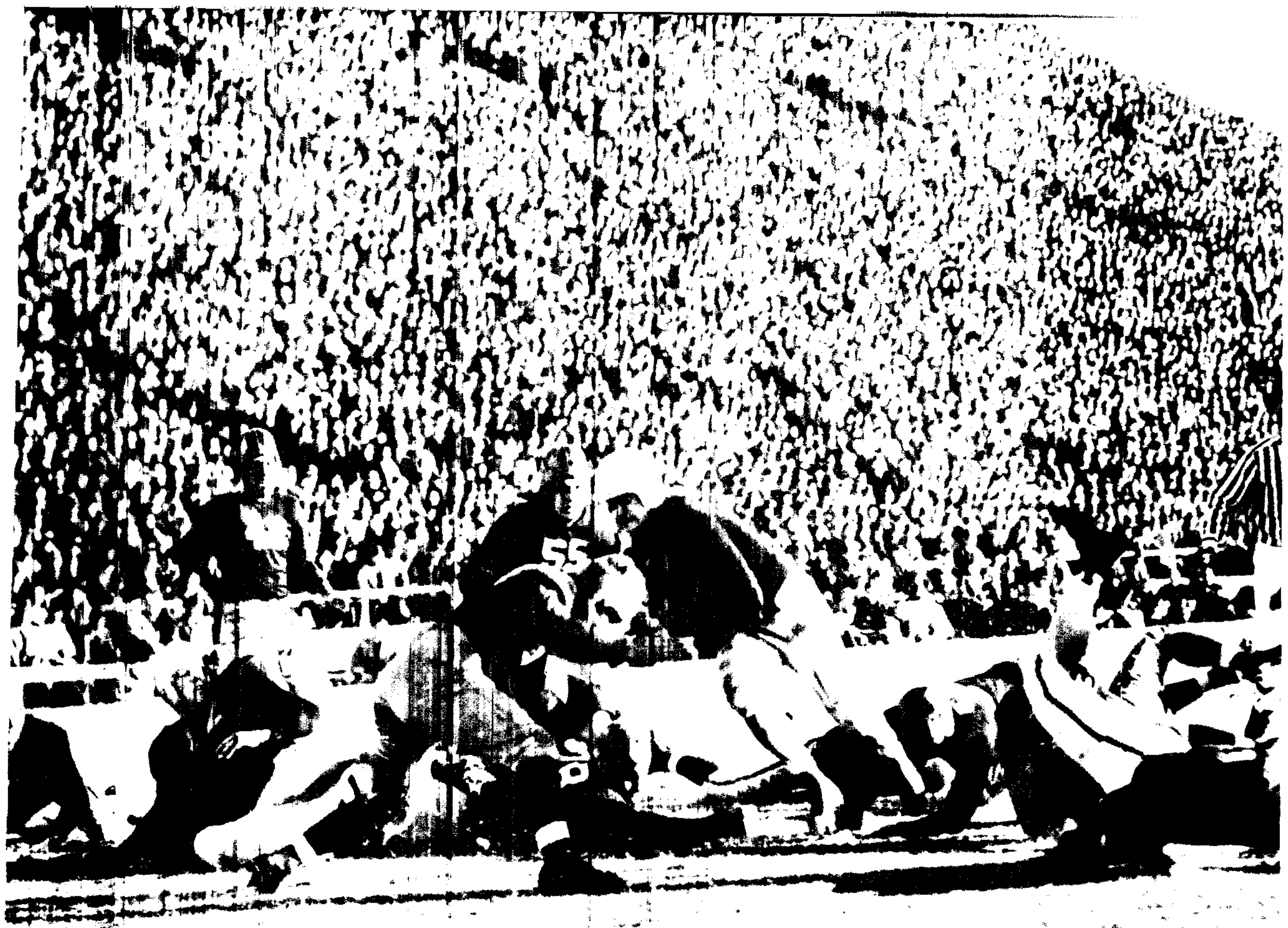
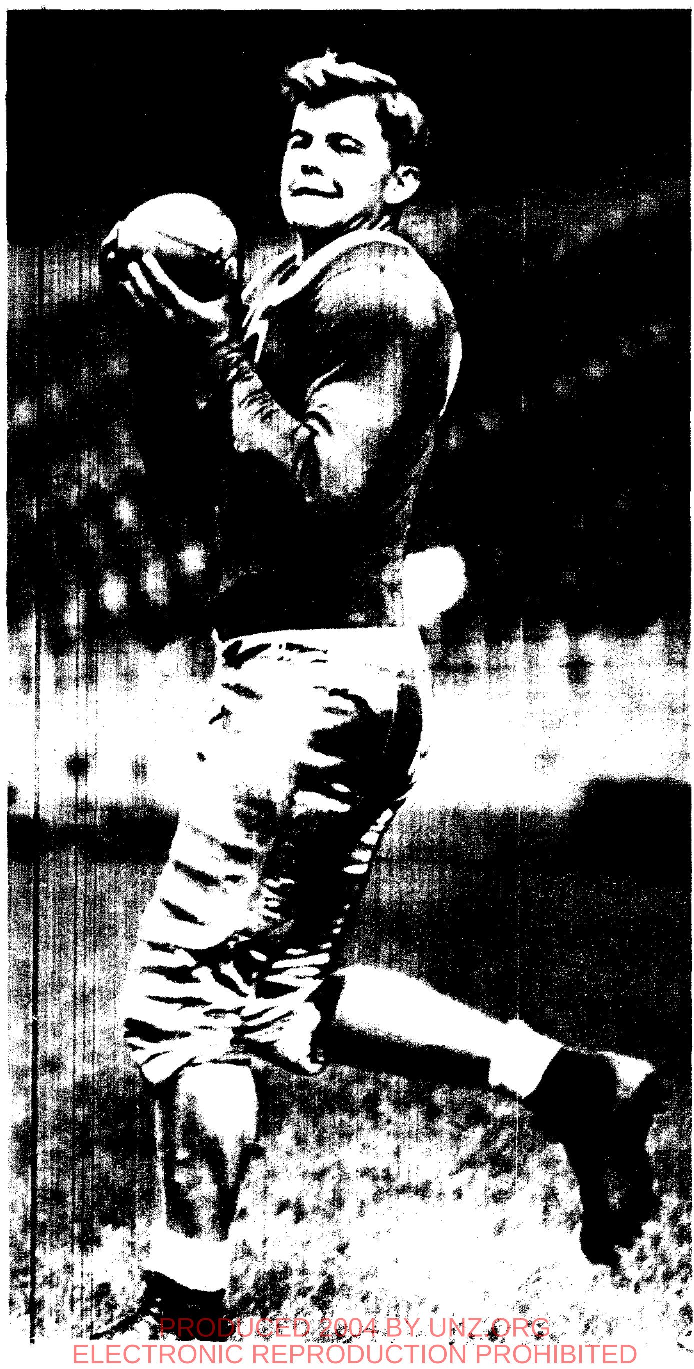


Guard Edward Molinski (below) of Tennessee, junior in Education. He is 22, hopes to coach after graduation and may play pro football. Home, Massillon, Ohio

Halfback Nile Kinnick of Iowa is 21 and an Economics senior. He's from Omaha, Nebraska. Won't turn pro. Above, Kinnick (24) is shown scoring on Notre Dame

End Esco Sarkkinen (below) of Ohio State is an Education senior. Will coach and teach, and is considering playing pro football. His home is in Fairport Harbor, Ohio

Fullback Banks McFadden of Clemson is 22 and a senior majoring in Political Science. After graduating, he hopes to make a career in advertising, and is not considering playing pro football at present. He lives in Great Falls, S. C.



America selection. For example, Notre Dame opened with Purdue and closed with Southern California through nine hard games without a half-breather in the list. Yet Iowa played an even harder schedule. Ohio State faced a killing barrier. Wisconsin had a hard, long road to handle. So did Texas A. & M. The breather, if you can find one today, makes a big difference to tired and injured men who need an oasis badly.

There are any number on these all-sectional teams who are only a scant grade below the caliber of those who step into the main frame, where there is room for only eleven. These five sectional teams might be called the All-America Squad. In actual college play there is no longer an eleven. Combinations run two, three and four deep for every position. It is the squad today that writes the story of success or failure.

The 1939 season opened with a rush. As far back as September, Notre Dame had beaten Purdue, Pittsburgh had plastered Washington, Oklahoma and Southern Methodist had fought a draw, Bradley had tied Illinois, the latter a later conqueror of Michigan. Ten major contests were played in September, supposed to be the breather month when the lion feeds on the rabbit.

Before October arrived, such powerful squads as Southern California, Oregon, Purdue, Oklahoma, Southern Methodist, Nebraska, Indiana, Clemson. Texas Christian, California, Vanderbilt, Rice, Santa Clara and Washington had been either tied or beaten. The casualty list of the season's first week was a record-breaker for all time. September's starting scores were quite enough to establish the fact that football had become truly All-America with no dominating section and few dominating teams. Before mid-November a light Cornell team had spotted Ohio State 14 points to come on with a winning finish. And Bob Zuppke's Illinois team, minus a victory in four starts, had routed Michigan the Magnificent. By this same time, to show how swiftly they fall, only Tennessee, Cornell, Texas A. & M. and Duquesne in the upper bracket had retained their scalps. There was a savage undertow, working week by week, as the beaten got their revenge on the hitherto unbeaten. Even those coaches with big squads, three deep with able material, found it impossible to keep up the killing pace needed to win them all.

It must be remembered that the few untied and unbeaten never faced such teams as Southern California, Oklahoma, Ohio State, Missouri and several others who might have changed things. These sudden and often startling shifts naturally kept Collier's Advisory Board checking the stars of each section more closely than ever.

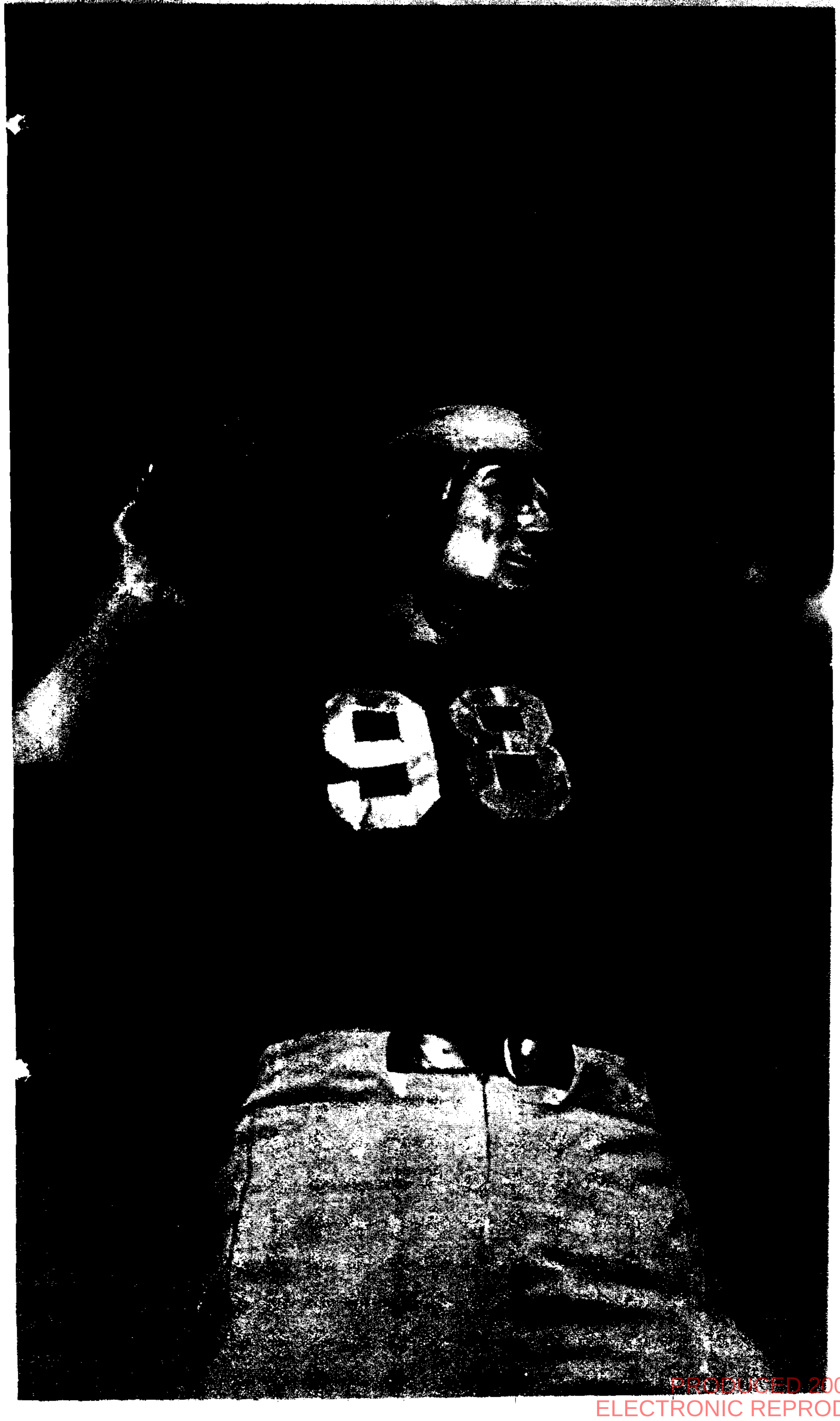
Modern football teams that play hard schedules, as most of them do now, not only give way physically on certain days but also lose the keen mental and emotional edge needed for a winning afternoon. A mental attitude can switch even faster than a physical condition in this modern whirligig of spinners, reverses, passes, mousetrapping, hidden-ball plays, fakes, laterals and all the intricate movements that go with both offense and defense. Brain, nerves and muscle suddenly become weary and team strength can vary by three or four touchdowns within a week's space. Whatever margin there was this last season belonged to the South, the section that got an early jump and held on grimly down the stretch. In many cases, these stronger Southern teams were partly recruited from the North, but no one sector could offer as many good teams—Tulane, Tennessee, Duke, Georgia Tech, North Carolina, Clemson, Alabama, Mississippi, L. S. U., Kentucky and Vanderbilt carried Dixie to its peak year. Tennessee and Tulane were exceptionally strong while Duke was only a stride or two away. Tulane had a 209-pound line that was also fast, and this line worked in front of at least eight good backs. The same was true of Tennessee. While the latter lacked Tulane's line weight, it carried even more line speed, aggressiveness and alertness. As able a critic as Dr. Jock Sutherland rated this Tennessee forward wall as one of the finest he ever saw in football. And behind this line there were at least eight high-class backs.

The play of Ohio State, Iowa and Notre Dame featured the Midwest, with

THE ADVISORY BOARD

PACIFIC COAST	**HARRY SMITH, San Francisco Chronicle** **GEORGE VARNELL, Seattle Times**
SOUTHWEST	**GEORGE W. WHITE, Dallas News**
MIDWEST	**GEORGE BARTON, Minneapolis Tribune** **C. E. McBRIDE, Kansas City Star** **H. G. SALSINGER, Detroit News**
SOUTH	**FRED DIGBY, New Orleans Item-Tribune** **FRED RUSSELL, Nashville Banner** **O. B. KEELER, Atlanta Journal**
EAST	**BILL CUNNINGHAM, Boston Post** **QUENTIN REYNOLDS, Collier's**

Halfback Tom Harmon of the University of Michigan rates with the greatest players the game has seen, not excluding men like Red Grange and George Gipp. He is a junior, majoring in Speech, and hopes to be a radio sports announcer and commentator. He is not planning to play pro football at present. His home is in Gary, Indiana



Guard Harry Smith, University of Southern California, is majoring in English and Speech. He is 21, and a senior. His home is in Ontario, California. He intends to be a teacher of English, and is planning a year of graduate work to that end, which he may finance, if possible, by playing pro football. In 1939, he was rated as one of the finest guards in Southern California's history

BEST in their territories are the ive Sectional Teams picked by he All-America Advisory Board

PACIFIC COAST

PICKED BY HARRY SMITH AND GEORGE VARNELL

End:	William Anahu	Santa Clara
End:	William Fisk	U. S. C.
Tackle:	Nicholas Stubler	Santa Clara
Tackle:	James Stuart	Oregon
Guard:	Harry Smith	U. S. C.
Guard:	Eberle Schultz	Oregon State
Center:	John Schiechl	Santa Clara
Back:	Grenville Lansdell	U. S. C.
Back:	Kenneth Washington	U. C. L. A.
Back:	Dean McAdams	U. of Wash.
Back:	Leroy Zimmerman	San Jose

SOUTHWEST

PICKED BY GEORGE WHITE

End:	Herbert Smith	Texas A. & M.
End:	John Freiberger	Arkansas
Tackle:	Joe Boyd	Texas A. & M.
Tackle:	Park Myers	Texas
Guard:	Marshall Robnett	Texas A. & M.
Guard:	Leonard Akin	Baylor
Center:	Robert Nelson	Baylor
Back:	Kay Eakin	Arkansas
Back:	Jack Crain	Texas
Back:	James Thomason	Texas A. & M.
Back:	John Kimbrough	Texas A. & M.

MIDWEST

PICKED BY GEORGE BARTON, C. E. MC BRIDE AND H. G. SALSINGER

End:	Esco Sarkkinen	Ohio State
End:	Frank Ivy	Oklahoma
Tackle:	Mike Enich	Iowa
Tackle:	James Reeder	Illinois
Guard:	Hal Method	Northwestern
Guard:	Melvin Brewer	Illinois
Center:	John Haman	Northwestern
Back:	Paul Christman	Missouri
Back:	Nile Kinnick	Iowa
Back:	Tom Harmon	Michigan
Back:	Milton Piepul	Notre Dame

SOUTH

PICKED BY FRED RUSSELL, O. B. KEELER AND FRED DIGBY

End:	Kenneth Kavanaugh	L. S. U.
End:	Paul Severin	North Carolina
Tackle:	Harley McCollum	Tulane
Tackle:	George Fritts	Clemson
Guard:	Allen Johnson	Duke
Guard:	Edward Molinski	Tennessee
Center:	James Rike	Tennessee
Back:	John Polanski	Wake Forest
Back:	Robert Foxx	Tennessee
Back:	Robert Kellogg	Tulane
Back:	Banks McFadden	Clemson

EAST

PICKED BY BILL CUNNINGHAM AND QUENTIN REYNOLDS

End:	Harlan Gustafson	Pennsylvania
End:	Gene Goodreault	Boston Col.
Tackle:	Nicholas Drahos	Cornell
Tackle:	Robert Tierney	Princeton
Guard:	James Turner	Holy Cross
Guard:	Lou Young, Jr.	Dartmouth
Center:	Joseph Stack, Jr.	Yale
Back:	Ronnie Cahill	Holy Cross
Back:	Richard Cassiano	Pittsburgh
Back:	Edward Boell	N. Y. U.
Back:	Dominic Principe	Fordham

Missouri and Oklahoma high up in the group. They were all beaten, but it must be remembered each one of these teams had to work through the toughest type of schedule where there was no easy-going Saturday to offer a day's rest.

Two of the season's finest teams were Texas A. & M. and Southern California. Texas A. & M. had one of the best years any team has known in recent times. It was a big, fast, powerful squad with Boyd and Kimbrough leading in star roles.

I doubt that any one squad in the country had as many high-class football players as Southern California. I am referring to the Trojan squad, three- and four-deep in every position—most of them big and most of them unusually fast. They started a trifle slowly in the September heat, but once under full steam they were something to stop.

With so many different types of schedules the job of ranking teams was an impossible task. But among those who deserved high praise are Tennessee, Texas A. & M., Tulane, Iowa, Ohio State, Cornell, Notre Dame, Southern California, Missouri, and Oklahoma.

Princeton finished on top among the old Big Three with a high-class Tiger squad.

In checking up the season's returns it becomes obvious that no two teams put on finer exhibitions than Cornell, heading the Ivy League, and Iowa, the underdog of the Midwest, that came from nowhere a year ago. Cornell's defeat of Ohio State was an amazing display of speed and smartness against a vastly superior physical array. The team from Ithaca kept the Ivy League above the pick of the Big Ten to prove once more that Eastern football is far from fading out. Missouri's brilliant finish was another all-season feature against Nebraska, N. Y. U. and Oklahoma.

There was nothing in 1939 that called for any vital changes in the rules. The season's play showed that goal posts should be placed back on the touchdown line where they used to be. But rules committees can be narrow in minor points. There was some demand for abolishing the kickoff after Don Herring, Princeton's giant tackle, had lost a leg in this most dangerous of all plays.

With so many strong teams scattered all over football's tremendous map, it was only natural that the All-America war cry reached its highest note. Not even Merlin, the master wizard, could find room for two hundred pairs of feet in eleven pairs of shoes. The all-season check from Collier's All-America Advisory Board took fair and accurate care of this situation.

Any number of good men were eliminated by injuries—such stars as Suffridge and Cafego of Tennessee, Shirk of Oklahoma, Boell of N.Y.U., Evashevski of Michigan—the type of blocker who helps to make great backs greater—and many others from Notre Dame, Minnesota and Cornell who played through harder schedules.

Now we come to the All-America, and to the problems of an All-America selection. The basis first is the All-Sectional selections from Collier's Advisory Board.

The sectional teams were the foundation upon which the All-America had to be built. From this All-Sectional list the next step in line was the All-America group. In cases of doubt, seniors were named over juniors, since a three-year contribution deserves an extra rating over two years of play. Every coach I have talked with agrees.

Here are the All-America recommendations by Collier's Advisory Board from which the top eleven were named:

Harry Smith and George Varnell, Pacific Coast: SCHIECHL, Santa Clara; SMITH, U.S.C.; Washington, U.C.L.A.; Schultz, Oregon State; Stuart, Oregon.

George White, Southwest: Kimbrough, Texas A. & M.; BOYD, Texas A. & M.; Nelson, Baylor; Crain, Texas; Cordill, Rice.

H. G. Salsinger, C. E. McBride and George Barton, Midwest: SARKKINEN, Ohio State; Rankin, Purdue; KINNICK, Iowa; Enich, Iowa; CHRISTMAN, Missouri; IVY, Oklahoma; HARMON, Michigan; Haman, Northwestern; Brewer, Illinois; Piepul, Notre Dame.

O. B. Keeler, Fred Digby and Fred Russell, South: McCollum, Tulane; McFADDEN, Clemson; MOLINSKI, Tennessee; Kavanaugh, L.S.U.; McAfee, Duke; O'Boyle, Tulane.

Bill Cunningham and Quentin Reynolds, East: DRAHOS, Cornell; Cassiano, Pittsburgh; Stack, Yale; Tierney, Princeton; Stella, Army; Principe, Fordham.

Most of the positions on the 1939 All-America were settled with almost no differences of opinion among Collier's Advisory Board and the leading coaches.

The Team

In the selection of centers Schiechl of Santa Clara was well ahead of the list. Six feet two or better, weighing over 220 pounds, this entry from the Far West has been a fine center for three years. His play on both offense and defense improved this season over his good work of a year ago when he barely missed top honors. Haman of Northwestern was in close pursuit but the Santa Clara star was practically a unanimous vote.

When it came to picking the guards one naturally turned to Tennessee. One of the main features of this strong team was the play of Suffridge and Molinski, who were on a par until Suffridge was injured for a brief spell. They were the two best guards I've seen on one team in many years, both being fast, alert and aggressive. Molinski drew the post from his mate by only a brief margin. Harry Smith of Southern California was one of the star guards of the game. Big and fast, he was rated by Howard Jones as one of the finest guards in Southern California history. Smith was a big factor in a powerful line. The combination of Smith and Molinski is well above even the All-America average. O'Boyle of Tulane was extremely close, a brilliant forward all year.

In naming the outstanding tackles there were three who were practically on a par. They were Boyd of Texas A. & M., who barely missed a year ago; Drahos of Cornell, the star member of a winning Cornell eleven; and the great McCollum of Tulane, who will be hard to displace a year away. Boyd was rated the best lineman in the Southwest. He was outstanding in a strong conference where his team dominated the season's play. McCollum was injured before the Columbia game, but the tremendous Tulane tackle had a tiptop year. He is extremely fast for such height and weight. It was the final report from rival coaches that decided the issue in favor of Boyd and Drahos.

In his game against Ohio State, one of the best teams in football, Drahos was all over the Ohio turf, a high-class tackle on both defense and attack. He was alert enough to recover fumbles and knock down passes, and his place kicking was one of the game's deciding factors.

Stella, the Army captain, was another fine tackle, and so was Tierney of Princeton. Stella's main handicap was an Army team that had a hard year. Enich of Iowa was extremely close up.

There were any number of fine ends this last season. In addition to Sarkkinen of Ohio State and Ivy of Oklahoma, Ken Kavanaugh of Louisiana

(Continued on page 63)

Tackle Nicholas Drahos of Cornell was a unanimous choice for his post. He's 20, a junior, and is majoring in Wild Life Conservation. Home, Cedarhurst, N. Y.

Tackle Joe Boyd, Texas A. & M., is 22, an Agricultural Administration senior, from Dallas, Texas. Will not play pro football. Has job with an oil company

Center John Schiechl, Santa Clara, is a Political Science major, hopes for a career in advertising and will not play pro football. His home is San Francisco

End Frank Ivy of Oklahoma is 23, married and of Swedish-Osage Indian parentage. A brilliant student and may play pro football. Home, Skiatook, Okla.

No Room at the Inn

By Edna Ferber

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The oldest Christmas story, in all its power—becomes the newest

"NOBODY" IS BORN
IN NO MAN'S LAND

By the United Press.

PRAGUE, Oct. 25.—A baby born in the no man's land south of Brno, where 200 Jewish refugees have been living in a ditch between Germany and Czechoslovakia for two weeks, was named Niemand (nobody) today.

SHE had made every stitch herself. Literally, every stitch, for the sewing was so fairylike that the eye scarcely could see it. Everything was new, too. She had been almost unreasonable about that, considering Joe's meager and uncertain wage and the frightening time that had come upon the world. Cousin Elisabeth had offered to give her some of the clothing that her baby had outgrown but Mary had refused, politely, to accept these.

"That is dear and good of you, 'Lisbeth," Mary had said. "I know it seems ungrateful, maybe, and even silly not to take them. It's hard to tell you how I feel. I want everything of his to be new. I want to make everything myself. Every little bit myself."

Cousin Elisabeth was more than twice as old as Mary. She understood everything. It was a great comfort to have Elisabeth so near, with her wisdom and her warm sympathy. "No, I don't think it's silly at all. I know just how you feel. I felt the same way when my John was coming." She laughed then, teasingly: "How does it happen you're so sure it's going to be a boy? You keep saying 'he' all the time."

Mary had gone calmly on with her sewing, one infinitesimal stitch after the other, her face serene. "I know. I know." She glanced up at her older cousin, fondly. "I only hope he'll be half as smart and good as your little John."

Elisabeth's eyes went to the crib where the infant lay asleep. "Well, if I say so myself, John certainly is smart for his age. But then"—hastily, for fear that she should seem too proud—"but, then, Zach and I are both kind of middle-aged. And they say the first child of middle-aged parents is likely to be unusually smart."

The eighteen-year-old Mary beamed at this. "Joe's middle-aged!" she boasted happily. Then she blushed the deep, flaming crimson of youth and innocence; for Joe's astonishment at the first news of the child's coming had been as great as her own. It was like a miracle wrought by some outside force.

Cousin Elisabeth had really made the match between the young girl and the man well on in years. People had thought it strange; but this Mary, for all her youth, had a wisdom and sedateness beyond her years, and an unexpected humor, too, quiet and strangely dry, such as one usually finds associated with long observation and experience. Joe was husband, father, brother to the girl. It was wonderful. They were well mated. And now, when life in this strange world had become so frightening, so brutal, so terrible, it was more than ever wonderful to have his strength and goodness and judgment as a shield and staff. She knew of younger men, hotheaded, who had been taken away in the night and never again heard from. Joe went quietly about his business. But each morning as he left her he said, "Stay at home until I come back this evening. Or, if you must do your marketing, take Elisabeth with you. I'll stop by and tell her to call for you. Don't go into the streets alone."

"I'll be all right," she said. "Nobody would hurt me." For here pregnant women were given special attention. The government wanted children for future armies.

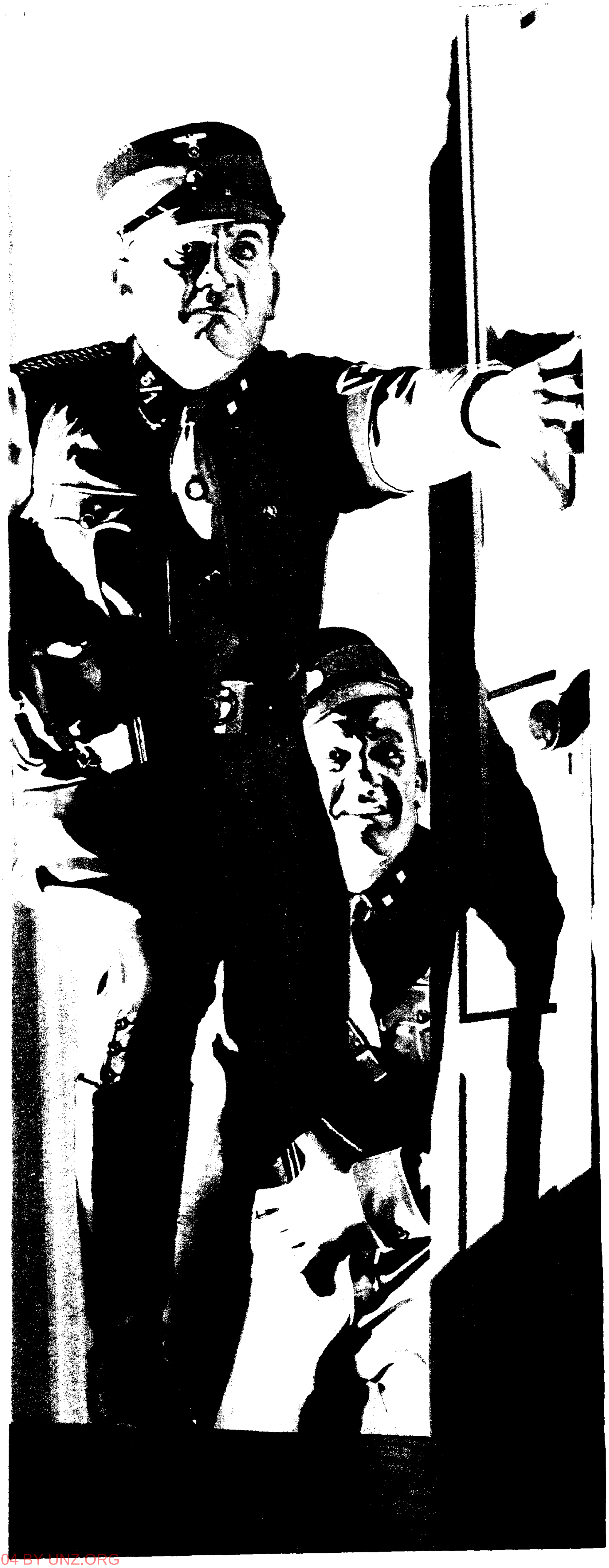
"Not our children," Joe said bitterly.

So they lived quietly, quietly they obeyed the laws; they went nowhere. Two lower middle-class people. Dreadful, unspeakable things were happening; but such things did not happen to her and to her husband and to her unborn child. Everything would right itself. It must.

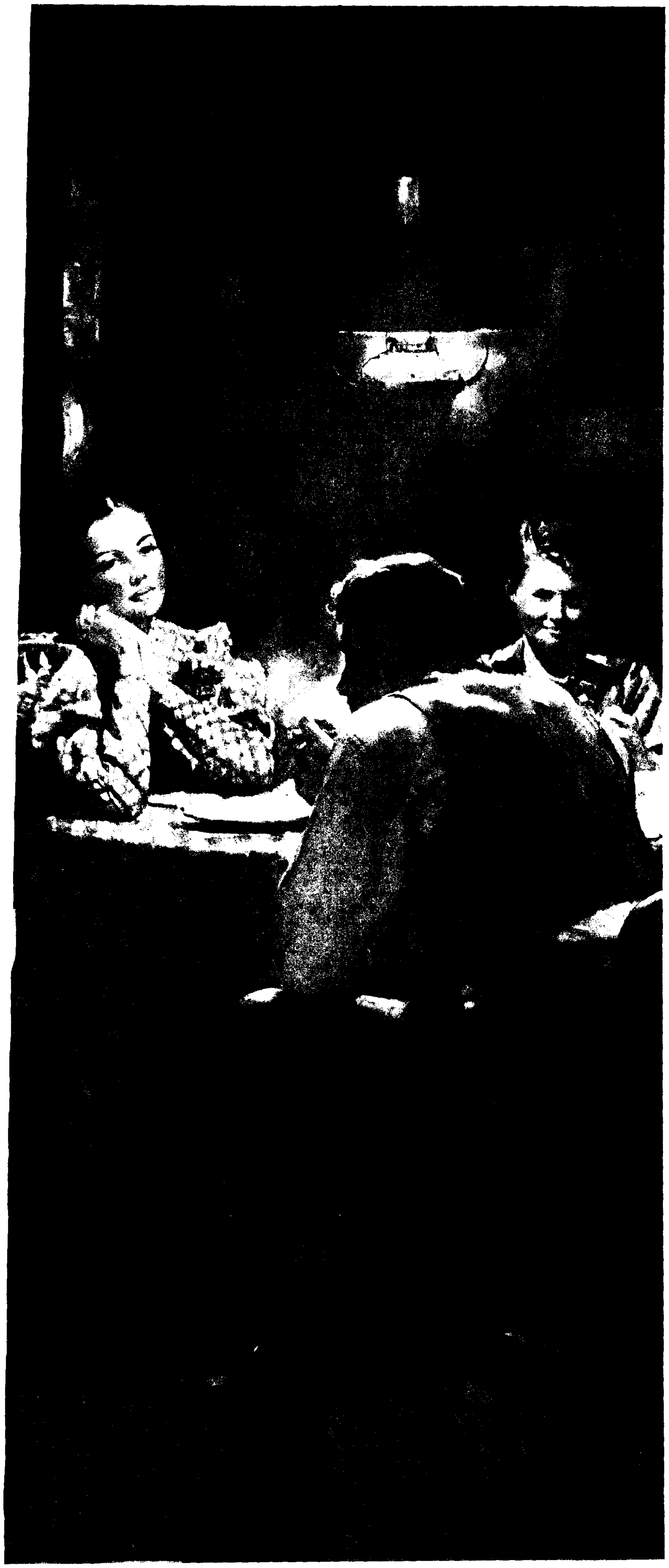
HER days were full. There were the two rooms to keep clean, the marketing, the cooking, the sewing. The marketing was a tiring task, for one had to run from shop to shop to get a bit of butter, an egg for Joe, a piece of meat however coarse and tough. Sometimes when she came back to the little flat in the narrow street and climbed the three flights of stairs, the beads of sweat stood on her lip and forehead and her breath came painfully, for all her youth. Still, it was glorious to be able at night to show Joe a pan of coffeecake or a meat ball, or even a pat of pretty good butter. On Friday she always tried her hardest to get a fowl, however skinny, or a bit of beef or lamb because Friday was the eve of the Sabbath. She rarely could manage it; but that made all the sweeter her triumph when she did come home, panting up the stairs, with her scrap of booty.

Mary kept her sewing in a wicker basket neatly covered over with a clean white cloth. The little pile grew and grew. Joe did not know that she had regularly gone without a midday meal in order to save even that penny or two for the boy's furnishings. Sometimes Joe would take the sewing from her busy hands and hold it up, an absurd fragment of cloth, a miniature garment that

(Continued on page 44)



The men swarmed up the stairway and kicked at the door and banged it with their fists



She looked at him carefully. "What should home be like? Men have different notions"

Saddle and Ride

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

FROM the high edge of Mogul to the floor of Powder Desert was a sheer drop of fourteen hundred and sixty feet; and even on the quietest day a stream of warm air from the desert boiled up the face of the rim, so that if a man stood at the breakoff and tossed his hat outward it invariably sailed back to him. Clay Morgan had shown this to his daughter, Janet, long ago. It was a part of their ritual on the trip to town, and as soon as they reached the rim this afternoon, she reminded him of it again; whereupon he sailed his hat across the rim, caught it on the rebound and witnessed her delighted smile. Afterward they turned downgrade on a road steeply and narrowly cut against the face of the mountain.

As they descended she began to recite the lines of Hiawatha, in preparation for a school play. Riding slightly back of her, Clay Morgan watched her small arms gesture and her naturally sober face lighten and grow faintly dramatic. To him it was a matter of never-ending astonishment that one nine-year-old girl's head could hold so much. Now and then, when she forgot a line, she would turn quite still, her lips pressed straight while she tried to remember. Usually she remembered but sometimes she had to reach for the small book in the pocket of her overalls. At those times she would say in a disgusted voice, "Oh, fuzz," and give him a small, sweet smile. "It's a kind of a long old poem, Daddy. I think people in those days talked too much."

She wasn't much for talking. Silence was a habit she had acquired from him, and from being so much alone on the ranch. There were no other children within ten miles of the Long Seven gate. All her games were played alone, made up from her own imaginative head. Sometimes, watching her from afar, he had seen her people the ranch yard with fictitious characters and act out their parts one by one in pantomime. She rode loose and straight in the deep saddle, unconscious of the horse, yet balanced to anticipate any sudden swing. Since her first talking days he had taught her this—that trouble was something she must always be prepared for. She wore a boy's shirt and a pair of tan overalls tucked into small boots; she had black hair braided behind her shoulders and gray eyes shining from a tanned face that even now foreshadowed some of her mother's lively, graphic prettiness.

The silence and the slow way she had of judging people came from him. The vivid imagination and the growing beauty came from her mother. It was something Clay Morgan had watched for through the years and yet, as much as he had expected it, it still was strange to see in this girl the image of a woman nine years dead; to know that this tempestuous Lila who had been his wife now reached out of the grave to remind him of the one brief and violent and miserable and beautiful year of their marriage. In the beginning she had said she loved him; she had died hating him.

Powder Desert began at the bottom of the grade. Sand and sagebrush hummocks, built by the east wind, lay before them; around these lumpy barriers, high as a man's shoulders, meandered the deep twin ruts of the road. This September day's sun was half down in the west and heat lay heavy on the flat, and in the near distance, on the benchland at the head of the desert, the houses of War Pass made an irregular outline. Toward this cattle town they traveled, Janet dreaming her nine-year-old dreams in sober stillness, Clay Morgan holding his clear intimations of trouble ahead.

War Pass lay on the first of the Cache Mountains, facing eastward toward the spectacular desert sunrise. Behind the town, westward, the hills rose away in irregular steps and broken contours to pine-timbered passes in the distance. On north and south, rocky defiles connected with little isolated valleys. All highways led to this crossroads town. Into it came the ranchers and cattle hands and homesteaders and the shadowy drifters of the land, seeking supplies and cheerfulness after the long loneliness of the deep hills and the dun-gray desert. Turning at the corner of Gentry's corral, Clay Morgan faced the length of Main Street, with its double row of angular wooden buildings and its deep golden dust. Under the courthouse locusts, at the corner of Main and Stage, a large group of men idly waited; and he knew then that the trial of the rustler, Ollie Jacks, was still unfinished.

HE DISMOUNTED by the stable and permitted both horses to nose into the water trough before tying them to the rack. Janet said: "I am going to Ann McGarrah's, Daddy."

She always had a quick smile for him when she mentioned Ann McGarrah's name, as though there might be some secret involved. "I think," she added, "we will eat supper there," and watched him a moment with her observant eyes.

"You seem pretty sure of that."

Janet said, with complete conviction, "She always invites us to supper," and walked on beneath the street's board awnings. Morgan's glance followed her small, resolute figure and he smiled at the precise way she bowed toward Jesse Rusey, the town marshal, when she passed him. At the door of McGarrah's store she turned, waved at Morgan, and passed inside.

Morgan remained near the stable's hitch rack to roll up a quick smoke. But he was never a man to let his eyes be idle; thus now, while his fingers tapered off the cigarette, his glance ran down the street, past the courthouse and post office and the Long Grade Saloon, past the Mountain House Hotel and beyond that to the little cluster of brick and dobe buildings of Old Town. Two cross streets dropped from a higher level of the hillside. Up there sat the high, square, iron-ornamented houses owned by the wealthier merchants and the big

Beginning the story of a man who dared to marry the girl a neighbor loved. A romance as wild and vividly colorful as the Powder Desert country where it was lived to its tense climax

cattlemen who liked to winter their families in town. This was four o'clock and already the street was in shadow, though the far desert burned up its brown-gray glitter. The smell of dust, the rank odor of Gentry's corral and the faint steaming of the water in the trough rose strongly around him.

All these things he saw carefully and completely, as though the changing shadows and the shift of men and the opening and closing of doors mattered greatly. At twenty-nine his life had made him, among other things, closemouthed and vigilant. He was a long-legged man, turned dark by the sun and toughened by constant work, with features so solidly composed that when he smiled the change of expression was a complete and surprising break. Most of the men on this street were his deep friends; but some were not—and it was this tangled warp and woof of friendship and enmity in a tough, quick-tempered land that put the expression of aloof interest in his stone-gray eyes.

Jesse Rusey, the town's marshal, cruised the walk, his short, broad body swinging a little. He had the shoulders of a wrestler; above the sweep of his mustaches was a glance as cool as flint. This man had a kind of rocky solidness, a kind of formidable courtesy. He said, "How are you, Clay?" and passed by.

Charley Hillhouse and Hack Breathitt broke from the courthouse group and walked toward him, their boots puffing up the street's dust; but for a moment he remained slackly by the hitching rack, his mind picking away at the mystery of Jesse Rusey. This town marshal had been in War Pass for twenty years, yet nobody knew him, or knew what he thought, or knew where his sympathies actually lay. Everything that Jesse Rusey was lay inside a cropped, ball-round head. His eyes met every man's glance with a straight gray stare, showing nothing. His voice was soft, in peace or in trouble.

HILLHOUSE and Breathitt came cheerfully forward and for a moment these three fast friends stood by the hitch rack and swapped gossip, pleased to be together again. All of them had grown up in the country; they had gone to school together and had worked and hunted and had their fun together; and in trouble had stood inseparably side by side. Clay Morgan said: "Nothing new on Ollie Jacks yet?"

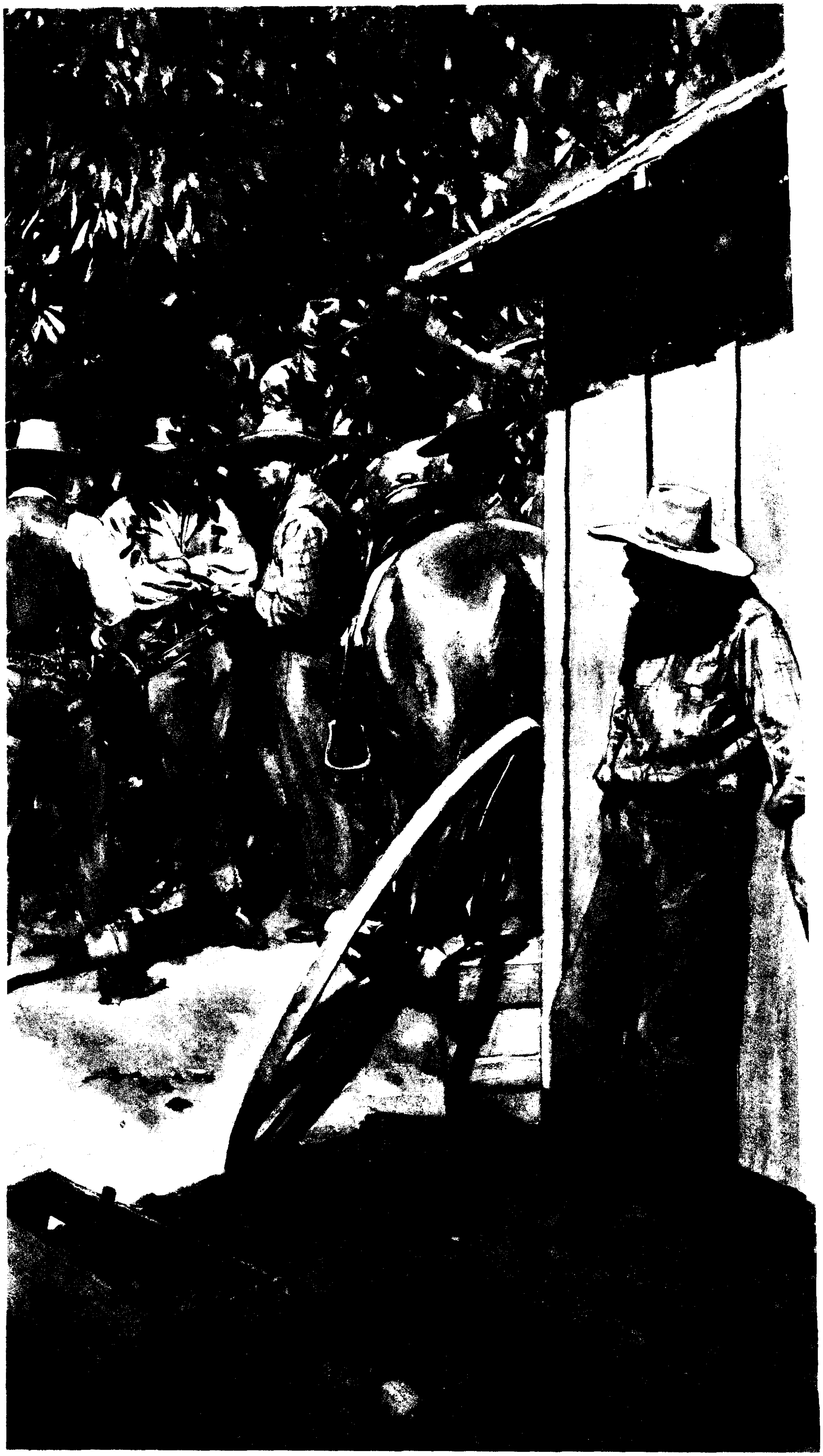
Hillhouse shrugged his shoulders: "They been arguing about it since noon. I don't see nothin' to argue about. We caught Ollie dead in his tracks, bendin' over a Three Pines calf with his iron. But there's a couple townsmen on the jury. They're the ones hanging this thing up."

Hack Breathitt grinned: "Ben Herendeen's sore enough to shoot the jury." He gave Charley Hillhouse a slanting, skeptical glance. "Your boss is gettin' pretty large for his pants, Charley. But then he always was that way."

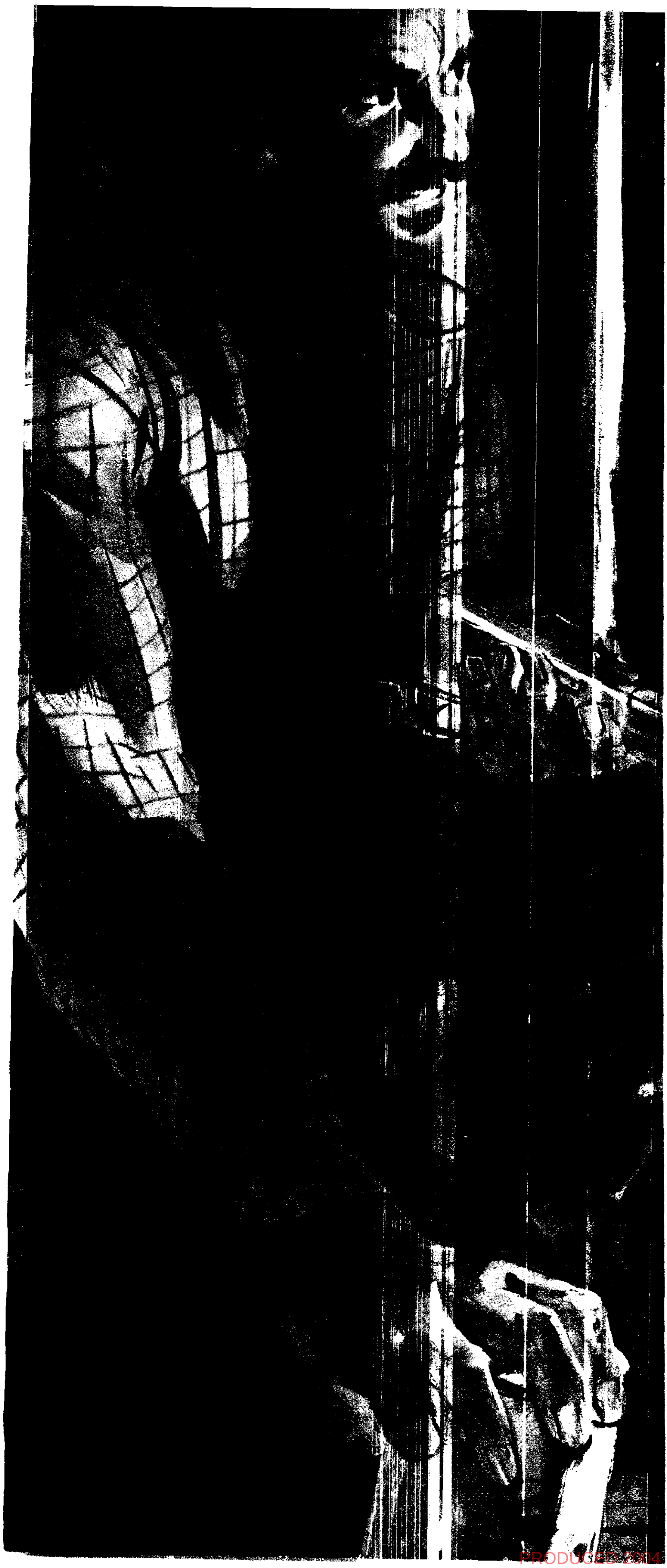
Ben Herendeen owned Three Pines, and Charley Hillhouse was Herendeen's foreman, loyal to the core. Hillhouse said in a mild voice: "If they don't throw Ollie Jacks in the cooler there ain't no use for any juries in this country. After all, Hack, it was Ben's beef."

"Tough on Ben," said Hack, but his smile remained and the other two knew how he felt toward Ben Herendeen. Hack Breathitt was small, quick and restless. He couldn't stand still. His eyes and his interest always roamed around. There was a good deal of rebellion in him and a good deal of laughter. He never stayed long in one place; the mark of his campfires lay all through the hills and deep in the desert. They made an aimless trail that led nowhere. This was Hack Breathitt.

(Continued on page 56)



Herendeen said in his bluntly unanswerable manner: "We won't make that mistake again. You're on the wrong foot. Better get right"



ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

CONLY had taken cover behind boulders as he dodged back to the shanty, but he was pretty sure that none of the five bullets that had spattered on those rocks had really tried to hit him.

He knew, at any rate, that all of those slugs would have come a good deal closer to him if Sheriff Mart Rucker had wanted them to. He knew that pet .30-30 rifle of Rucker's; more than once he'd watched the sheriff put its five bullets into a ten-inch bull's-eye at two hundred yards. And he knew, too, how Rucker hated to put a bullet into anything except a paper target.

Conly guessed it was almost time to start laughing again about having picked out the sheriff's own desert copper claim for a hide-out. That joke hadn't seemed so funny, a few minutes back, when Rucker had driven that old jallopy of his up out of the draw and caught Conly in plain sight, with his own gun back in the shanty, a good hundred yards away. But it was beginning to look funny again, now that he was safely back in the shanty, flat on its dirt floor, with his own gun muzzle at the crack between two of the sun-warped wall planks, pointing at the rock behind which Rucker, just in time, had taken shelter.

It would be better than funny if Rucker could be tempted out in front of a gun that had no squeamish prejudice against live targets.

Rucker knew enough, though, to do his talking from behind his rock:

"Don't be a damn' pighead, Sam, and make me plug you. All you can get is a couple of years if I fetch you in alive. You'll stay dead some longer'n that."

Conly answered with a bullet that chipped a flake out of the boulder. His wits were busy, running smooth again, and fast. The magazine in the .30-30 would hold only five cartridges. One more in the chamber made six. Rucker had fired five times and he hadn't reloaded since the shooting started. If he wasted that last shot there'd be plenty of time to rush him.

"Come on out, Sam." Rucker's voice made Conly think of an old-maid schoolma'am, wheedling at a bad boy to behave. "You know I got to fetch you in, dead 'r alive. You'd be headed back, dead, right now, if I wanted it that way. Them boards has shrunk so far apart I can see that there fancy shirt between 'em plain as day. No. It ain't no use f'r you to squeeze over toward the wall. I can see you there just as easy."

Conly knew it was true. The cracks were letting broad stripes of desert sun in on the brilliantly colored checks of that dude eight-dollar shirt.

"I'm giving you while I count up to five to make up your mind whether you stay there and stop a slug or come out the door a-reaching. One—two—I mean it, Sam—three—"

"Hold on, Mart." Conly's eyes, trapped, searched the cabin. No way out of it except the door, no makeshift shield to stop a bullet except, stacked along the side wall, in easy reach, Rucker's supply of canned stuff. For a second Conly thought of piling them in front of him but he knew better than to try it. One of those high-powered bullets wouldn't even notice two thicknesses of tin with a few tomatoes between them. Unless—?

"Listen, Mart. I ain't got a thing but your say-so to prove you can see me through them cracks, and even if you ain't lying, how do I know you won't miss me, same as you done all them other times?"

He held his breath. If only Rucker fell for it—

"Aimed to miss, them times," Rucker said. "But I ain't missing this time. Either this here shot stays in the gun or it does business with you. Make up your mind which way you want it. And make it quick."

Conly did just that. The thin chance was all the chance there was. He had to take it.

"I'll bet you on it, Mart. Maybe you see me and maybe you don't. Maybe you hit me and maybe you miss. Easy way to settle both them questions without neither of us getting shot up. I'm a-going to put a can of your tomatoes back of one of them cracks. You miss it and we shoot things out. You hit it and I come out the door a-reaching."

He had to hold his breath longer, this time, before Rucker answered:

"It's a bet. Le's see your can."

Conly's left hand held his gun steady while his right pushed the can before a crack

CONLY'S left hand held his gun steady while his right hand pushed the bright-jacketed can before a crack and snaked back to the trigger. It was hard to keep from laughing. Even if he missed when Rucker showed himself it wouldn't matter; Rucker's gun would be empty and Conly's next shot would be fired from where it couldn't miss. He cuddled his cheek lovingly against the stock and slowly tightened his trigger finger. Not yet, though, not when you knew that if you fired first, and missed, that last slug of Rucker's rifle would come ripping through you instead of that can . . . wait . . . wait. . . .

The blast of Rucker's rifle seemed to be mixed up inside of Conly's head with a hundred other noises. The sun had gone out. Blinded, dazed, stunned, he heard Rucker's voice—cheerful, pleased and friendly:

"Much obliged to you f'r figuring out that scheme f'r me, Sam. Forgot I'd left my cartridges in the car till I'd wasted them five, and I couldn't see no way to use the last one in the gun only on you. I'd sure've hated to bust my record f'r bringing 'em in alive, but I'd've had to do it, if you'd knowed more about real high-powered guns and what happens when one of 'em shoots at a tin can full of wet stuff. Explodes, the can does, 'most as pretty as if there was giant powder in it—pretty enough, anyhow, to lay a man out cold that's laying as near as you was to that one. Ain't done you no damage, though. Set up and lemme scrape them tomatoes off you so's you don't go messing up my jail."

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Gambling Man

By Frank Condon

Painful experience of a small, frisky husband who got a tough break in Indianapolis

CLEM SMOTE was a ruby-faced little man who loved to play poker with the boys, bet on horse races, wrestle the slot machines in back rooms, pitch quarters at a crack or take any other reasonable financial risk.

He lived in St. Louis with his wife, Destra, who was a pale, mirthless woman, opposed to gaming in any form and who ran the family purse with a hand of iron. Any extra money coming Clem's way by chance had to be handled with cunning or Destra would take over. Clem was afraid of his wife, like nine men in ten, and conducted his minor gambling with laudable secrecy.

He worked on the St. Louis Times in the want ads where he was assistant to the manager, and every season he and Destra chugged away on vacation in the family trailer, which was Destra's lone extravagance. In general, she was tight about money and squeezed the dollars hard.

They owned a small sedan and a large trailer, with blue chintz curtains, a bulbous silver roof, little fat wheels, radio set, army cots and a water cooler, and they were both trailer addicts, living happily in the cramped quarters for two weeks in each year and subsisting on canned goods cooked on a gasoline stove.

It was again approaching the time of their annual trailer safari, and a week before his vacation commenced Clem and Destra arrived at a new understanding in domestic affairs. They came to agreement concerning Clem's gambling, for he walked into the house early one morning and Destra could tell by looking at him that he had lost again playing poker. It was poker night.

"We may as well have this out now," she said in her cold voice, sitting on the edge of the bed in a red robe. "I work as hard as you do, and the salary you earn is as much mine as yours, if we are partners. So when you gamble it away, you're losing my money. You're cheating me and I'm telling you just this one time. If you don't stop gambling, I leave you. I get a divorce."

Looking guilty and abashed, Clem replied: "That seems pretty clear and definite, Destra. I quit." And he did. . . . That was the end of Clem Smote's gaming career and a few days later they bundled into the silver-domed trailer, hooked on the sedan and set forth for two weeks of migratory relaxation. Clem donned his old Army shirt and Destra got into her slacks.

First they rolled away to the north and then they turned east and, eventually, they halted on the edge of Indianapolis, stopping across from a garage, as the fan belt required tightening. The trailer radio set had ceased to function and Clem wondered if it couldn't be fixed in a hurry. Destra observed that behind the garage was a stretch of smooth, green meadow, a friendly oak and a brook, so she spoke to the man:

"Could we stop over by the tree and sort of fix up a few things?"

The garage owner said they certainly could, as it was his land, and Destra decided to have the radio set restored to its pristine garrulity. . . . Clem wandered down High Street in search of a morning paper and maybe a beer. The mechanic fixed their fan belt in jig time. Clem turned into a place that had a neon sign reading "Cocktails and Eats," and leaning against the bar therein he glanced at the news and observed that the great dramatist and poet, William Sands, had died. His expression instantly changed. He became animated and even joyful. Over in Ireland, the aging William Sands had passed on, leaving to posterity his many books, poetry and prose, plays and essays, a world-famous figure, rich in the affection of readers in all nations. And in a small beanery just outside Indianapolis, Clem Smote dashed into a telephone booth and called up the St. Louis Times.

He asked for the managing editor and when that gentleman answered, Clem shouted: "I win the pool. . . . This is Smote talking. William Sands died yesterday in Ireland. I'm in Indianapolis and I want the money right away."

"All right," said the managing editor. "Congratulations, Clem. Want me to wire it?"

"Yes. Wire it to me here at the main Indianapolis telegraph office," Clem directed, and then he went back beaming to his beer on the bar.

The pool he referred to was a quaint affair cooked up by the reporters on the Times. Reporters are always thinking up some outlandish thing, and Clem liked to knock around with them and listen to their yarns, and that's how he got into the pool. The reporters looked upon Clem as a stuffy little nincompoop, or typical businessman of the lower order, but they admitted him to their pool, which was distinctly irreverent in form.

IT COST Clem only five bucks and, while it might be regarded by some as gambling, still it was an old pool and Clem's five was in it long before he quit gambling. That five was in the pool at least a year. There were twenty Times employees in the pool and that made a hundred dollars, which remained in charge of the managing editor for safety. The way it worked was like this:

Each Times man selected some prominent and usually some aging or ailing figure in the world's news, or was allotted one, and Clem had drawn William Sands. The others had celebrities like Hitler, Mussolini, Al Capone, Gandhi, Shaw, Chamberlain, Stalin or anybody who might presently be called to another world. The winner of the pool was the one who had the celebrity who died first, this being the reportorial idea of a fairly interesting hazard.

Clem Smote dawdled for half an hour, going over the paper and congratulating himself. Out under the oak tree in the trailer, Destra stared irritably at the useless radio and determined to travel no farther without its benign delights.

"Where could a person have a radio fixed?" she inquired of the garageman, and he directed her to drive straight along High Street toward town until she came to the Buckeye Radio Shop.

He unhooked the sedan and Destra headed down the road and that was about the time Clem dropped into the telegraph office and identified himself as a Times man. He said he was expecting

(Continued on page 27)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

In their rooms, Otto and Marcia read poetry to each other and ate the simplest meals

A [illegible] tie accessories: Black Lord's hat, pleated-bosom dress s[illegible]ar attached, black batwing tie, gold shirt studs and cuff li[illegible] silk barathea cummerbund, patent-leather pumps, b[illegible]ite suspenders, combination lighter and cigarette case. B[illegible]hite-tie accessories: Collapsible opera hat, narrow-bosom, o[illegible]qué dress shirt, two white pearl studs, high wing collar w[illegible]bs, white piqué butterfly tie, white evening suspenders, w[illegible]-breasted backless waistcoat of piqué, patent-leather C[illegible]r-plated key chain and white doeskin evening gloves

We're Dressing

By Henry L. Jackson

WITH Europeans giving one another a dressing down this winter, Americans are treating themselves to a dressing up. Park Avenue may pay $250 for an evening outfit, but Maple Avenue has discovered that a reasonably exact facsimile may be bought for a fifth of that—and worn into the snootiest places without permanently embittering the waiters or giving the hostess the twilps.

For the American male there are three main evening uniforms. Up at the top and dripping with formality is the tail coat, which, on the more glacial levels of society, is mysteriously known as "white tie." Next lower in the scale is the single-breasted dinner jacket. Down at the bottom, but still respectable enough to get you into anything short of an Astor-Vanderbilt wedding, is the double-breasted jacket. Dinner jackets are often called Tuxedos.

With these varied coats, it should be understood, go pants—known in decent society as trousers—waistcoats, shirts, socks, shoes, collars, ties and gloves. Even underwear, in case you're worrying about that. It, too, must be perfect in cut and fit.

Costs of the varying formal outfits run about like this:

TAILCOAT

Suit	$40.00	Hose	1.00
Shirt	2.50	Studs	3.50
Collar	.25	Handkerchief	.50
Tie	1.00	Shoes	8.75
Waistcoat	5.00		$62.50

SINGLE-BREASTED DINNER JACKET

Suit	$35.00	Handkerchief	.50
Shirt	2.50	Shoes	6.50
Waistcoat	5.00	Studs	3.50
Tie	1.00	Hose	1.00
Collar	.25		$55.25

DOUBLE-BREASTED DINNER JACKET

Suit	$35.00	Hose	1.00
Shirt	3.00	Shoes	6.50
Studs	3.50	Handkerchief	.50
			$49.50

You wear tails for the XXX three-alarm functions—opening nights, society banquets and so forth. Single-breasted Tuxedos are okay for slightly less starchy affairs. Double-breasted coats fit into most gatherings, from Grade A dinners to parties that can be classed only as slightly refined riots.

Midnight Blue's the Thing

What is called "evening kit" by the white-tie lads is worn mainly from October to March, in the case of tails. Dinner coats are good the year round. Tails, though, usually are proper for evening weddings, even in summer.

Nine times out of ten, nowadays, evening clothes aren't black. They're midnight blue. This looks blacker than black under electric light. Anything lighter than midnight blue is shunned in correct circles as a bit theatrical.

Your tailor probably knows as much, or more, than you do about the details

of formal clothes. But if you buy a ready-made suit, here are a few things to look for and be sure about:

Let the sleeves be a trifle shorter than on your business suit—to show up to an inch of shirt cuff. Don't press creases in the sleeves—it makes them wrinkle. With a tail coat, the trousers carry two medium-wide braids down each side; the Tuxedo should display only a single braid.

Tail-coat lapels ought to be faced with dull ribbed grosgrain; so should the single-breasted Tux. The double-breasted coat may display satin. Dress trousers never have cuffs and the pleats should face inward. This year, formal clothes have a slightly military cut, broad in the shoulder, narrow at the hip—but no nipped-in waistline.

Stiff shirts always go with tails, sometimes with Tuxedos. With the latter, however, soft shirts with attached collars are often correct and a lot more comfortable. There is a compromise in the semistarched shirt with the pleated front.

In the matter of ties, there are three styles. There's the broad butterfly with square ends, the bat shape and the pointed-end tie, in white or black. The butterfly (white) is preferred with tails; either of the others (black) with dinner jacket. Shirt studs and cuff links may be of pearl or gold, or even of precious stones. But the old habit of matching waistcoat buttons with studs and cuff links is out with dinner jackets. Studs and links are given more latitude nowadays. They may be of black onyx, smoked pearl, plain gold, mother-of-pearl or colored stones.

Only a white waistcoat is worn with tails, the single-breasted one being considered the better. With single-breasted Tuxes, either black or white waistcoats are all right. For the double-breasted coat you may sport a dark silk cummerbund, or just forget about the whole thing—as long as you remember never to let your jacket dangle open.

With formal dress, black silk hose are right, though with a Tux you may let down so far as to show a modest clock. You can get silk hose with woolen feet, if you do much dancing. Over the hose go patent-leather shoes, usually Oxfords for visiting; pumps for your own home or club.

A wrist watch may be worn with a Tux but not with tails. For the latter, you carry a pocket watch, sometimes attached to a light chain that disappears into your trousers pocket. About the only other decorative touch you're allowed is a red carnation—a fashion started by the Duke of Windsor—remember him? For the thrifty there are artificial carnations that wear for years.

A word about handkerchiefs: White linen, white monogram. And don't tuck it in like a folded paper napkin. Be casual.

Leave Your Derby Home

Hats? With tails, it must be either a shiny topper or an opera hat. The latter's better—easier to handle in theaters and checkrooms. With a dinner jacket, a Homburg or a dark Lord's hat is all right. But—no derby.

Over your evening outfit, your overcoat may be dark blue or black, single- or double-breasted, and you don't need silk lapels or a velvet collar if you don't like them. A white silk muffler keeps your collar clean. White chamois, doeskin or buckskin gloves do the same for your hands.

Best rule, in case you're in doubt, is good taste. You will know instinctively that a red polka-dot tie and carpet slippers don't go with tails, or a Tuxedo either. Remember, too, that although in nature the male may be the resplendent member of a twosome, in society it's reversed. Your function as an escort or as a guest at a mixed party is to be a background for the brilliant plumage of your lady—and not to attract attention to yourself by some startling departure in dress.

So there you are—all dressed up and some place to go. Have a good time and don't be self-conscious about your clothes. You're all right.

Black tie, 3 A M. at urger Heaven, after theater lanc- ing. The jack is mid blue

HorseSho by men silk toppe

Below: Inform dining Stork Clu is midnight ue, sin easted, w soft, with col attach Note carna

nner jacket ne shirt is ndkerchief

ATLANTA EXAMINER

They had to have a coach for Southern accents when they filmed Gone with the Wind. It was no easy task changing British, Midwestern and Harlem accents, but it had to be done—we couldn't have the South seceding again

"FIDDLE-DEE-DEE! There hasn't been any fun at any party this spring."

Vivien Leigh, dressed in a green-flowered muslin that billowed its twelve yards of softness over her hoops, talked to the Tarleton twins on Tara's front porch—a make-believe Tara that was only a shell of a house on Forty Acres at Selznick International Pictures in Culver City. The vivacious English actress was rehearsing the first scene of Gone with the Wind. She looked just as Scarlett O'Hara should look: her chin was pointed, her eyes reflected the green of the ribbons that fluttered at her breast, her skin was magnolia-white and she lowered her black lashes and pouted her lips in accordance with the traditions of Southern flirtatiousness. The director and the cameraman looked pleased. David O. Selznick looked divinely happy. But I was worried.

I had been engaged as technical adviser on accent, manners and customs for the movie, and my Georgia ears caught something wrong with Scarlett's speech.

I repeated the line half aloud, using my native Georgia tongue:

"Theah hasn't been any fun at any pahdy—"

Ah! I had it. Vivien Leigh was saying "pahty," and Scarlett O'Hara would say "pahdy."

We rehearsed the lines again, this time with Vivien pronouncing the *t* as if it were a *d*. The take was made. I nodded in response to the director's questioning look, as I was to do many more times during the six-months filming of Margaret Mitchell's best seller.

When David O. Selznick first asked me to serve as technical adviser, my friends sighed with envy. "Imagine teaching Clark Gable," they said. But I was scared. The job of putting the South in the mouth of an outsider frightened me more than the entrance of the Yankees into Atlanta scared the Confederate ladies.

Why Dixie Land is Apprehensive

I had heard many of my friends in Georgia groan and I had seen them tear their hair as they listened to the phony Southern accents of pseudo residents of my old Kentucky home at the movies. I had seen the more sensitive of my acquaintances walk out of the dark theater, shuddering violently as imitation Southerners drawled such phrases as:

"Honey chile, you all sho' are mighty sweet an' I cain't stan' it if you all don' stop bein' so nice to me."

Mr. Selznick was on the spot. He had received countless letters telling him how Southerners should talk and how they should not talk; thousands of residents of the Deep South had begged that no "you alls" should be in the picture; hundreds of them who lived South of the Mason-Dixon line had besought no drawling; and wires, letters and telephone calls by the hundreds had told Mr. Selznick that no British Vivien Leigh could ever sound like a Southern girl.

"Why should an English girl get the role of Scarlett O'Hara, anyway?" demanded enraged loyal Southerners. "Why wasn't a Southern girl good enough for the part?"

"We'll boycott the picture if the accent is not right," they stormed.

Charlestonians had written well-bred, courteously phrased, dignified letters, insinuating that Rhett Butler must sound like a real Charlestonian or Fort Sumter might be fired upon again.

The storm over the choice of an English actress for Scarlett had been lulled a bit when Mrs. E. Dorothy Blount Lamar, president general of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Margaret Mitchell issued statements that Georgians of 1860 probably talked a good deal more like Britishers of today than like the Midwesterners of the United States of the present time; or, for that matter, like *(Continued on page 31)*

Clark Gable in his Rhett Butler getup, with Susan Myrick, who taught him his Georgia accent

I Can Still Fight

By Howard Barry

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

The story of a fighter who didn't know he was washed up. And when a guy doesn't know it, there's a chance he isn't

HANK WEST walked through the shabby gymnasium to an office in a rear corner. The door was open. Going in, he found Lug Peters, fat and gross, leaning back in a chair, talking with a smartly dressed, alert young man. Hank recognized the visitor as Cliff Carter, sports columnist of the Globe. Half turning, Peters regarded Hank with coarse annoyance.

"Hello, Mr. Peters."

"What do you want?"

Hank hesitated.

"Why—I thought maybe you could give me a fight on some card or other."

"I haven't any spot."

Peters turned back to his desk. For a moment Hank was silent, wondering what to say next.

"Well—I just thought you might have something."

"No, I haven't anything."

Into Hank's brown eyes came just a shade of anxiety.

"I thought maybe I could get back in," he said, addressing Peters' hunched, bulging shoulders.

"So did a lot of other guys."

Hank hesitated in the doorway, his face serious.

"But I can still go," he persisted. "I can go six rounds easy—ten even. I'm only thirty-one. Why, Braddock was champ when he was thirty-one. I can still fight."

Lug Peters half turned, the effort distorting his baggy jowls and thick lips. He spat out his reply:

"Don't give me that. You were twenty-three when you were fighting for me ten years ago." He turned back to his desk. "Beat it. I'm busy."

Hank started to move away, his face puzzled. Then he paused again.

"If you should ever have a spot for me you could reach me at Harry's gym."

He waited a moment for an answer but Peters didn't pay any attention to him. So he went out.

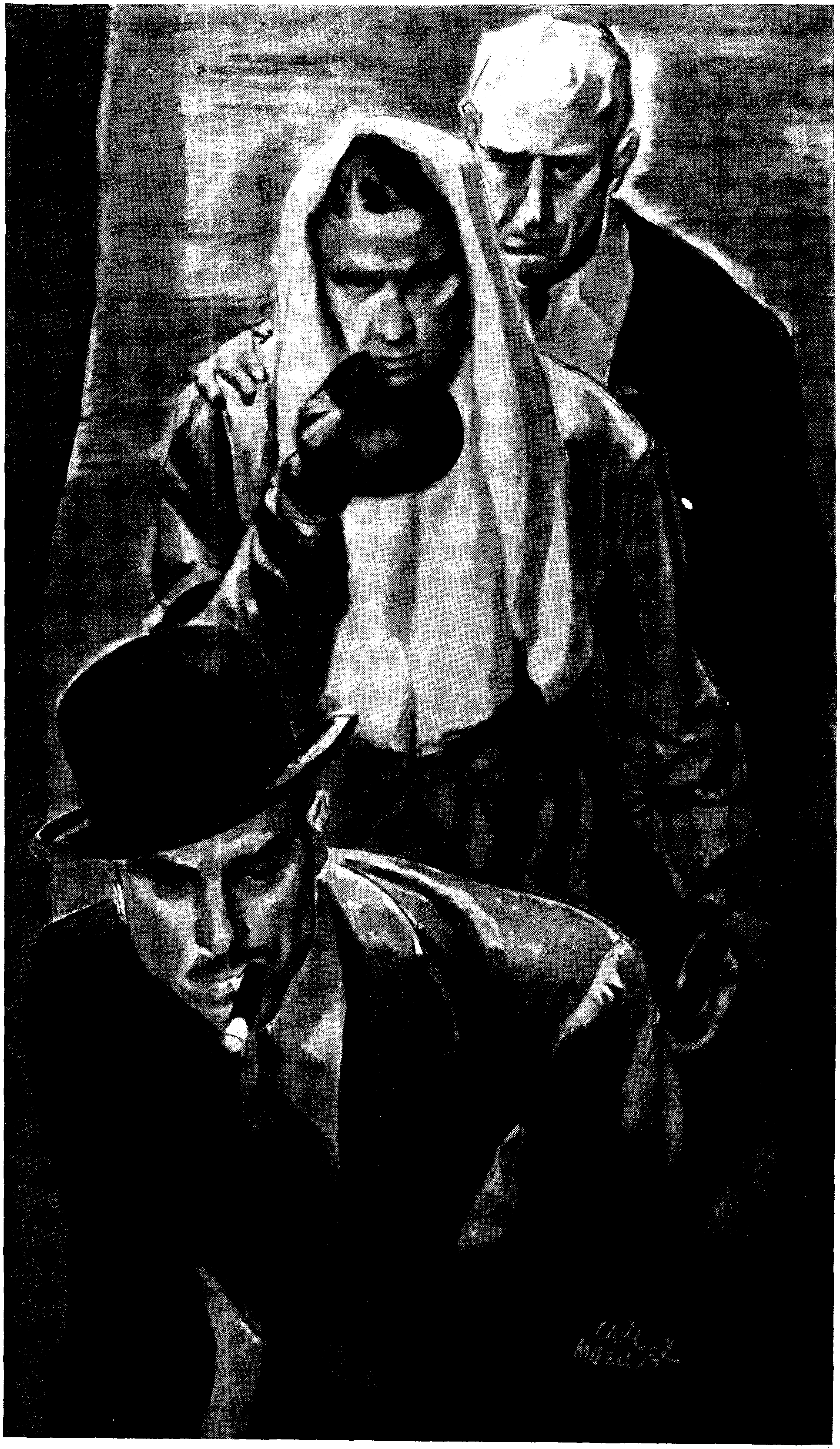
"Who was that?" the sports columnist asked.

"Hank West," Peters replied. "He used to be a good fighter ten years ago. But he got hurt."

"Hank West—sure—I remember him now. Why, he was in line for a shot at the championship, wasn't he?"

"Yeh. He got hurt in the last fight before he was to meet the champ. He tore the ligaments in his arm and they never healed right. He was never much good after that."

(Continued on page 39)



They started toward the main building. From the far end came a muffled tumult of yelling

The Press Rules Britannia

By Frank Gervasi

BY CABLE FROM LONDON

Sir Walter Turner Monckton, who recently talked himself out of being shot as a German spy, is the new boss of Britain's busy censors. He's also the answer to the cries for more truth and less hokum

PICTURES, INC.

Director General of the British Press Censorship Bureau is Sir Walter Turner Monckton, King's Counsel

IN BUREAUCRATIC England, Sir Walter Turner Monckton fills a unique place. By birth and background he could have been just another Colonel Blimp. He was born with a stuffed shirt on his back. Had he followed the course of least resistance, he would today be just another good lawyer, probably a member of Parliament and relatively rich. Each night as he climbed the polished stairs of his town house, on his way to bed, he would have paid obeisance to a long line of ancestors, starting at the bottom step with a Gainsborough portrait of a British governor of the state of New York—General Somebody Monckton.

But, as it turned out, Sir Walter chose a different path. He didn't like the one traced for him by genealogy and tradition. Bureaucracy hemmed him in on all sides. He watched it catch innocents in its toils and resolved to make a career of extricating these people from its iron-clawed taboos.

He would become, and he has become, Britain's *antibureaucrat No. 1*. He wears a soft shirt, albeit he clings to hard collars. His noble ancestry doesn't mean a damned thing to him. He doesn't even know the first name of the scowling gentleman who fought with General Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham and was later governor of New York. Furthermore, he doesn't care.

In America he would be regarded as a brown-eyed, bespectacled combination of Red Grange, whom he greatly resembles, Clarence Darrow, Dudley Field Malone, Grover Whalen and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He combines the physique of the first, the humanity and sagacity of the second, the astuteness of the third, the showmanship of the fourth and that certain something of the President—the smile.

No man, sez you, can be all those things. But wait, your reporter knows this guy and the chances are you don't. An old judge of the High Bench, a mortal enemy of young Sir Walter Monckton, K. C., who has been bamboozled, cajoled and convinced frequently into giving barrister decisions in court, said of him:

"He has a mind like a smooth-running mill. Feed it facts, no matter how jumbled, and they come out as a lucid and vigorous argument."

In the nine years since Monckton "took the silk," which is a British way of saying he became a lawyer, he has earned a cool million—in pounds, not dollars. So, measured by the yardstick called money, he is a success. He has become the personal fixer to the great names of British life. He has ironed out difficult situations for Indian princes and English politicos. He has handled so many intimate and confidential matters involving big names that if he should ever choose to write it all he would rock the empire's foundations. It was he who shuttled between 10 Downing Street and the Belvedere Palace during those breathless days when mechanistic politics crushed Monckton's friend Edward.

Monckton is a success in other fields. He has made an art of friendship. Dearest of all his friends is Windsor, to whom he is devoted. Their friendship began in 1913 in Balliol College, Oxford, when Monckton, then president of the Debating Society of the Oxford Union, noticed the Prince of Wales trying hard to keep awake while an unusually dull orator droned on endlessly. Monckton slipped Wales a note saying, "Beat it, kid; nobody's looking." They have been pals ever since.

Because he has one of those minds capable of assimilating a vast jumble of information, misinformation, fact, rumor and lies, and churning them out into reasonable arguments, Monckton, "My law practice shot to hell anyway by this blasted war," has become Controller of Censorship in the Ministry of Information, currently Britain's toughest job.

He has thus assumed the role of prosecutor in the greatest battle of his legal career. To put it flamboyantly, he has become King's Counsel in the case of Britain versus Adolf Hitler and Joe Goebbels before the bar of public opinion. He has, as a subsidiary and corollary, a second role: *Defender of the Right of the British and Foreign Press* in getting and sending vital news. And, says Monckton, "By Jove, they've got a case, I mean to say." To the newspapermen on the side lines it simmers down to Monckton versus bureaucracy again.

A Job for a Sense of Humor

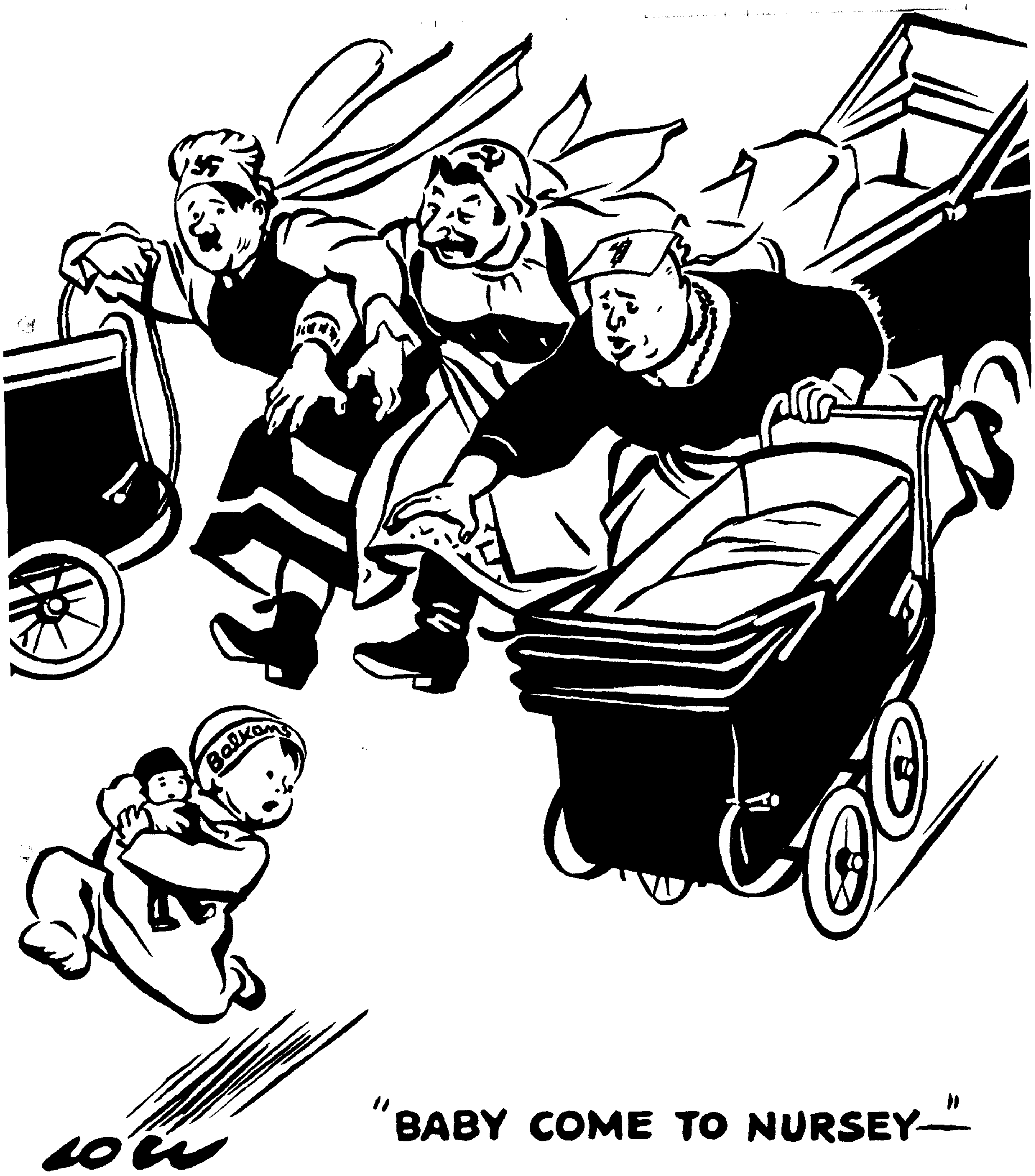
Anybody with a job in the organization euphemistically called the Ministry of Information has a tough assignment. But none is so particularly and exquisitely tough, especially for a guy who admittedly doesn't know a pica from a piker, as the one Monckton has.

That "smooth-running mill" of his is running twenty-four hours a day. He has had to learn the newspaper business in addition to bestirring a bureaucracy into action. Consequently, he spends twelve hours daily talking to people and the remaining twelve hours acting on what he has learned. Happily he has a sense of humor. That will save him. Without it his cerebral mechanism would burn up and jam like a crankshaft with dry bearings.

Monckton was called into "the case" just about the time the Ministry of Information was about to ask for a retrial. But to understand the difficulties confronting this forty-eight-year-old barrister we must go back to the night of September 11th. That was the night of the "Battle of Fleet Street." Like Trafalgar at the time when they found Guy Fawkes fooling with fire and gunpowder under the Parliament buildings, it will live forever in the memories of Britons.

The slick pavements of the old street, where mangy Dr. Johnson weaved in and out among the curb-side hitching posts with sycophantic Boswell tagging to his coattails, quivered that night with the roll of presses. The bittersweet of printers' ink hung in the gray mist that came off the near-by Thames. An important war extra gestated on the lead-plated rollers of gargantuan printing machines as they swallowed miles of paper and spat out neatly folded things called newspapers.

Long lines of trucks waited at the cir-



DRAWN BY **LOW** FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

culation exits of the lordly Times, News Chronicle, Telegraph, Daily Express, Daily Herald and other morningers. They waited to carry to every far corner of slumbering London and to waiting provincial trains that all-important extra. The papers had news at last, ending nine days' utter boredom since the war began. Here was news—the Tommies had landed in France and it was really true that England was fighting side by side with France in a finish fight against Hitlerism. There were many in Britain who were extremely skeptical at that point. That's why the story was so important.

But that edition never reached the streets. In the offices of Scotland Yard the telephone rang twice in that imperious manner of British telephones. The square-jawed constable on duty lifted the receiver and over the wire he heard an excited voice identify itself as that of the Ministry of Information, and then heard it issue orders that caused the honest policeman to guffaw in the face of authority with a salvo of unofficial merriment.

"I'm sorry, sir," the constable said, "but that's impossible. One can't do that. This is England, you know. You can't tamper with the press. Private rights, property rights, all that sort of thing. . . ."

The voice was adamant. It spoke with authority. It gave orders as explicit, precise and authoritative as a King's proclamation. Orders to Scotland Yard are orders and the police did their duty although they couldn't see those orders with a fifty-power telescope.

The Battle of Fleet Street

Squad cars roared into the night. Almost before the good constable had set down his receiver, bobbies pounced on freshly bundled batches of ink-wet newspapers being piled onto trucks. Because an Englishman never argues with a bobby, sequestration as ordered by the Ministry of Information was complete. Shouts of "Extra! Extra! Tommies Land in France!" died in the throats of those few cockney newsboys who had managed to obtain copies. The bobbies rained down on Fleet Street, leaping from taxis, commandeered trucks and police cars.

"Here, give us them papers. Orders, me lad, shut your trap or in you go."

Upon the twenty-story gray monolith of London University, where the Ministry of Information is housed in the city's only skyscraper, two hundred fuming newsmen, editors and foreign correspondents descended next morning. They wanted to know how come. They were received by the Minister of Information, Lord MacMillan, who confessedly didn't know a headline from a ham bone and whose chief qualifications for his job included: the chancellorship of London University, a judgeship on the High Bench, striped pants, black coat, winged collar and the fact that he was baldish, thinnish and whimsical.

Newsmen, proprietors and hard-boiled foreign correspondents listened with gaping jaws as MacMillan told them cute stories including one about how his cook made bread pudding. Nothing pertinent was said about the events of the previous night beyond a few polite regrets.

Nothing germane was said about how the story of the landing of the British troops in France—a story calculated to dispel the world-wide belief that Britain was ready to fight Hitler to the last Frenchman—had been ordered released at 8:52 P. M. September 11th and then how at 11:38 P. M., when every edition had come off the presses, the Ministry of Information had announced that the newspaper censorship had withdrawn authority for its publication.

The raids had come at midnight. Just why it all happened nobody seemed to know, except that news, already heard in certain sections of the world from the French radio, might give "vital information to the enemy."

The newsmen reminded MacMillan that their editions were released on the morning of September 12th, too late to be of any use. The afternoon papers had the story by that time and the afternoon papers virtually scooped the pants off the morning mighties on their own story. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost by the proprietors.

Finally Trilby Ewer of the Daily Herald, dean of British diplomatic correspondents and a sardonic, beetle-browed gent who knows hokum when he sees it, broke into MacMillan's casual recipe recital to make a speech. It was a speech calculated to warm the hearts of his colleagues and make them swell with pride. Britons shouted, "Hear, hear," and Americans limited themselves to "Hot dog!" Trilby told MacMillan, Lord Camrose and the assorted gentry on the platform that this was a war and not a tea party, and that upon the shoulders of the Ministry of Information's 999 blue-pencil wielders rested the great responsibility of preventing Britain and her friends from becoming thoroughly bored by this war.

He demanded politely but firmly that the Ministry obtain and quickly disseminate the pertinent facts of the war at home and abroad.

Mistaken for German Spy

It was soon afterward that Monckton stepped in to take over the controllership of the vital Censorship Division of the Ministry. Technically he is responsible to MacMillan, who remained as minister; actually he is responsible only to Churchill, Hore-Belisha and Kingsley Wood. He is the kind of man who is not afraid to pick up the telephone and directly ask service departments what in hell is going on, and determine quickly and safely how much can be told. He can talk himself out of any mess, like the time recently when he landed in a plane somewhere in France, on his way to see the Windsors, and the French thought he was a German spy because his French was so perfect. Anybody who can talk himself out of being shot as a spy when he comes down in a strange plane in a war area can talk Churchill into giving him some news.

Until the night of the Battle of Fleet Street nobody had paid much attention to the Ministry of Information, Britain's major effort toward totalitarianism. But then the press got to work on it. Unfortunately someone in the House of Commons revealed that there were 999 members on the Ministry's staff. Immediately the press dubbed it the Ministry of "Nein! Nein! Nein!" as a Germanic gibe at its negativeness. It became "the Ministry of Misinformation—Ministry of Mystery" and some unprintable things.

Technically the Ministry was formed as a "shadow ministry" in April of last year. It came to life forty-eight hours before the war broke out, with three

(Continued on page 34)

Sad Cypress

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

OLD Mrs. Welman is dying in her country home, Hunterbury, near London. Dr. Peter Lord and two nurses—Eileen O'Brien and Jessica Hopkins—are keeping an eye on her; and Mary Gerrard—her crusty old lodgekeeper's attractive daughter, to whom she is to leave a competence—is with her constantly.

Before she dies, young Roderick ("Roddy") Welman (her dead husband's nephew) and her niece, Elinor Carlisle (who is engaged to Roddy), come down from London. Then Mrs. Welman passes away, while sleeping. . . . Nurse Hopkins takes the old lady's death calmly. She is considerably disturbed, however, by the mysterious disappearance of a tube of morphine tablets, which she suspects has been stolen.

Arrived from London, Edmund Seddon, Mrs. Welman's attorney, makes an astonishing announcement: The old lady has left no will! This being the case, her entire estate (except what the crown might take) must go, automatically, to her next of kin, Elinor. . . . Meanwhile, Roddy Welman, fascinated by the beauty of Mary Gerrard, has fallen in love with her. He tells Elinor of his feelings for the lodgekeeper's daughter.

Elinor is amazed. But, still adoring him, she suggests that he go to the Continent for a vacation, and there think things over before finally breaking with her. So Roddy goes to Venice. Before he leaves, however, Elinor informs Mary that she will receive two thousand pounds from Mrs. Welman's estate.

Learning of Mary's good fortune, Nurse Hopkins urges her to make a will; and Mary does so, naming an aunt, Mary Riley, who lives in New Zealand, as her beneficiary, instead of her father—a disagreeable old fellow whom nobody likes. Elinor also makes a will, in which she bequeaths her entire estate to Roddy. Then she returns to London, and sells Hunterbury.

Nurse O'Brien takes another case not far away, while Nurse Hopkins remains near Hunterbury. Both are gossips; and from a series of letters exchanged between them, the reader gathers that Mrs. Welman and Sir Lewis Rycroft (killed in the war) had once been in love; but that, since Sir Lewis had a wife in an insane asylum, they had been unable to marry. From one of the letters, we learn that Mary Gerrard has gone to London. . . .

Mary Gerrard's father dies. Whereupon, Nurse Hopkins receives a letter from Mary. The girl wants to know if her friend will put her up when she comes down for her father's funeral.

IV

ELINOR CARLISLE came out of the King's Arms on the morning of Thursday, July 27th, and stood for a minute or two looking up and down the main street of Maidensford.

Suddenly, with an exclamation of pleasure, she crossed the road.

There was no mistaking that large dignified presence, that serene gait as of a galleon in full sail.

"Mrs. Bishop!"

"Why, Miss Elinor! This *is* a surprise! I'd no notion you were in these parts! If I'd known you were coming to Hunterbury I'd have been there myself! Who's doing for you there? Have you brought someone down from London?"

Elinor shook her head. "I'm not staying at the house. I am staying at the King's Arms."

Mrs. Bishop looked across the road and sniffed dubiously. "It is *possible* to stay there, I've heard," she allowed. "It's clean, I know. And the cooking, they say, is fair, but it's hardly what *you're* accustomed to, Miss Elinor."

Elinor said, smiling: "I'm really quite comfortable. It's only for a day or two. I have to sort out things at the house. All my aunt's personal things and then there are a few pieces of furniture I should like to have in London."

"The house is really sold then?"

"Yes. To a Major Somervell. Our new member. Sir George Kerr died, you know, and there's been a by-election."

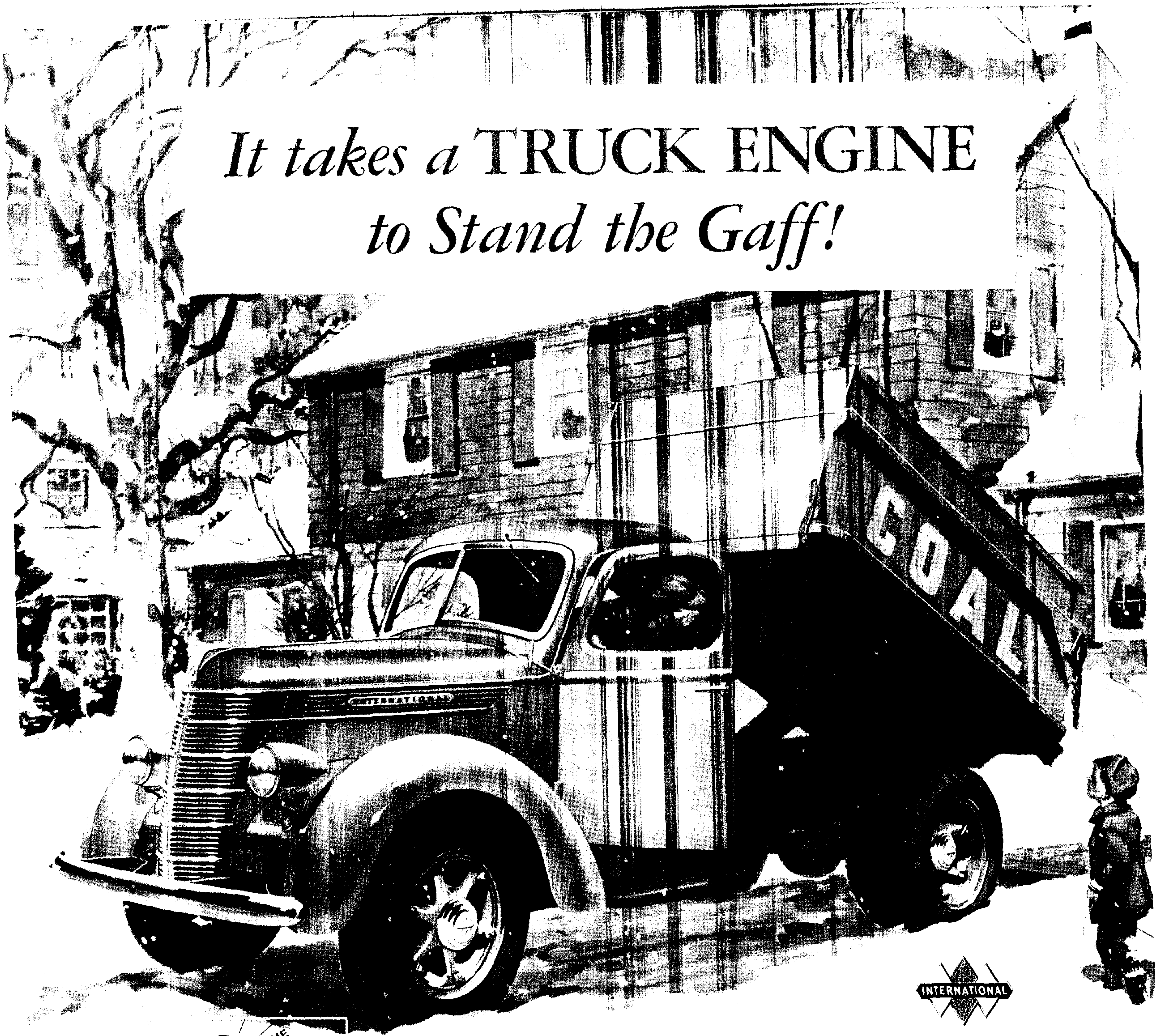
"Returned unopposed," said Mrs. Bishop grandly. "We've never had anyone but a Conservative for Maidensford."

Elinor said: "I'm glad someone has bought the house who really wants to live in it. I should have been sorry if it had been turned into a hotel or built upon."

Mrs. Bishop shut her eyes and shivered all over her plump, aristocratic person. "Yes, indeed, that would have been dreadful—quite dreadful. It's bad enough as it is to think of Hunterbury passing into the hands of strangers." *(Continued on page 46)*

Nurse Hopkins said: "Where's the phone? Get hold of Dr. Lord as soon as you can." Elinor said: "What's the matter?" "The matter?" Nurse Hopkins cried. "She's dying"

It takes a TRUCK ENGINE *to Stand the Gaff!*



When ditches need digging no *sissies* need apply. It's a job for he-men, with seasoned heart and muscle and with callouses in the right places. *The same goes for hauling!*

A passenger car engine is called on to deliver from a *fourth* to a *half* of its full power most of the time. The average heavy-duty TRUCK engine delivers from *three-fourths* to *all* of its power practically all of its working time.

In terms of delivered energy the output of a TRUCK engine is perhaps *four times as great* per mile of travel. If the average car is disposed of at 50,000 miles, hundreds of hard-working trucks should be entitled to retirement in a few months' time. Nothing could be further from the minds of either the builder or the owner of the good truck. Thousands of International Trucks have traveled upwards of *two or three hundred thousand miles,* every mile a *truck* mile.

The automobile tests many a fine quality in an engine, but the TRUCK puts up with *a great deal more!* For more than a generation the builders of International Trucks have built ALL-TRUCK trucks—and TRUCKS ONLY. This will give you some idea as to why men buy more heavy-duty Internationals than *any other three makes combined.*

Remember that International sizes range from ½-ton to powerful 6-wheelers. See any International dealer or Company-owned branch.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

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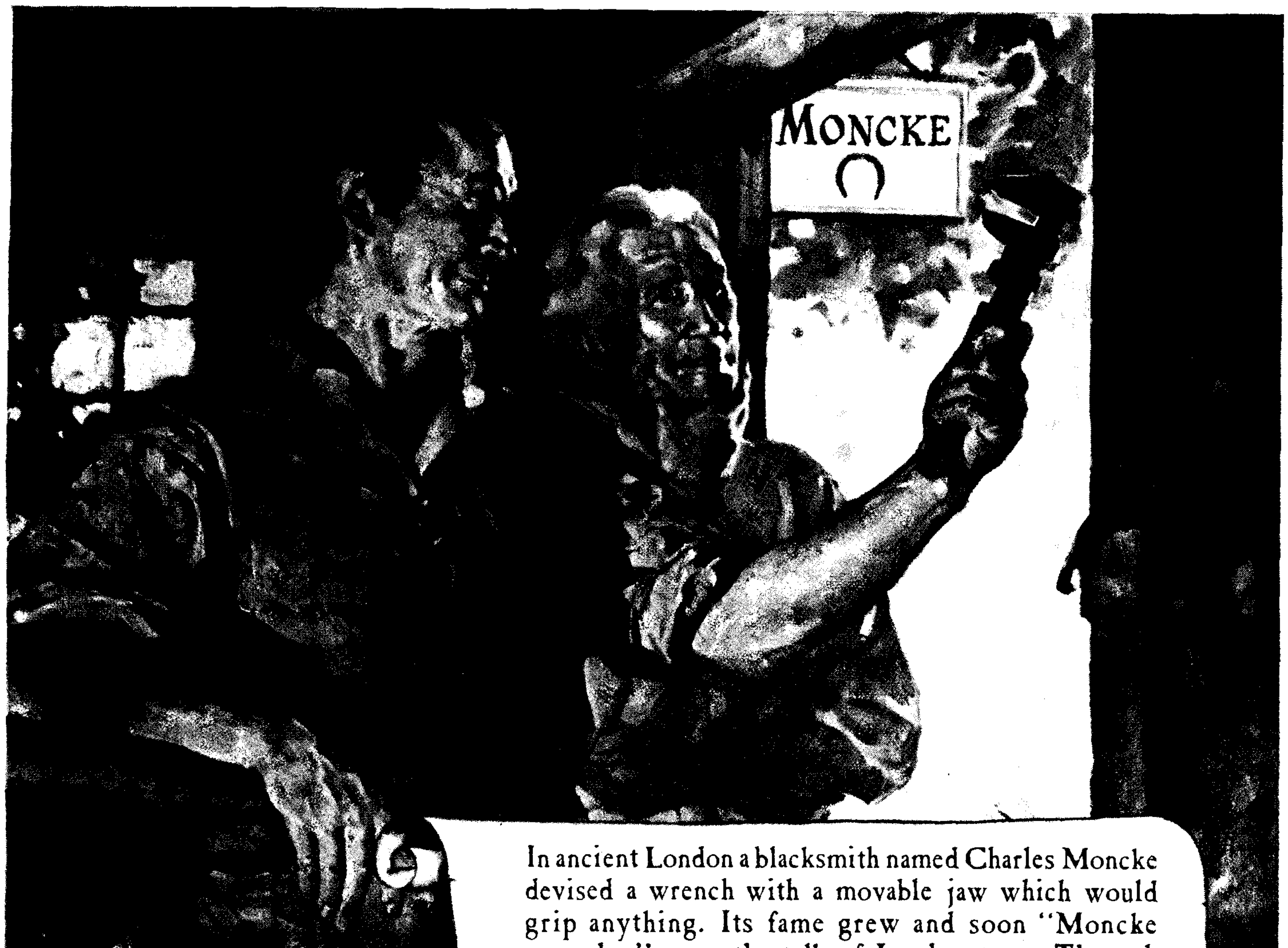
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

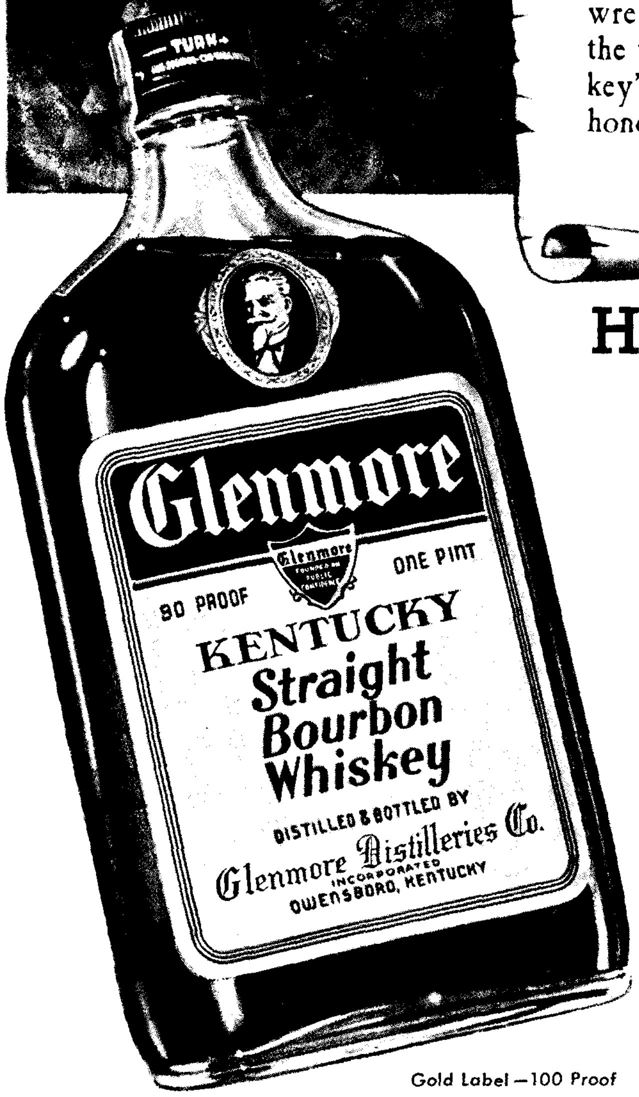
WHY IS A WRENCH CALLED A "MONKEY" WRENCH?



No. 18 of a series:
FACTS
BEHIND OUR
HUMAN CUSTOMS

In ancient London a blacksmith named Charles Moncke devised a wrench with a movable jaw which would grip anything. Its fame grew and soon "Moncke wrenches" were the talk of London town. Through the years the inventor's name was corrupted to "monkey" and today, when we say "monkey wrench" we honor Moncke even though we are not aware of it.

A Free Booklet describing the origin of Human Customs sent on request.


TURN
Glenmore
90 PROOF
ONE PINT
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

Here's another custom based on fact:

Knowing men come honestly by their custom of demanding GLENMORE when they seek a Kentucky Straight Bourbon of Quality. *Their first sip* spins a story of *richness* and *mellowness* born of choice, small grains and deep-well limestone water... the story of GLENMORE, the only distillery to have produced more than One Million Barrels of Fine Kentucky Bourbon. *Pour Glenmore.. you get more.*

FREE—a recipe booklet of famous Kentucky drinks. Write Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

Glenmore

THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN
A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

Gold Label—100 Proof
Silver Label—90 Proof

Look for the Glenmore Colonel
. . . symbol of the proudest
names in Kentucky whiskies.

GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND

The Aristocrat of Bonds
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—
Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

GLENMORE'S
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

You ought to know
TOM HARDY
A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskies
90 Proof

GLENMORE'S
mint Springs

Change to MINT SPRINGS
and keep the change
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
86.8 Proof

Copr. 1939, Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.

Gambling Man

Continued from page 17

a hundred dollars from St. Louis and it ought to be there within the hour. It was. The clerk had Clem sign a receipt and asked him if he minded taking a hundred-dollar bill, as he was short of small ones, and Clem nodded and cheerfully took the hundred, after which he strolled homeward to the trailer.

On the way, he reflected that here was a windfall of cash that Destra would never hear of, because he could never explain it. She would instantly suspect and accuse him of gambling and, further, she would take it from him, to his great distress. He folded the bill—a new one—into a neat square and stuffed it into a small pocket under his belt, a pocket in the band no larger than a paper of matches. . . . Even there, he meditated, it might not be safe, for Destra occasionally went through his clothes for stray dividends.

HE ENTERED the trailer, whistling carelessly. Destra was in town and the garageman said she would return presently. Clem washed up, chatted with the garageman, and after a while he sauntered out and back to the neon sign, where the beer was fairly good.

Mrs. Clem Smote located the radio shop without any delay and the owner, whose name was Joe, listened to her modest needs and summoned from the back room a tall and gangling youth, wearing a shirt, open at the throat, high-water pants and a pair of dissolute sneakers.

"Otto," he said, "can you fix up this lady's trailer radio?"

"I guess so," Otto replied, and after a few questions he tossed a handful of tools into a box, stepped into the sedan with Mrs. Smote and she drove rapidly back to the trailer. On the run, she glanced several times at Otto, as though doubtful of his capacity to repair a trailer radio set. She need not have worried, because this thin-faced lad was Otto Ferber and Otto knew all about radio sets and their shining insides, from ampere to kilowatt. He stared at her too.

Fixing radios was a side line with Otto, while he waited patiently for his main line to commence clicking. He didn't even have a regular job at the Buckeye shop, but dropped in at times, hoping Joe would have a stray repair job for him.

Otto was twenty-two, staring dubiously through the portals of life, just married—and a grand marriage it was, too, threatened by nothing but starvation. His bride was precisely the sort he should have married, a beautiful and impractical creature with a soft voice, a merry-faced dryad named Marcia, who wrote poetry by the yard and at first thought a girl could earn a living writing poetry.

To make the whole thing genially ridiculous, Otto himself was, or had been, a poet. That's how the two infants first met—at the annual convention of the Indiana Poets Guild, where Otto seriously read aloud a poem of his own, The Samovar.

They were married in six months, Otto and Marcia. It was one of those instantaneous love affairs, where immediate marriage is inevitable, although good common sense would have advised delay until somebody got a job. These lovebirds learned presently that married life is a noble institution but that married people require two things: first, a place to live; and second, something to eat—even poets.

They had marched bravely into a furnished room and Otto vigorously canvassed jobs and the spoor of jobs. He believed he might write advertising, poems being unsalable in Indianapolis marts of trade. He even knew an advertising man named Woodward, who agreed to give him a crack at the business as soon as things looked up. He certainly could write intelligent radio advertising, if he had a chance, but things refused to look up, and in their furnished room Otto and Marcia read poetry to each other and ate the simplest possible meals off a small table. . . .

They arrived shortly at the trailer and Otto looked over the job, hauled out his tools and set to work. There is not much to fixing up a car radio if you understand such matters. Destra watched him closely while he twisted wires, and presently she felt more confidence, for the dead set began to chirp and bring in little snatches of local static. It took him two hours and more, climbing up on the silver roof of the trailer, scrambling underneath, fixing this and that, but finally the job was done and the Smote radio set pealed forth again as good as new and Otto grinned and wiped his face.

"I guess it's all right now, lady," he said.

Destra Smote nodded and was about to discuss payment, when she noticed his interest in a set of books at the far end of the trailer. It was a slightly frayed set, stowed away in a small cabinet, and with the other books had come with the trailer, as neither Destra nor Clem went in heavily for literature. It was a set of the world's poetry, Great Poets, six volumes in dark blue, the gold lettering faded, and Otto was looking at Volume One, turning the leaves and smiling.

"YOU read poetry?" Destra asked.

"Yes," said Otto, in a thoughtful voice. "We had a set just like this."

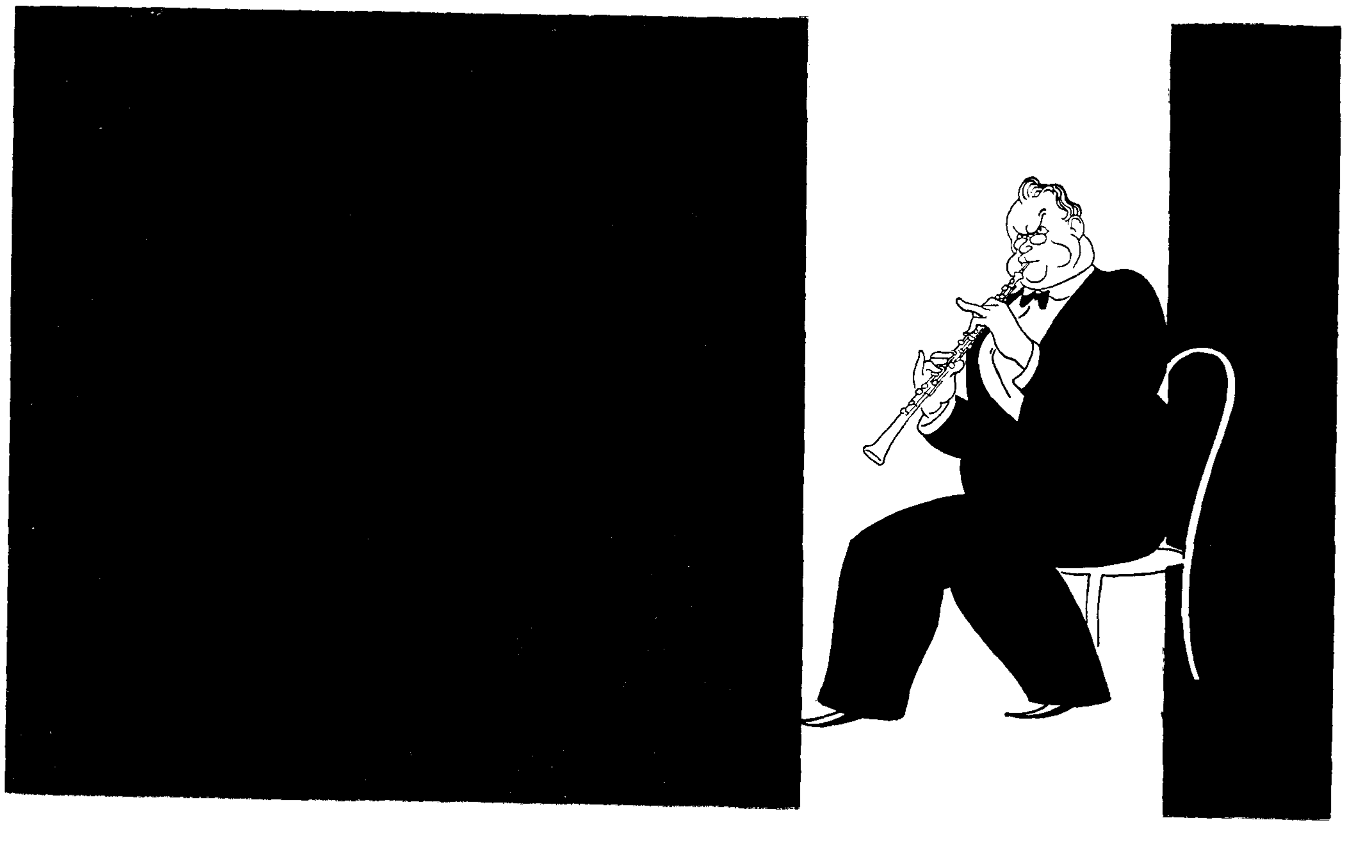
"You did?"

"I'm married," he continued, "and my wife—she's just a kid—my wife loves poetry and I gave her a set of these, but they've disappeared."

What he didn't tell Destra Smote was how they disappeared. Marcia sold them defiantly and with the proceeds purchased a large and succulent sirloin steak, which they both devoured with gusto, Otto calling his bride terrible names for selling the books. Mrs. Smote's sympathy and interest were aroused at once. Here was the dimpled fist of opportunity knocking at her own door. She figured this strange youth might charge her two or three dollars, which would call for that outlay in immediate cash, a notion abhorrent to her.

"That's a very nice set," she remarked. "It's a little worn but that doesn't hurt it any. I don't really need it any more, so maybe you would like it instead of money. It might be worth five or six dollars."

Otto stood there in the trailer, holding Volume One and meditating. He was tired and hot, his hands hurt, and he had been thinking of two large mutton chops with suitable potatoes for him and Marcia. Still and all, this was precisely the set he had given her on her birthday and



Bored with shaving
Scrapes and stings?
Get the coolness
Ingram's brings!

Thrifty Ingram's brings you speedy, cool, soothing shaves!

FOR SHEER beard-soaking speed—you can't top Ingram's. For all through your shave, that famous Ingram's KICK makes a cooling, bracing difference to your skin. Still—it's *after* shaving that you get your most welcome surprise. Your face feels cool as an April morning—fresh, soothed, comforted. Ingram's, you see, helps relieve shave irritation.

For more shaving satisfaction, get Ingram's today—in the thrifty tube or economical jar.

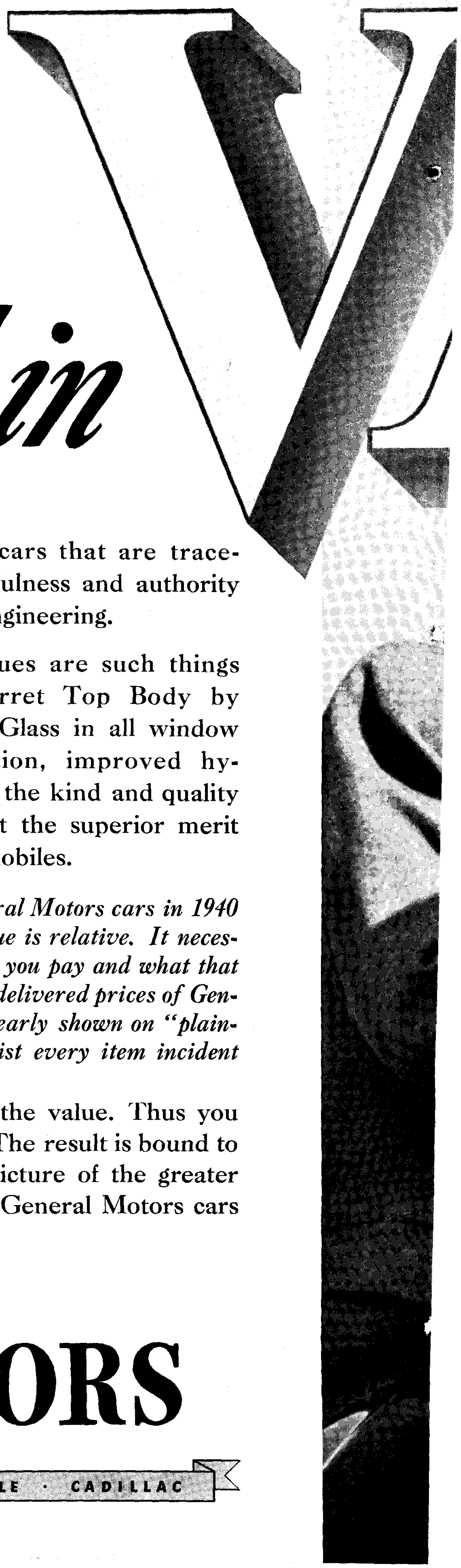
A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works amazingly fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

COOLING—SOOTHING—COMFORTING Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, more attractive-looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

Progress *that is rooted in*



THROUGHOUT the whole line of General Motors new cars of 1940 the touch of progress is everywhere apparent.

It is seen in the smart new styling, in the stauncher, larger, quieter bodies, in the richer appointments, in the greater room and in luxury of finish.

It is seen also in the way these new cars handle and perform—in the smoother, more efficient engines, in the easier and more convenient controls, in the several features that insure greater utility.

You will want to see the special and entirely new model, available this year in several GM lines—the latest word, in both styling and equipment.

While these developments indicate progress, they do something more—they faithfully reflect other values in General Motors cars that are traceable to the resourcefulness and authority of General Motors engineering.

Typical of these values are such things as the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher, Safety *Plate* Glass in all window openings, Knee-Action, improved hydraulic brakes. Even the kind and quality of metals used reflect the superior merit built into these automobiles.

Thus the value of General Motors cars in 1940 is plain to see. But value is relative. It necessarily involves the price you pay and what that price includes. The full delivered prices of General Motors cars are clearly shown on "plain-view" price tags that list every item incident to the transaction.

Thus you see the value. Thus you see the price. The result is bound to be a clearer picture of the greater value in these General Motors cars of 1940.

GM
YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE—YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

ALUE
YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE.. AND YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE

Look at the 1940 cars offered by General Motors dealers and you will find in every detail of engineering and appointment plain evidence of their outstanding *value.*

Look at the "plainview" price tag on each car and you will likewise find every detail of the delivered price plainly shown.

It lists "PRICE OF CAR" which means the price the dealer charges you for the car itself including reimbursement for Federal Tax and his conditioning charge — "TRANSPORTATION CHARGE" which means a charge for transportation from the factory to you, based on rail rates — "OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AND ACCESSORIES" which means the dealer's charge for any extra equipment or accessories that you may elect to buy.

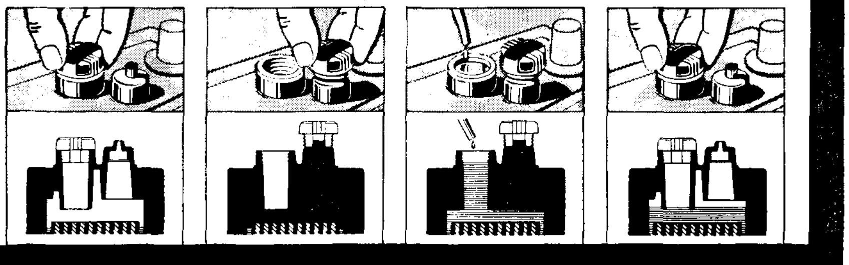
Value is always relative, in anything you buy. It necessarily involves the price you pay and what it includes.

So examine the new General Motors cars. Then study the price tags.

In this way you can see for yourself what your money buys and the abundant measure of *value* in General Motors cars.

It never drinks too much!

HERE'S HOW *SAFETY-FILL* WORKS



To fill the battery, unscrew filler-cap as usual.

PLACE CAP ON SAFETY-FILL VENT, forming air lock in breather-chamber.

Add water till visible. Air lock controls amount that can be added.

Remove cap from SAFETY-FILL vent and solution drops to correct level.

Overfilling a storage battery means trouble! If it is located under the hood, just ONE overfilling can cause expensive and dangerous acid-corrosion.

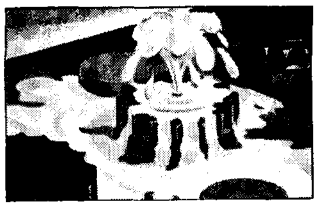
Willard's new *Safety-Fill* development prevents overfilling—protects the vital parts of your motor and wiring system from acid-spray, and stops the current losses and starting failures caused by corroded cables and terminals.

You can get *Safety-Fill,* AT NO INCREASE IN PRICE, in Willard's newest "powerhouse" battery, the "H-R." Capable of cranking *six cars at one time,* this remarkable battery also has Willard Thread Rubber Insulators between its plates to guard against short circuits and assure you of extra long battery life.

See this new "H-R" Battery TODAY! It's the battery your car really needs.

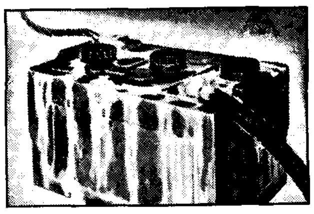
WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Cleveland • Dallas • Los Angeles • Toronto

SAFETY-FILL
prevents Surging



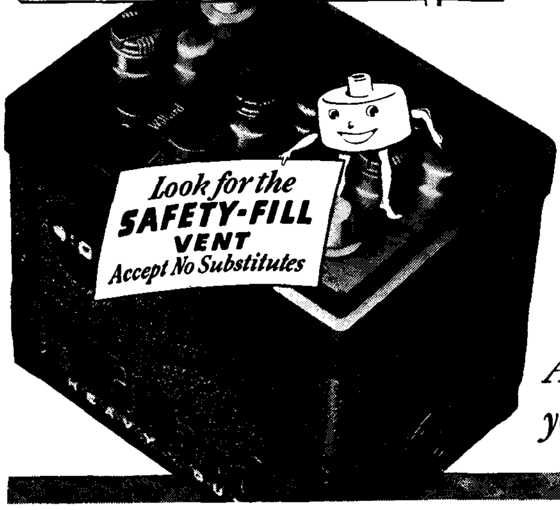
When ordinary battery cells are overfilled the excess electrolyte surges out through the vents in the filler caps. When blown onto the wiring and exposed metal or fabric parts of the car, this acid spray may cause serious damage. *Willard Safety-Fill prevents surging!*

prevents Corrosion



If this acid remains on top of the battery it produces corroded cables and terminals . . . and eats away the battery cradle . . . resulting in substantial power losses, unexpected starting failures and added expense. *Willard Safety-Fill prevents corrosion.*

Willard "H-R"
WITH SAFETY-FILL
A Willard development



Ask for it by name at your Willard Dealer's

which, like a noble heroine, she had ruthlessly hocked.

"Well," he said uncertainly. "Well."

"You can have either the money or the books. How much did you intend to charge for the radio?"

"About two dollars."

"The books are worth more," Destra said, hoping he would take them.

"All right," said Otto. "I'll take the books."

Mrs. Smote smiled and offered to drive him back to the Buckeye Radio Shop, but he declined, saying he could easily walk home, and with a bit of radio wire he tied the six Great Poets into a bundle and set off for home.

He made up his mind to tell her again he considered the set lucky, for it was his first gift to her, and if she scolded, let her scold. He regretted the mutton-chop angle, but they could have chops another day. It was sundown when he strode up the stairs to their room. He could hear Marcia singing, so he began singing too, and walked in on her. She ceased warbling abruptly and said:

"Darling, what's that?"

"It's the Great Poets come back home," he cried warmly, and then he told her of Mrs. Smote and the trailer and the fractured radio set and the barter deal for labor done.

"And you worked all the hot afternoon," Marcia exclaimed, "and took those old books for your pay!"

She seemed about to weep.

"Listen, sweetheart," he said. "What you don't know is that this is our lucky set and you were a big sap to get rid of the first one. Don't ever lose this one, baby. You told me you loved these books above all, so here they are, part of the Ferber household from now on. Are you mad at me?"

"I'm not mad at you, darling, but you're such a lunatic."

Then Otto took her in his arms and kissed her and they subsequently dined on bean soup, graham crackers, lettuce and tea, and Otto told her again that their luck was changing. She stroked his hair and marveled that she should have found such a man in a world where men are selfish and would never work all afternoon for a scuffed set of books for a bride.

The next morning, it seemed as if Otto was right, for there was a letter from Woodward, the advertising man, asking Otto if he could drop in. That could only mean one thing—a job. Maybe a steady job, with pay on Saturday. Hot dog!

"And you certainly can write advertising," Marcia shouted, "but you can't even call on Mr. Woodward. You haven't any clothes. Oh, heaven, look down! No clothes for the poor lad. No nice business suit. Here's a chance and you can't even try for it, looking like an ashman. Is Mr. Woodward the big boss in that agency?"

"Certainly, he's the boss."

MARCIA leaped to her feet and burst into poetry, as she often did when elated. She danced about the room and sang:

> *"Zogbaum draws with a pencil,*
> *And I do things with a pen,*
> *But you sit up in a conning tower,*
> *Bossing eight hundred men."*

Otto laughed and she said: "Know who wrote that?"

"Sure," he said. "Kipling."

"He did not. That is from my beloved William Sands."

"Bet you a dime it's Kipling and another dime that you misquoted it."

"Sands," Marcia insisted and she crossed the room at a bound to the shelf where she seized the Great Poets. She curled herself in a chair, legs under her and opened Volume One of the frayed set, and Volume One was William Sands. The pages twirled under her thumb and she said in a queer voice:

"Otto." After a pause, she said again: "Otto, come here."

He walked across the room, glanced down and his smile faded, for the book was open and there was a smooth, new hundred-dollar bill resting there serenely, pressed like a delicate flower. He picked it up reverently.

"Sweet patootie!" he said, and Marcia took it from him, her fingers shaking.

"Don't get all excited, darling," he said, "because it's probably a phony. Most likely, it's one of those trick bills you see in shop windows."

Marcia was shaking inwardly.

"How can you tell?" she demanded.

"Can't tell. Just looks phony. What would a hundred-dollar bill be doing in an old book? And anyhow, if it isn't bogus, what do we do?"

"Buy you a new blue suit," she cried, "and a necktie and some shoes and a hat, and Mr. Woodward—"

"Nuts, sweetheart. It isn't ours!"

"You said our luck had changed," Marcia protested. "It has. And a steak with mushrooms and a new dress for me and a job and some perfume in a gold bottle."

"It isn't ours," he muttered, "and anyhow, it's bogus."

"I don't care if it is bogus," she said. "It's terribly exciting."

WHEN they were able to calm down, Otto combed his hair, put on his hat and the two of them sped down the stairs and over to the First National branch. Otto wanted to go alone, but Marcia said she would die twelve times if he left her behind. They went in boldly and stood before an official.

"Is it a good one?" Otto asked.

"Why, did you make it yourself?" retorted the teller, taking it with a smile and giving it the icy scrutiny of a bank teller.

"It's good enough," he said finally. "I wish I had a basketful of them." He handed it through the window, and from the bank they proceeded slowly and reluctantly, shoulder to shoulder, heading out to the garage on High Street, intending to ask the trailer lady if she had missed anything important and fiscal and did she make a habit of keeping hundred-dollar bills stuffed away between the covers of William Sands.

The trailer was gone. "Them people were just tourists," informed the garage fellow. "I think they went east. They didn't say anything to me."

"Do you know their name?" Otto inquired, and Marcia hoped desperately that he didn't. The man shook his head and the youngsters turned and set off buoyantly.

"I said it was a lucky set," Otto said.

"Let's get it changed into quarters," Marcia suggested, "and dimes and nickels. Let's throw pennies around the room. You need a shirt, you big tramp."

In a frowsy parking lot for trailers two hundred miles away to the eastward, Clem Smote was at the moment standing in front of the vacant spot in the trailer bookcase—a spot like a cavity where a tooth has come out. He was visibly shaken and his voice quavered. Destra was frying ham on the gasoline stove.

"Where's the set of poetry books?" he asked, and she turned in surprise and wondered at his tone.

"Why," she said cheerfully, "I gave it to the boy who repaired our radio in Indianapolis. He took the books instead of me paying him cash. What makes you ask, Clem? It wasn't any good to us, was it?"

Her husband started outside, where the air was cooler.

"No," he said chokingly, "it wasn't any good."

Pardon My Un-Southern Accent

Continued from page 20

anyone in the United States not reared in the South. But other letters pooh-poohed the idea of an English accent that resembled the Southern speech. One man wrote:

"English accent and Southern accent are just as different as Ptomaine Tommy's place on North Broadway is different from the Brown Derby. Southern accent is forty per cent plain cornfield Nigger. I am a damned fool to be taking up my time giving advice not asked for, but somebody has made a mistake which should be corrected before it is too late."

Now, I know that nothing makes the Southerner so red with rage as the insinuation that he talks like a Negro. As long ago as 1842 such a statement was made by Charles Dickens, who wrote home when he was visiting in the United States:

"All the women who have been bred in slave states speak more or less like Negroes from having been constantly in childhood with black nurses."

No Drawling Allowed

Nearly a hundred years later your Southerner still grows violently angry over the statement, and he quotes such notables as William Cabell Greet of Barnard College and Cleanth Brooks of Louisiana State, who have taken great pains to refute the statement. Dr. Greet says:

"When the slaves were brought to America they learned the accent of their masters. There is literally no pronunciation among Negroes, with the possible exceptions in Gullah, that does not occur generally in vulgar or old-fashioned American speech."

And Brooks adds: "In almost every case the specifically Negro forms turn out to be older English forms which the Negro must have taken originally from the white man and which he retained after the white man had begun to lose them."

So, I argued, unless Mr. Selznick wanted the whole South at his throat he'd better not have it said the white characters in Gone with the Wind talked like Negroes, and if he didn't want a riot squad for protection at the Atlanta première he'd better not have Olivia de Havilland, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable and Leslie Howard talk as the average Yankee thinks the Southerner talks.

Finally, then, we agreed that the white folks in the picture should use a speech suggestive of the South, a sort of denationalized accent akin to that of an educated Middle-Georgian.

We would use the soft *r* and those localisms in which Margaret Mitchell's novel abounds. Ladies who deviated from the code of etiquette of the 'sixties would be known as "fast"; perfume would be "Florida water"; the evening meal would be, not dinner, but supper; Mother and Father would be Ma and Pa; an unfashionable gown would be "tacky"; and an impertinent child "uppity."

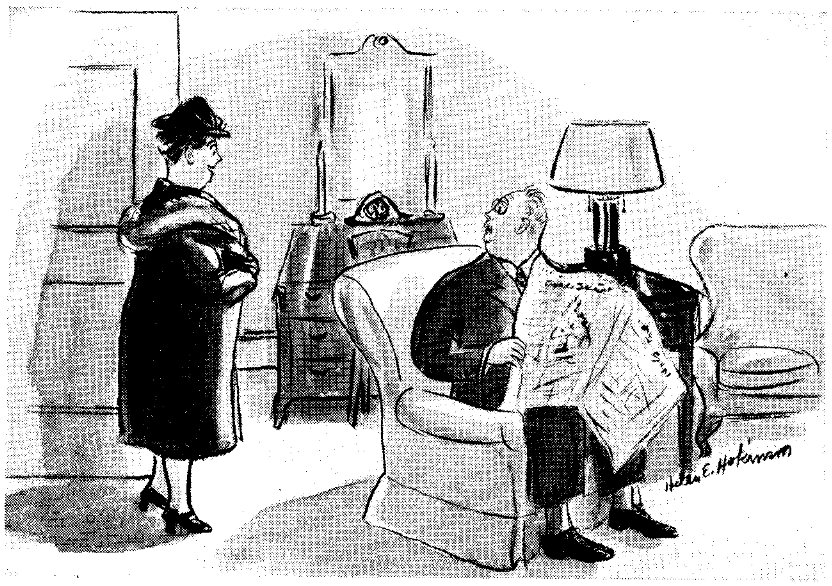
There would be no "you alls" when one person was meant (though we know we Southerners will never rid outsiders of the belief that we do use the words in the singular); there would be no dropped consonants and nobody would pronounce the singular first person pronoun as if it were spelled "Ah."

There would be no drawling. Your Southerner does not drawl, say speech authorities. He actually speaks as many words per minute as does any person from other sections of the United States. The effect of a drawl is produced by a slight lengthening of the first part of a word. He seems to make two syllables of a one-syllable word and to elongate the first syllable. Your usual American says "stor-re;" your Britisher says "stoah" and your Southerner, "sto-ah," lingering slightly on the first part of the word.

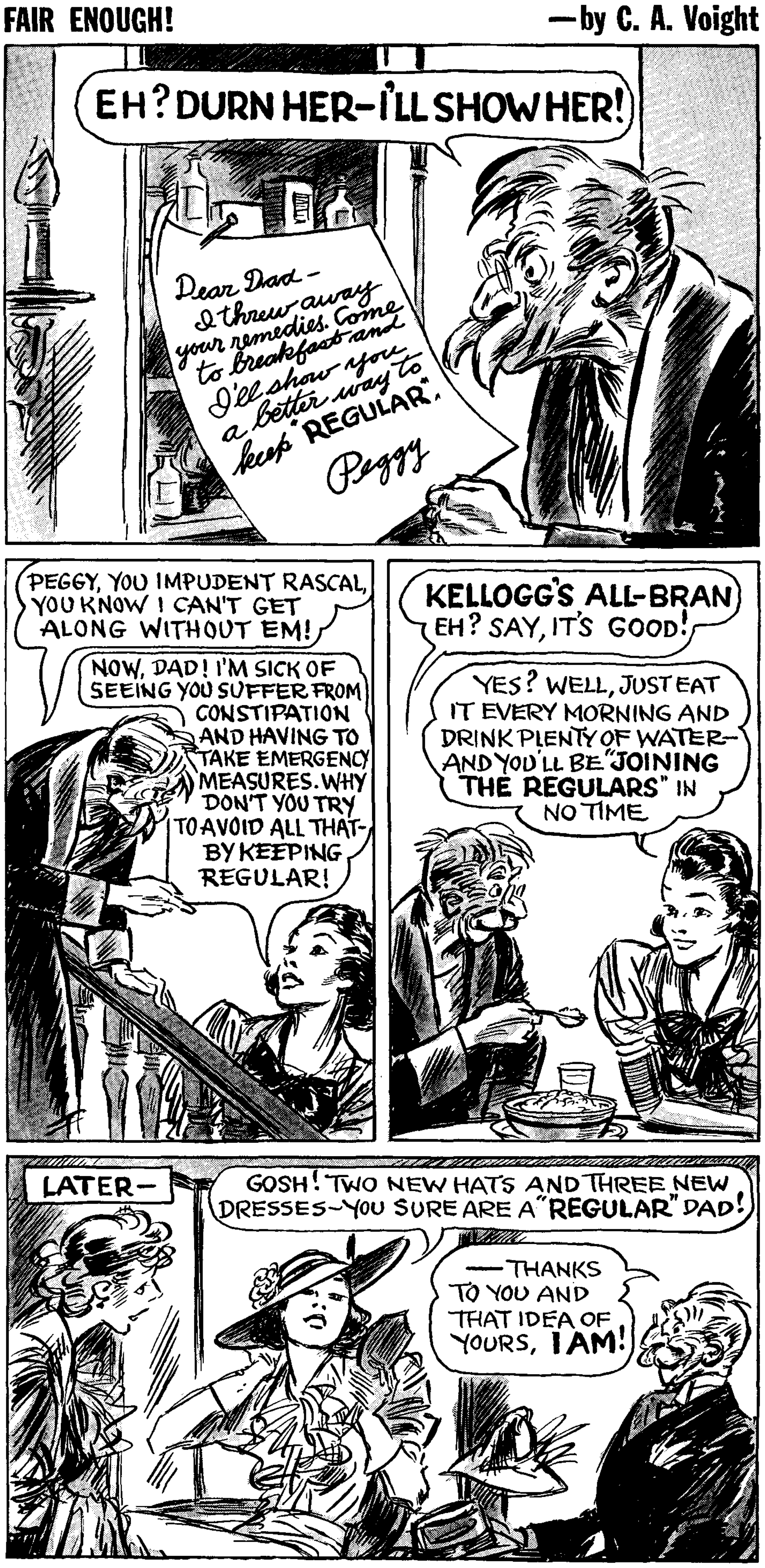
The speech for all the whites (except Belle Watling, po' whites and Yankees) would resemble the cultured speech of the lowland Southerner as distinguished from that of the tidewater Southerner, who puts broad *a*'s in many words (only to change, for no seeming reason, and pronounce the *a* in Pa and Ma as if it were the *a* in hat), and includes *y* before *a*, *i*, or *o* (as cyard, Cyarter, cyow, kyind).

Clark Gable has a Midwestern accent, pronouncing his *r*'s as if they were twins, so he was set to practicing: "I can't afford a four-door Ford though I wish I could afford forty-four four-door Fords." He was warned, too, that some hotheaded son of a Confederate would be ready to put a load of buckshot into a handsome actor's leg if Rhett Butler said "fo'-do' " instead of "fo-ah-do-ah."

But Clark had occasional trouble with Southern words, the worst probably in the scene where Rhett Butler presents


Helen E. Hokinson

"Guess what nice wonderful man the Community League picked for Santa Claus?" HELEN E. HOKINSON


FAIR ENOUGH!
—by C. A. Voight
EH? DURN HER–I'LL SHOW HER!
Dear Dad - I threw away your remedies. Come to breakfast and I'll show you a better way to keep REGULAR. Peggy
PEGGY, YOU IMPUDENT RASCAL, YOU KNOW I CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT EM!
NOW, DAD! I'M SICK OF SEEING YOU SUFFER FROM CONSTIPATION AND HAVING TO TAKE EMERGENCY MEASURES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO AVOID ALL THAT–BY KEEPING REGULAR!
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN EH? SAY, IT'S GOOD!
YES? WELL, JUST EAT IT EVERY MORNING AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER–AND YOU'LL BE "JOINING THE REGULARS" IN NO TIME
LATER–
GOSH! TWO NEW HATS AND THREE NEW DRESSES–YOU SURE ARE A "REGULAR" DAD!
—THANKS TO YOU AND THAT IDEA OF YOURS, I AM!

WHY *let yourself* suffer those dull, lifeless days due to constipation? *Why bring on the need for emergency medicines,* when there may be a far better way? That way is to KEEP regular by getting at the *cause* of the trouble. If it's common constipation, due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, a pleasant natural cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran—goes straight to the cause by supplying the "bulk" you need. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and "Join the Regulars"! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

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every hour... every day!

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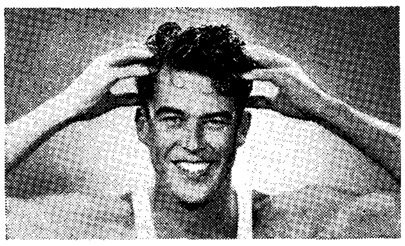
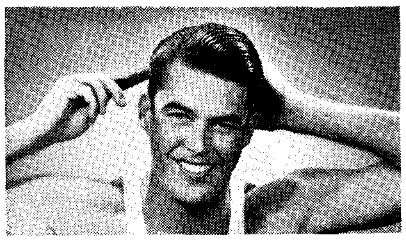
LUSTROUS, handsome hair gives a man a sense of pride in his appearance. But it does something even more important. It helps him make a good impression on others . . . wins him instant admiration and respect. And because well-groomed hair *is* important—a valuable aid to social and business success . . . thousands of men use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" every day.

It's easy to keep your hair looking its best with Vitalis. Just apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk fingertip massage. Feel that pleasant tingling as circulation quickens . . . your scalp loses its tightness . . . becomes free and supple as it should be. Notice how swiftly this Vitalis workout routs loose dandruff. Your hair takes on a rich lustre as the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural scalp oils—overcome dryness. Now comb your hair—see how easy it is to manage—how perfectly every hair stays in place! And not a trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today. Begin your "60-Second Workouts" with Vitalis and have good-looking, well-groomed hair on every business and social occasion!



1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Your hair has a well-groomed lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to your barber's, insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

the green bonnet to Scarlett and teasingly reproaches her for accepting it: "A lady may accept from a man only such gifts as books and flowers and Florida water."

Now, Mr. Gable naturally pronounces Florida as if he were adding *da* to the name Flora, while your Georgian calls the state just south of his own "Florrida," to rhyme with "corrida," but what the South calls "wawteh" Gable calls "watter." So Gable, who seldom forgets a line and spoils few takes by blowing scenes, almost met his Gettysburg from "Florida wawteh." I think we made that scene twenty-five times!

With Vivien Leigh and Leslie Howard the problem of Southern speech was more complicated. The most important difference between British and American accent lies not in pronunciation but in intonation, says Dr. R. J. Menner of Yale; and H. L. Mencken says, "In general the speech tones of the Englishman show wider melodic curves than those of the American, and also more rapid changes." So Miss Leigh and Mr. Howard were sentenced to listen to my voice for at least an hour each day, and to imitate the cadence and rhythm of the Georgia speech. By the time shooting began most of the British staccato was gone from the tongues of both of them and it was not long before they had changed "bean" into "been," given up the broad *a* for the sake of the Confederacy and acquired the Southern habit of dropping the voice at the end of most sentences.

I think Vivien's greatest trouble was with the words "love" and "mother."

"Make it rhyme with the way I say 'of,' " I told her.

"Oh!" she said, her blue eyes growing rounder and larger until they seemed to fill the whole of her lovely face, "Oh! You pronounce your *o* like *au*. I've got it now."

She did have it, too. "Muther" and "luve" the words became, and there was no more trouble with them.

Neither did she have difficulty with such words as "talk" and "walk," which your Southerner pronounces "tawk" and "wawk," and only a suggestion was needed to change her coffee into Confederate "cawfee."

"Chris'mus Give"

Leslie Howard, putting on his gray uniform, put on, too, his Southern accent, spoke of "guh-ils" instead of "gels," pronounced the state where the Shenandoah Valley campaign was fought "Virginya" instead of "Virginia," and loosened his jaw to get the round, full *o* of the Southern "hope" and "corps."

That *o* sound gave Mr. Howard more trouble than any other. Once, even, he asked me if I couldn't persuade the script writer to change a line:

"It's so full of those beastly o's of yours," he said. "Listen: 'Don't go tweaking his nose any more.' Couldn't you get rid of a few o's for me?"

"No, Professor Higgins," I told him, "you'll just have to go on trying. Maybe you'll get good enough to play in Pygmalion!"

I believe David O. Selznick was happy about the slight compromise we made on Southern accent, but from time to time he would approach me with a worried expression, usually just after he had seen the daily rushes.

"Do you think the audience will understand a single word Mammy says?" he asked, running his hands through his thick, curly hair until it stood straight on end. "Come in here and listen."

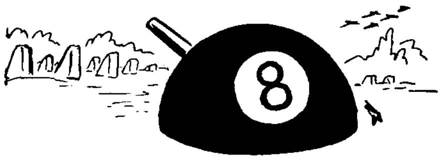
I followed him into the projection room and watched while Melanie and Mammy ascended the stairs at the Rhett Butler house in Atlanta—the house that Rhett built with turrets and doodads and fancy scrollwork and bad taste to please Scarlett, who wanted to outshine all the newly rich in Atlanta and make her old friends green with envy.

Mammy wept, dried her eyes on her apron and told Melanie how "Mistuh Rhett done los' his min' since Bonnie was killed trying to make her pony take a high jump.

"Den dis evenin' Miss Scarlett holler th'u de do' dat de fune'l set fer termorrer mawnin' and he says, 'Try dat an' Ah kills yer termorrer. Does you think Ah'm gwine put mah chile in de dahk when she so skeered uv it?' Yessum, it's de Gawd's truf. He ain't gwine let us bury dat chile."

"Can't we tone Mammy down a little?" Mr. Selznick urged. But he capitulated when I reminded him we had to be consistent and Mammy had been talking like a plantation darky from the beginning. Matter of fact, he always capitulated about the Negroes' accent, and the colored persons in the movie sound as if they had stepped from the Uncle Remus books.

Hattie McDaniel, born in Tennessee, and Oscar Polk, born in Arkansas, play the roles of Mammy and Pork. They found the dialect easy but it had to be taught to Butterfly McQueen, who had lived most of her life in Harlem. But, as Prissy, Butterfly turns in a fine performance with a remarkably good plantation darky dialect.



The script writer followed the dialogue of the novel faithfully and when it was necessary to write additional lines Mr. Selznick sent for me.

"I want an exclamation for Pork in this scene," he said once. "What would he say? Would 'Holy Moses' be all right?"

"His natural remark under those circumstances would be 'Gre't Gawd A'mighty!' " I answered, "but the board of censorship won't stand for that. Let's have him say 'Gre't Jehoshaphat.' "

That exclamation, so familiar to Georgians who know plantation Negroes, aroused much comment on the Selznick lot, but that was nothing to the furor that rose when I said the Negroes at the station in Atlanta would not say "Merry Christmas" but "Chris'mus Give" or "Chris'mus Gif'."

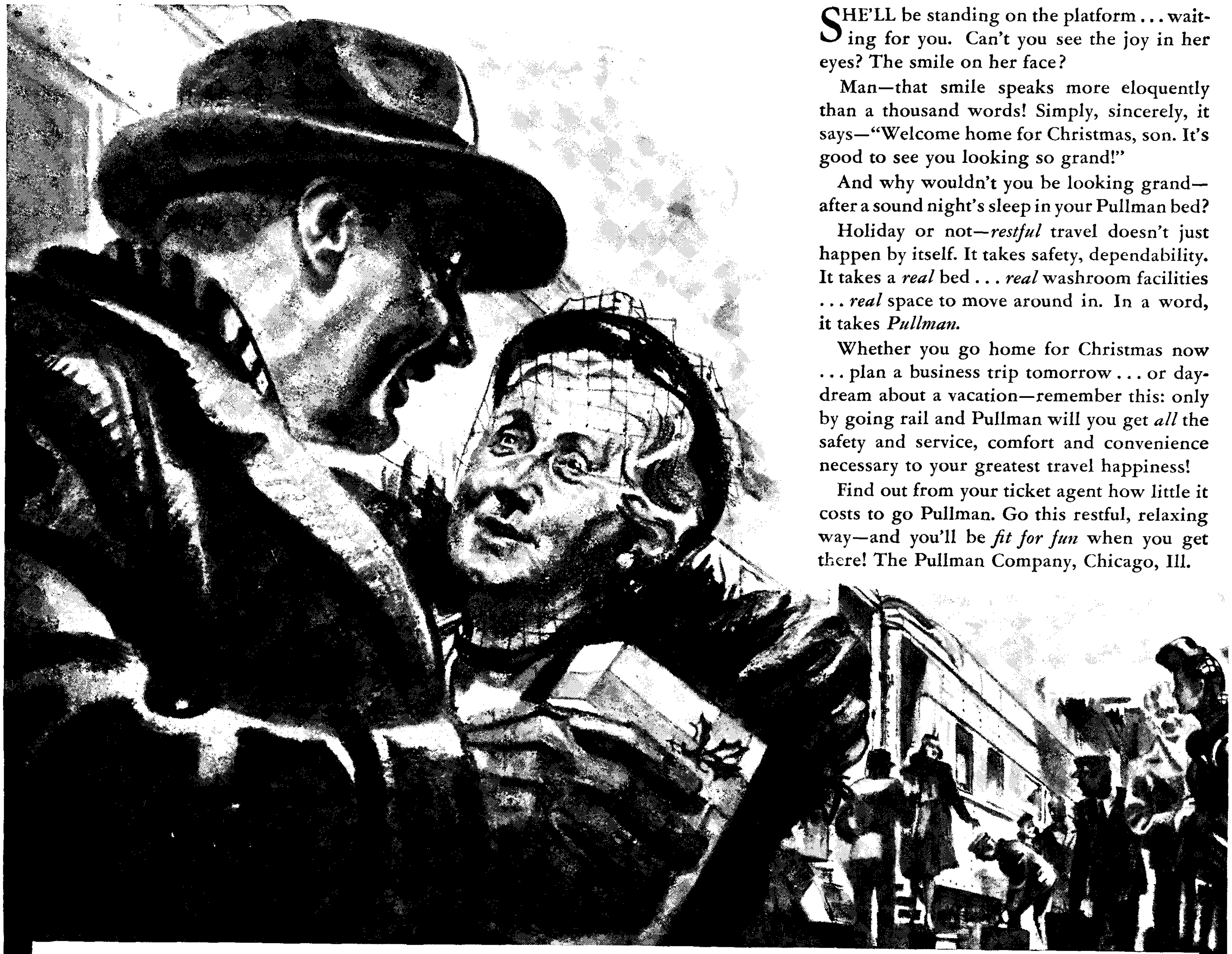
During slavery time, I explained, the Negroes always came up to the Big House on Christmas morning, dressed in their Sunday clothes and expecting gifts which the Master and Mistis always provided. As the plantation owner and his wife came out on the piazza to speak to the slaves, the blacks called their greetings, the women and children making sweeping curtsies and the men removing their hats to bow low:

"Mawin' Mistis! Mawin' Mawstah! Chris'mus Give," they would call, grinning with pleasure at the thought of the dram from Mawstah and the presents Mistis would provide.

So the phrase Merry Christmas was out, and the Negroes called "Chris'mus Gif'," and for days afterward Director Victor Fleming greeted me on the set not with "Good morning" but with "Chris'mus Gif'."

Well, the picture is finished now; the editors have done their work. Perhaps I shall become a woman without a country; not allowed to live in the South and refused entrance into the Nawth, shuttling back and forth for the rest of my days between Yankeedom and Dixie Land because nobody likes the Southern accent in Gone with the Wind.

"Hello Mom!"



SHE'LL be standing on the platform . . . waiting for you. Can't you see the joy in her eyes? The smile on her face?

Man—that smile speaks more eloquently than a thousand words! Simply, sincerely, it says—"Welcome home for Christmas, son. It's good to see you looking so grand!"

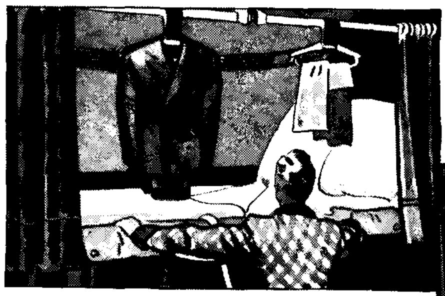
And why wouldn't you be looking grand—after a sound night's sleep in your Pullman bed?

Holiday or not—*restful* travel doesn't just happen by itself. It takes safety, dependability. It takes a *real* bed . . . *real* washroom facilities . . . *real* space to move around in. In a word, it takes *Pullman.*

Whether you go home for Christmas now . . . plan a business trip tomorrow . . . or daydream about a vacation—remember this: only by going rail and Pullman will you get *all* the safety and service, comfort and convenience necessary to your greatest travel happiness!

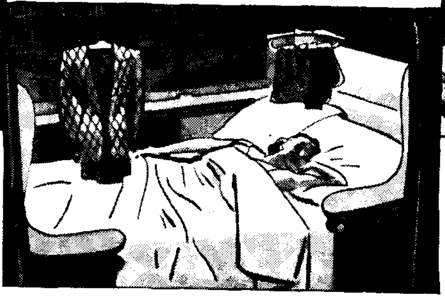
Find out from your ticket agent how little it costs to go Pullman. Go this restful, relaxing way—and you'll be *fit for fun* when you get there! The Pullman Company, Chicago, Ill.

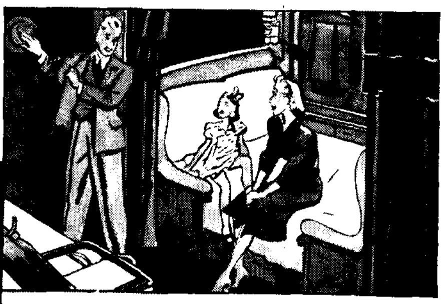
Go Home-Pullman



Pullman alone—among all forms of rail travel—gives you a *real* bed—and the privacy necessary for undisturbed sleep! These advantages are yours, whether you occupy the inexpensive upper berth shown above—or any other Pullman accommodation!

Retire and arise when *you* choose! Control ventilation and lighting to suit *your* pleasure! These are exclusive features in this Single Occupancy Section—as in *all* Pullman accommodations! Typical reasons why Pullman gives you more for your money!





Pullman provides at least *double* the space provided by any other form of rail travel! In this Drawing Room—with its own washroom—the space allotted is still greater! Yet, when three travel together, the Pullman charge is often no more than that of three lower berths!

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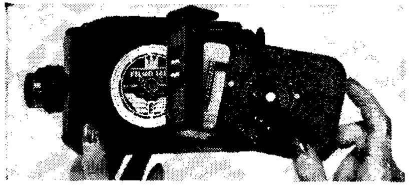

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Bell and Howell

The Press Rules Britannia

Continued from page 23

primary duties: one, censoring news; two, preparing propaganda; three, transmitting news to the press, particularly the Defense Ministry's communiqués.

To give you some idea of how badly this was done and what Monckton inherited, here are a few illustrations of how the Ministry functioned:

One day a foreign correspondent requested a copy of a leaflet dropped by British airmen over Germany. He was told, "Sorry, can't do that. That would give valuable information to the enemy."

One of the bulletins handed to the press as flash news concerned "The new prices for pregnant pigs."

Other bulletins included one about an Englishman's visit to the humid tropics of Rangoon and the Sawbwa of Tawngpeng—and that isn't a typographical error.

Rapid News Service

Actually the organization, as such, is there. Monckton inherited, thanks to John H. Brebner, one of the few newsmen in the entire setup, 800 telephones, 70 teleprinters, regiments of mimeograph machines and squads of cyclists. Everything is there for fast-moving news gathering and dissemination. The place looks like Flemington ready for the Hauptmann trial, only squared or cubed.

Monckton realizes completely what he is up against, especially in his effort to bring more news to the attention of the American readers than they have been getting. He is most anxious to overcome the tremendous vocal and typographic advantages enjoyed by Joe Goebbels—with the difference that he is for giving truth instead of baloney.

The first indication received by American correspondents that Monckton was pulling his weight in the goofy ministry boat came when the cable companies telephoned various newsmen's offices advising them that thenceforth the Prime Minister's speeches in the House of Commons would not be censored. Apparently blue-pencilers had been arrogating the right to delete material "giving vital information to the enemy" from their own Prime Minister's speeches.

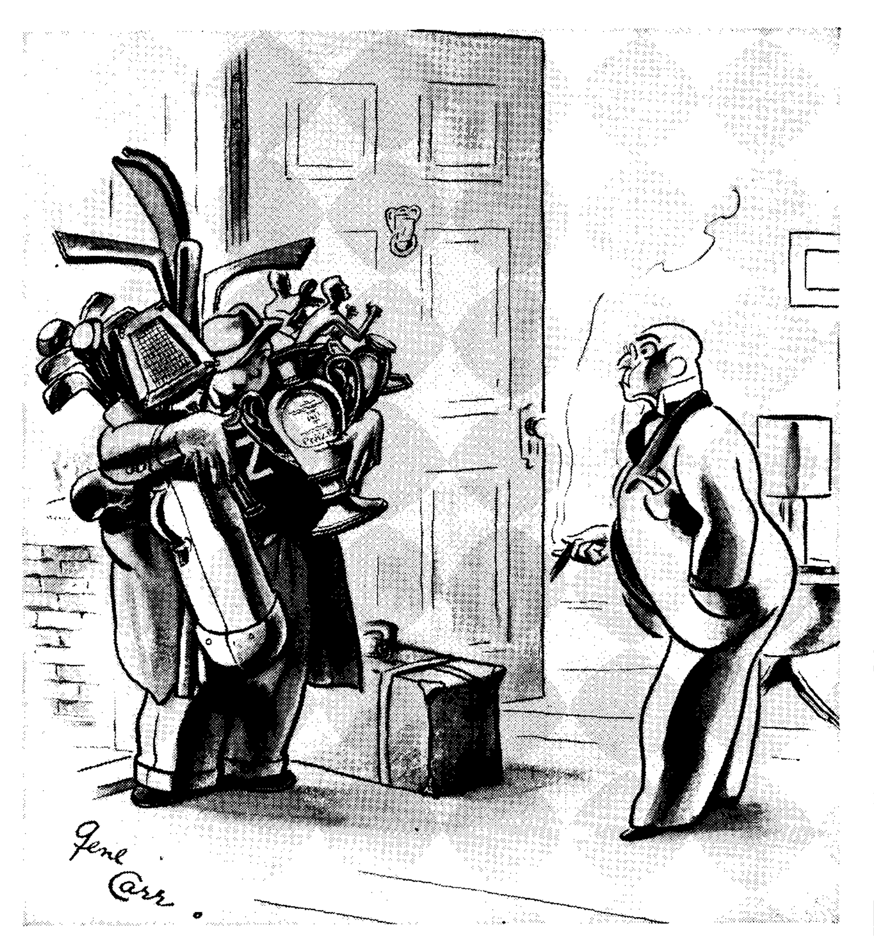
What Monckton lacks in direct newspaper experience he more than makes up for by his practical knowledge in handling men of the press. This is not an unfamiliar task. He was Windsor's contact man for years and in the most delicate cases he has made fast friendships with the leading newsmen. He may not know how to make up a page but he does know how to make up a good, convincing story. He has handled some tough cases of great publicity value—for instance, the time he represented the Bishop of Norwich against the Reverend Harold Davidson, the famous rector of Stiffkey.

He is one of the leading men who smashed the Irish Republican Army. He led the investigation into the practices of the King's Bench. In fact, he has held so many appointments as investigator that he is easily England's Dewey, only maybe more aristocratic, what with a school tie from cricket at Harrow and winning the Ebrington Cup for fencing, and a great-great-great-grandfather who was a governor of New York. Do you give in, Mr. Dewey?

When recently it was bruited in Commons that a special tribunal for investigating IRA activities in heaven was being formed, a bitter enemy of Monckton remarked:

"Well, I suppose Walter will get the job of heading it."

Oh, yes, Sir Walter is married and has a beautiful daughter named Valerie who married Sir Basil Goulding in Ireland not long ago.

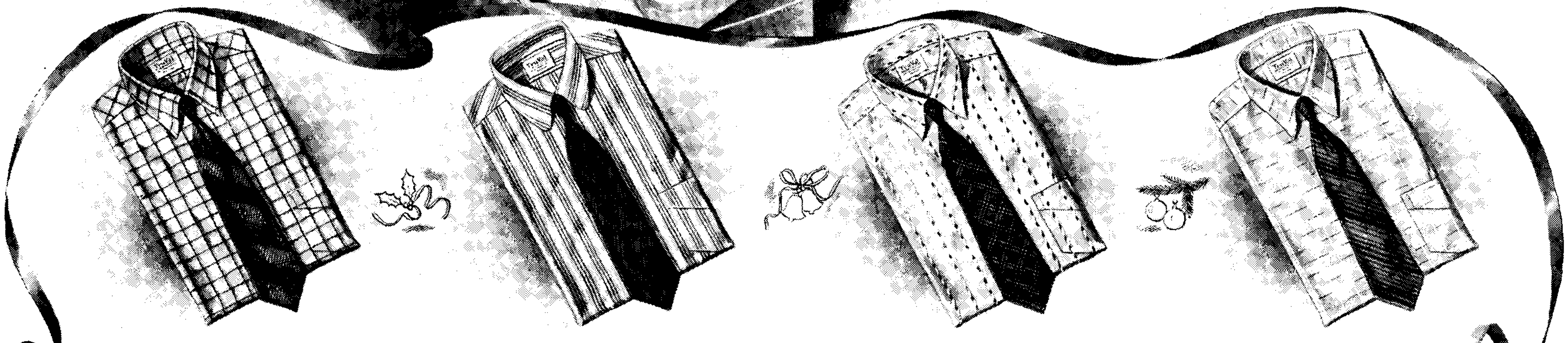


"I flunked"

GENE CARR

GEE, THESE TRUVALS MOM BOUGHT FOR DAD ARE SWELL!

● *You just bet they are!* TruVals, you see, are a new idea in shirt making by one of America's oldest and largest manufacturers. They have taken every quality of cut, fabric and tailoring that fine shirts *should* have and included them in TruVals at a most moderate price. When you give TruVals you show a fine combination of good taste and good judgment. You'll find them at one department store and several good men's shops in your city. TRUVAL MFRS., INC., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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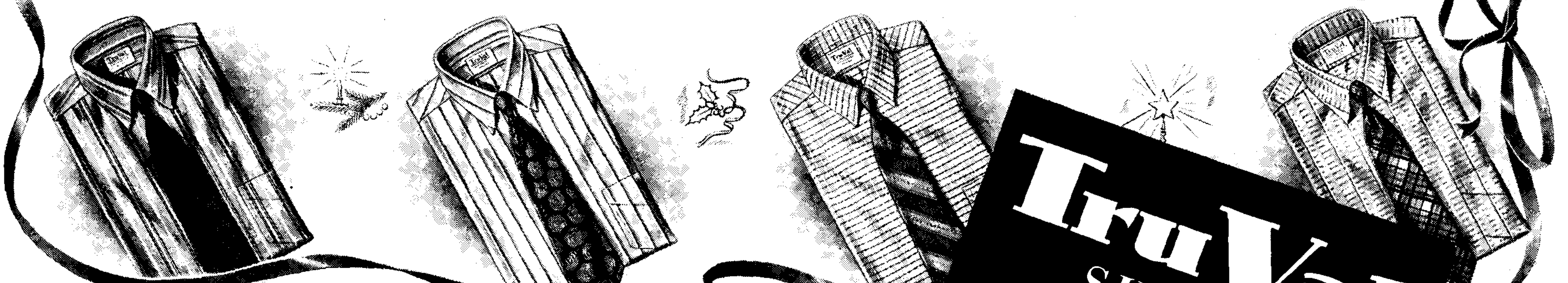

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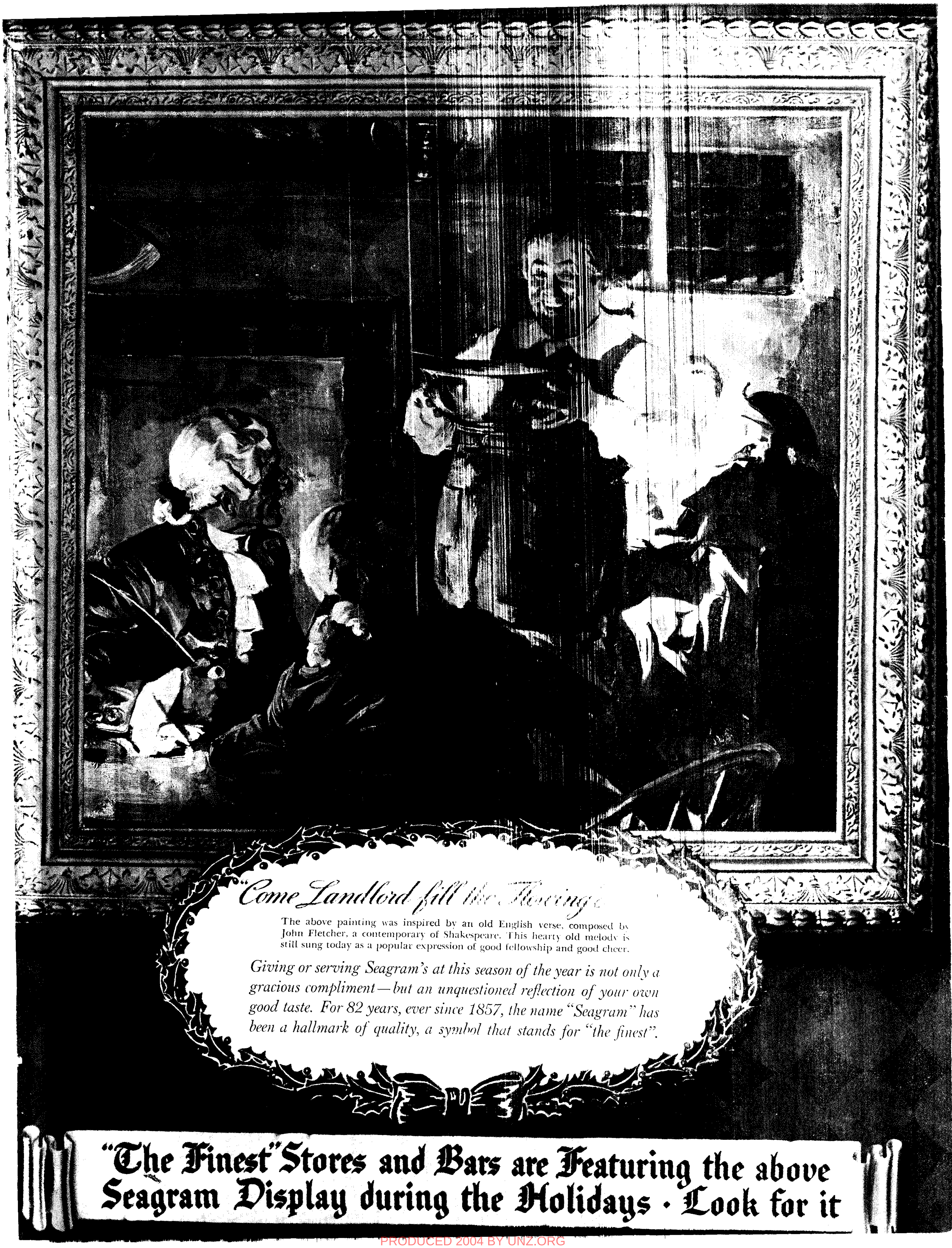

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The above painting was inspired by an old English verse, composed by John Fletcher, a contemporary of Shakespeare. This hearty old melody is still sung today as a popular expression of good fellowship and good cheer.

Giving or serving Seagram's at this season of the year is not only a gracious compliment—but an unquestioned reflection of your own good taste. For 82 years, ever since 1857, the name "Seagram" has been a hallmark of quality, a symbol that stands for "the finest".

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*The Special De Luxe Sport Sedan, $802**

You'll look a long, long time without finding any real equal to *this* car anywhere at any price!

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**at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Bumper guards—extra on Master 85 Series.*

I Can Still Fight

Continued from page 21

"Well, if you should ever place him anywhere, let me know. I might use it."

Lug Peters snorted.

"Just so you could pan another of my shows. Another column about how the public pays its dough and gets gypped into watching a couple of broken-down bums. That's how you make your living—writing that stuff. Why—"

Peters stopped suddenly. Maybe it would earn a few lines in Carter's column at that. Even ridicule was good publicity if it appeared in the right place. Lug's soft, fat fingers flicked through a card index.

"Come to think of it, I've got a spot for him at Wakefield Garden next week. I could put him in against Tiger Webster. That Webster's a pretty tough baby but it would be a good show. Maybe you could come out and give us a little write-up."

"I'll see," Carter said vaguely. Then he seemed to lose interest in the whole matter.

HANK WEST, finishing his day's training in Harry's gym, saw Tom Warner come in.

"Hello, Tom," Hank said, climbing out onto the apron of the ring and wrapping a robe around his perspiring chest and shoulders. Warner's rather large blue eyes regarded him with kindly surprise.

"Why, hello, Hank. What you doing here?"

"Training for a fight."

"A fight! Where did you get it?"

"Lug Peters is going to put me on next week at Wakefield. Six rounds."

"Oh—Lug Peters."

Warner lapsed into silence. He took off his hat, revealing snow-white hair. Then, as an afterthought:

"Who're you fighting?"

"A guy named Tiger Webster."

Warner nodded slowly.

"Know him?" Hank asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Is he any good?"

"He's a colored boy—and a tough one."

Slowly Warner scraped one shoe across the floor, watching its progress. Hank, sitting on the edge of the ring, gazed down on Warner's bowed white head.

"Do you think you'll be all right?" Warner asked without looking up.

A look of serious assurance came into Hank's face. He nodded his head as he spoke:

"Sure—I can fight. I get tired a little quicker—but I can still go."

Warner raised his head. His clear blue eyes were disbelieving. For a moment there was silence while Hank fumbled with the laces on a glove.

"Say, Tom."

"What?"

"I was just wondering—do you suppose you could be my second? It's Wednesday night."

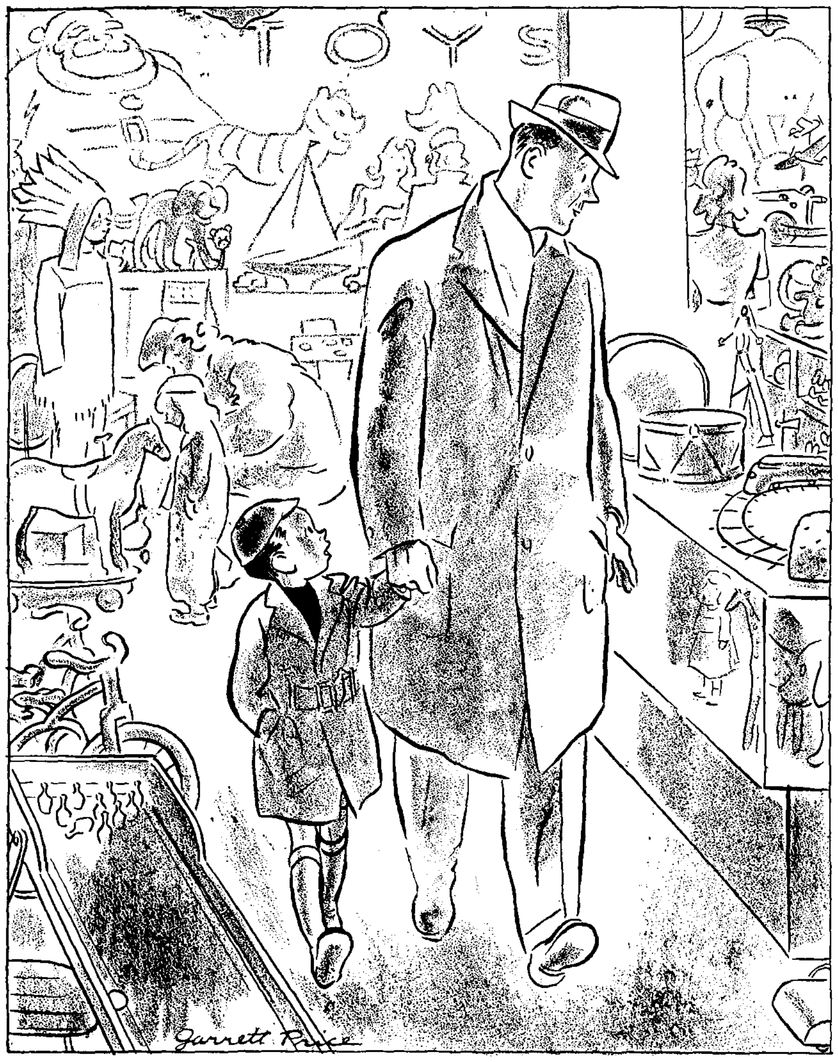
Warner shook his head.

"I'd like to, Hank, but I can't do it. I'm working Bill Baker's corner at the Stadium that night."

Hank nodded slowly.

"I thought probably you'd be tied up there. . . . I just thought I'd ask you."

He hid his disappointment. Every-



"When you *see* something you want me to ask Santa for, Dad, just say so"

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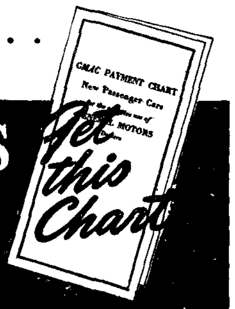

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thing would have been different with Warner in his corner to steady him between rounds—Warner, the best second in town, the best second in the world as far as he was concerned. Warner, with his kind hands and calm eyes and unruffled judgment, was something to come back to at every bell.

Warner was speaking again:

"Did you ever look up that fellow in the electric company I was telling you about?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said he didn't have any jobs."

"How about the fellow that runs the trucking business?"

"Why, I went there four times and I got to see him all right."

"What did he say?"

"He said he didn't have any jobs."

"How about Engels, the contractor—did you bring him my letter of introduction?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said you were a nice fellow, but he didn't have any jobs."

There was another silence. Then Warner went on:

"How's your kid?"

"He's goin' to be all right now."

"How much are you getting for the fight?"

"Ten bucks—but if I click I'll get other spots."

Warner shook his head. "A lousy price." He pushed his hat back on his head. "Well, I'll see you later." He started to turn away. "I'll work your corner," he said.

Hank's eyes brightened eagerly. Then he hesitated.

"But how about the Stadium job that night?"

"The hell with it."

IT WAS cold in Wakefield Garden. Long ago the place had thrived as an amusement park but now it was a ghost town. The lofty structures down which roller coasters used to rush stood out like specters against the darkened sky. One building, a shade less desolate than the rest, was used as a boxing arena. A dank passageway, roofed by rotting wood, connected it with a long-abandoned dance hall. This was now the dressing room.

In the vast, deserted pavilion, lit by one electric bulb, Hank waited his call.

Clipper Henderson came in. He was handling the show because Lug Peters couldn't be bothered with it tonight with the big fights on at the Stadium. Pulling a cigar from his mouth, Clipper spoke swiftly, his lips scarcely moving, his wizened face expressionless:

"Listen—d'you know who's out there in the crowd? Cliff Carter of the Globe. Show him something and you'll be in his column tomorrow—you know—the old-timer fightin' his way back."

Hank nodded seriously.

"Sure—maybe he'll write something nice about me. That would help a lot."

Clipper Henderson was suddenly aware of Warner's steady gaze.

"You—you know Carter, don't you, Warner?"

"Yes." Warner spoke slowly with just a touch of grimness in his voice. "I know him."

Henderson turned again to Hank:

"Listen—if you win tonight we'll match you against Boze Bell next week. You'll get a lot of fights if you show you've still got the stuff. You're not so old."

"Sure—I can go. I can still fight."

Warner's eyes were enigmatic. He reached for a towel and slung it over his shoulder.

"Come on, Hank. We're next."

They started toward the main building. From the black, decaying beams of the passageway, water dripped. The chill was penetrating. Through the closed door at the far end came a remote, muffled tumult of stamping and yelling. The clamor smote them as they came out into the arena. A fight had just ended. It was their turn. . . .

IT MIGHT have been a mistake to come here, Cliff Carter reflected. But it was a hunch. It was something different. A bit of slumming might give his column a change of pace.

This would be a bad fight, no doubt, but it didn't matter—good or bad. He was sniping at bigger game tonight. The object of his ridicule in this column was to be the human race and its folk customs.

He looked at the ring. What a lousy fighter Tiger Webster was. West should knock him out if he didn't get too tired first. Yet, bad as Webster was, he seemed to be winning.

Carter glanced around him. What a ghastly place this was. The spectators were about evenly divided, black and white. They'd come here because it was cheap. It cost real money to see Baker fight at the Stadium. All eyes were fixed on West and Webster in a steady stare. Carter heard a voice in the row behind him:

"Somebody's goin' to get hurt in there."

The reply was muffled in a roar and a swift thud of blows. Carter noticed that Hank's mouth was cut as he came back from the second round.

As the third round began, he walked back up the aisle, glancing at the spectators' faces, which were flooded with light from the ring. "Savages," he thought.

Picking out a dim, secluded spot near the back of the arena, he sat down. There was no one near him except a woman—and she was paying attention to nothing save the fight.

Carter began to collect his thoughts, marshaling his choice expressions of ridicule. He knew exactly what his readers liked. He knew just what he was paid to give them.

Unconsciously his gaze returned to the woman. Her attire was very plain—almost dowdy—but there was a strange, sad beauty about her face, which was only dimly visible in the remote glow from the ring lights. She was absolutely motionless, her lips slightly parted. All of her vitality seemed concentrated in her eyes, but there was no excitement in them, only a profound compassion.

HANK was very tired. "What round is it, Tom?"

Ever so gently, Warner squeezed the sponge, letting the water trickle over Hank's swollen face.

"The fourth's coming up, Hank. Don't talk now. Save your wind."

"I hope Madge didn't come. I told her—"

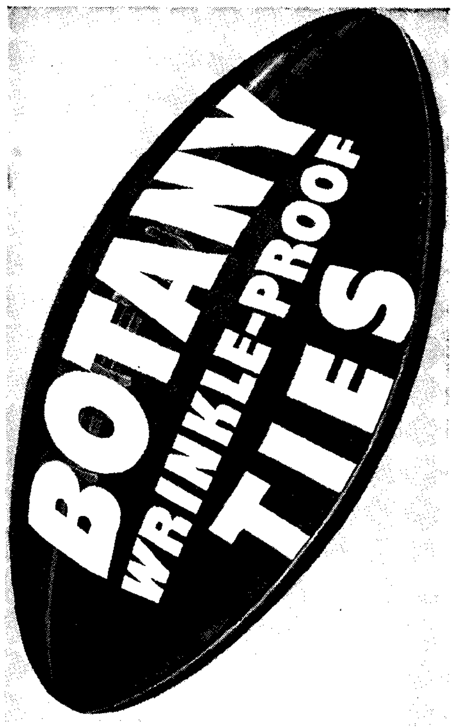
"Never mind now."

"How'm I doing?"

"You're doing all right. When he comes at you just stick that left in his face. But hold your right. Don't shoot it till you stagger him with your left."

The bell clanged. Warner yanked the stool through the ropes and stepped down from the apron of the ring. He watched sharply as Hank staggered under Webster's lefts and rights.

It wouldn't do any good to climb in there and stop it, Warner reflected. Hank wouldn't be convinced he was through. He'd think he could have weathered it if his second hadn't thrown in the towel. This would be better than if he'd won, anyway. This would be the end. If he won, there never would be any end. Hank would go on and on, fighting bums week after week. Each would be a little worse than the one before. It would be downhill all the way. And he'd stay in too long, too long.



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Halfway through the fifth round, Hank had trouble keeping up his left. The ache in his arm had sharpened into pain. His knees were unsteady. He opened his mouth to gasp for breath and a blow to the chin sent him back against the ropes. He bounced against them and, as he wavered, Webster hit him on the jaw. His knees buckled and he went sideways with a peculiar sagging gait, groping for the ropes with one gloved hand.

From a distance he heard a roar. He knew it was the crowd yelling for a knockout. Then he was down, not knowing quite how he got there. The referee was leaning over him, his arm rising, falling, rising, falling. Through the tumult came the steady count, ". . . three . . . four . . ."

Tiger Webster was upright in a corner. From Hank's place on the floor he looked gigantic with his arms stretched wide along the ropes beside him. The jungle was in his eyes—in his broad, quivering nostrils. On his naked, heaving chest, coffee-brown, was a vivid red splash of blood.

". . . seven . . . eight . . ." The count went on. Hank got up. Again he retreated, working by instinct now—an instinct that was left from the days when he had been a great fighter—the days when he could have taken a boxer as bad as Webster and cut him to pieces before a round was ended.

The mob was baying. In full cry it clamored for a knockout. Confident and contemptuous, Tiger Webster moved in. He launched a punch. Hank sensed its coming. A split second before it landed, his left shot out straight with all his weight behind it. Webster, coming in fast, leaning full power into his blow, ran squarely into Hank's fist. It landed flush on his mouth. Just for an instant he wavered—and in that instant Hank threw his right.

Then Hank walked to a corner, listening to the count. But he knew that the referee was wasting his time. He wouldn't have to fight any more that night.

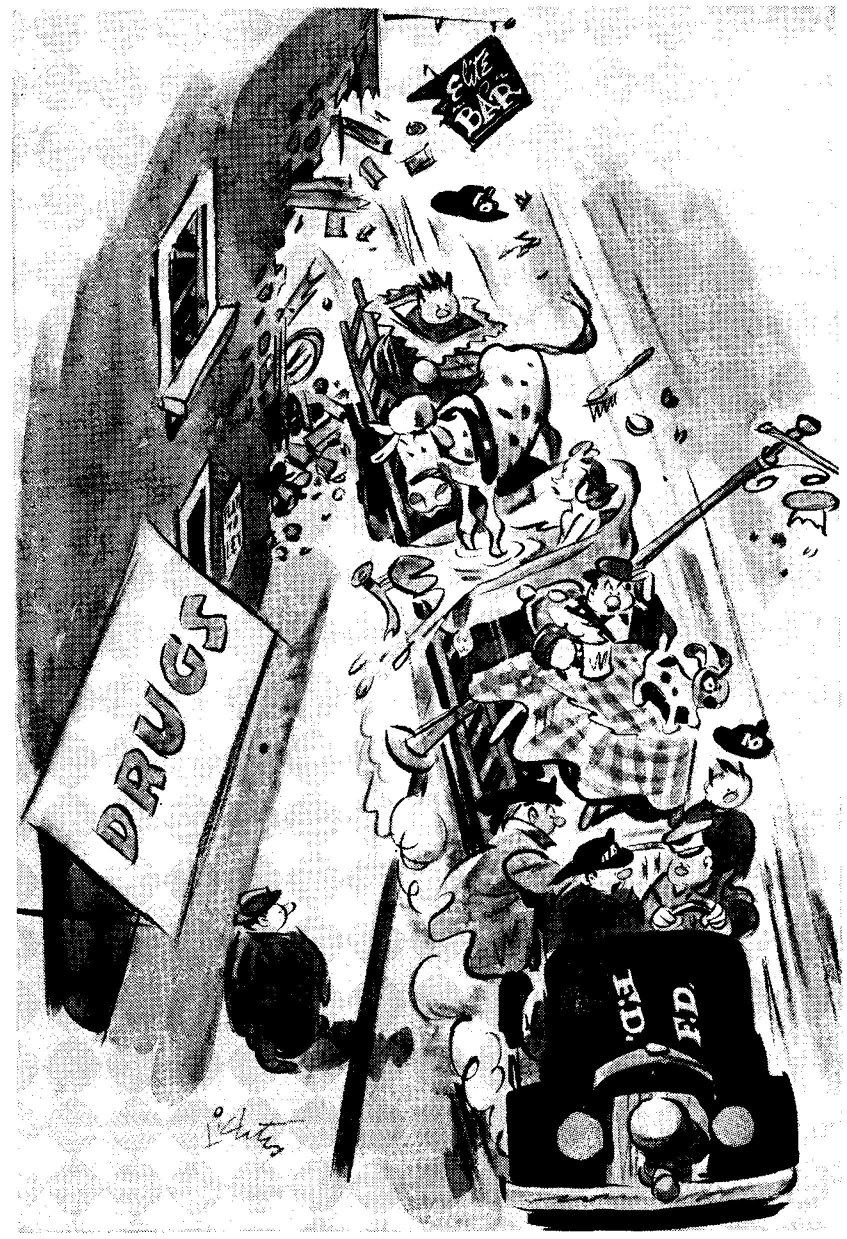
Cliff Carter got up from his seat in the dim reaches at the back of the arena. The yelling had subsided and the crowd was waiting for the bouts that were to follow. Carter decided he'd look into the dressing room, then go back to the office.

He'd forgotten about the woman, but as he left his seat he noticed her. Her face was turned toward the door through which Hank had disappeared. She was crying with abandonment, with a complete indifference to his gaze.

IN THE vast, cold dressing room, Hank sat on table while Tom Warner started to unlace his gloves. Clipper Henderson came in and spoke with his cigar between his lips:

"You were all right. That was a good show. The crowd liked it. Carter'll probably give you a swell write-up. We'll match you next week against Boze Bell. They can't say you're through."

Looking up from the laces, Warner turned one dour glance on Henderson. Hank shivered slightly. It was so cold. He saw that Cliff Carter had come into



"A little sharp on that last turn, Gus!" GEORGE LICHTY

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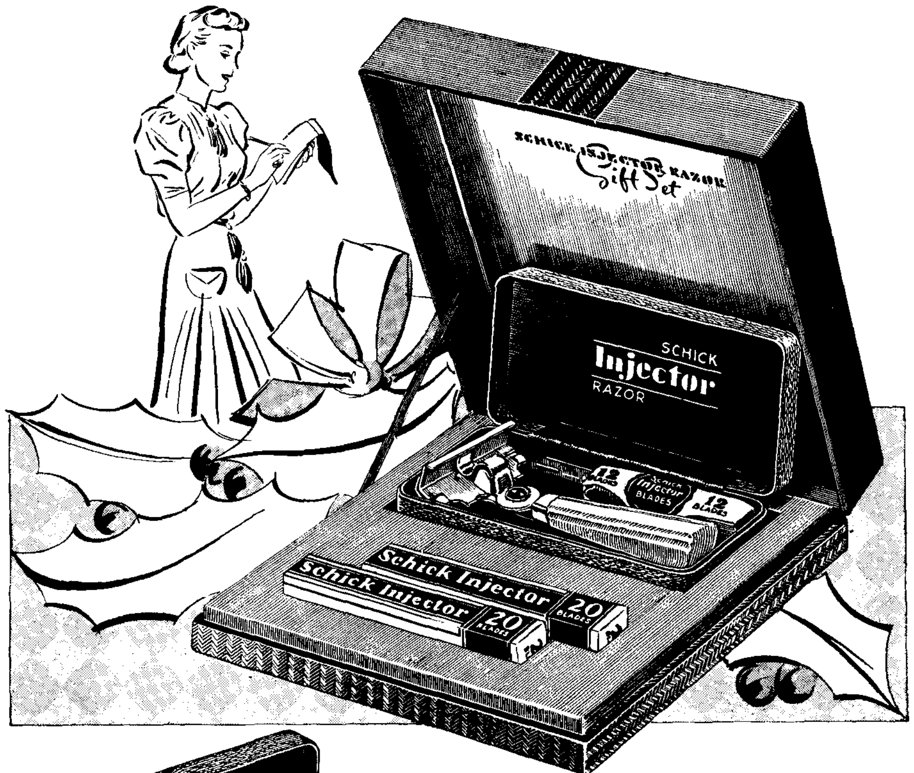
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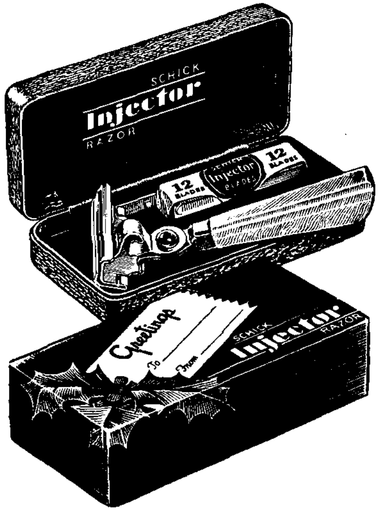

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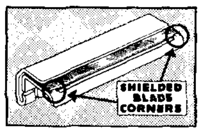

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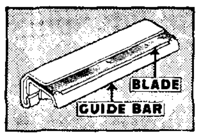
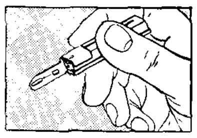


Solid Guide Bar . . . Designed to flatten and s-t-r-e-t-c-h the skin taut ahead of the blade edge. No "teeth" to rake ridges that often get nicked and scraped.



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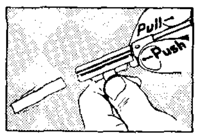

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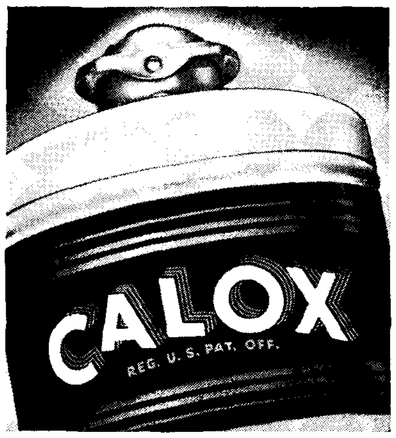

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the room. Henderson was talking again:

"Here he is. Cliff—just as good as ever. You can't put that fellow out. He isn't any has-been. He's still a fighter. Why, Braddock was champ when he was thirty-one."

Hank wiped his nose on the back of a bloody glove.

"Sure. I can still go. That's right. Braddock was champ when he was thirty-one. I can go."

He felt suddenly faint and sick to his stomach. He leaned forward heavily against Tom Warner's arms, which were around him swiftly, yet ever so gently. Like a gray mist the chill enveloped him. Over Hank's bent back, Warner looked into Carter's eyes with an inflexible hostility.

CLIFF CARTER returned to the Globe building. In the city room the dogwatch worked quietly. The office he shared with other columnists was dark. Going in, he switched on a single lamp above his desk.

He slipped a sheet of paper into his typewriter. In the center, one quarter way down the page he wrote, "By Cliff Carter." He rapped the machine into position for the opening line and then paused, his fingers poised above the keys. For a moment, he waited.

Then he got up. He walked to a drinking fountain in a shadowy corner of the room. Returning, he lit a cigarette. He went on staring at the sheet of paper, blank but for his by-line.

Somehow the flow of glib, derisive phrases wouldn't come. His pat, efficient mind was distracted now by vague impressions of one who faced an appalling fate with an unquestioning simplicity. Through his tangled skein of thought he half glimpsed the figure of Hank West, standing alone and uncomplaining amid callousness and brutality while a woman and a friend reached out to him, the one with love, the other with kindliness.

Cliff Carter walked again to the drinking fountain in the shadowy corner. Turning, he faced his desk. In the quietness there descended on him then a strange, subdued feeling as though he had been close to something that was very old—older than clever, satirical, marketable words. He knew that the barbed keys of his typewriter would never reach their mark. For Hank West was cloaked in a remote, an unassailable dignity.

Insistently, the telephone kept ringing.

"Hello."

"Hello, Cliff? Say, this is Sam Lake. Say, listen—Bill Dobbs of the Pirates and Herb Green of the Giants are getting stiff in my room at the Parkview. Come on over and you can get enough material for a dozen columns."

Carter hesitated. "I'm busy now. I can't."

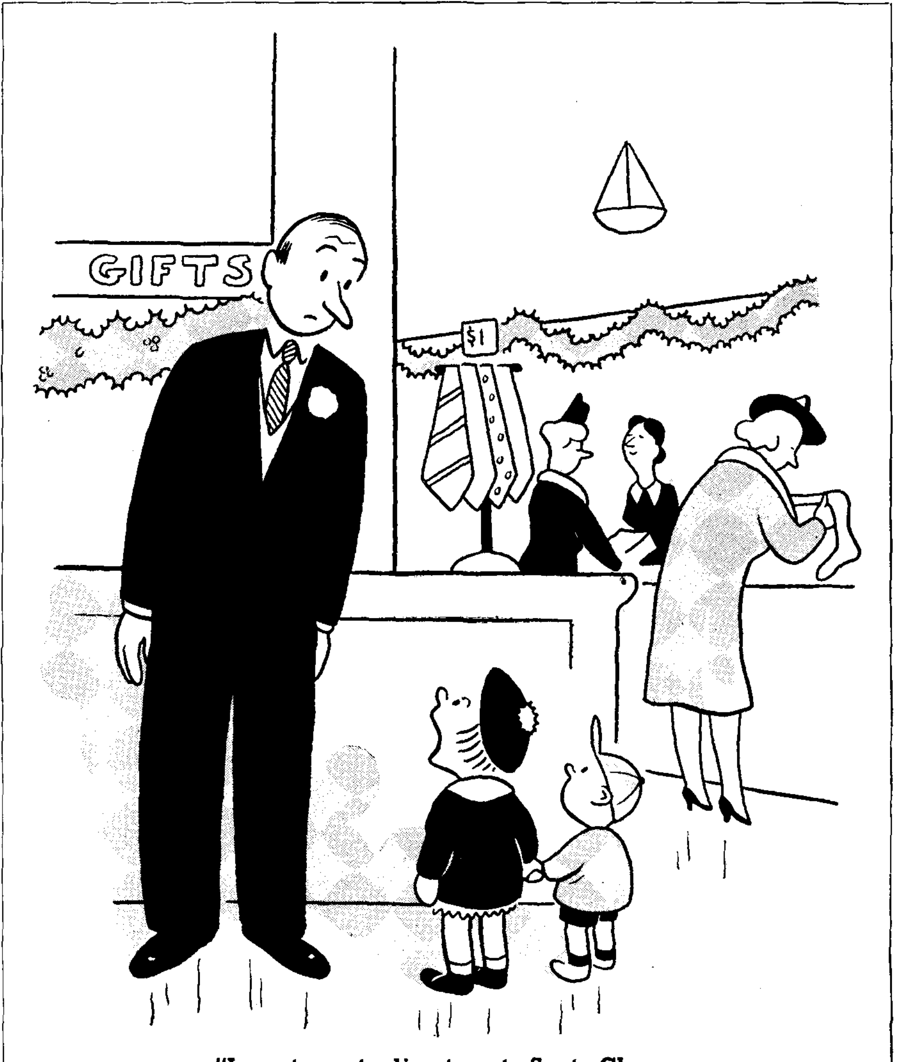
"You're passin' up a good bet, Cliff. You can get a lot of exclusive stuff about their contracts after they've had two more drinks. You'd better come up."

Carter bit his lip thoughtfully. "Well—uh—okay—okay—I'll be over."

ABSENTLY he replaced the receiver. He put on his coat and stood over his desk, smoking steadily, his hand going back and forth from his mouth with the cigarette. His face was vaguely puzzled. Ever so slowly then, he drew the sheet of paper from his typewriter and let it slip through his fingers to the floor. He switched off the lamp and went out quickly.

The room was quite dark then, save for a single beam that fell through the window from some remote light. It touched something white that lay upon the floor: a sheet of paper from Cliff Carter's typewriter, blank but for the by-line.

It was just about the nicest tribute Hank West ever got.



"I want you to direct me to Santa Claus. And no wisecracks in front of the kid!"

If you appreciate fine whisky you'll surely be guided by this 70 year old assurance on the Old Forester label:

"There is nothing better in the market"

LAW FORBIDS
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OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its
BOTTLED IN BOND
Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age
There is nothing better in the market
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DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.. AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
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Expensive...Yes!
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Famous OLD FORESTER

America's "Guest Whisky," Since 1870

FROM A FORMULA UNCHANGED THROUGH THREE GENERATIONS

☆

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INCORPORATED... AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY... SINCE 1870

No Room at the Inn

Continued from page 13

looked the smaller in contrast with his great, work-worn hand. He would laugh as he held it, dangling. It seemed so improbable that anything alive and sentient should be small enough to fit into this scrap of cloth. Then, in the midst of his laugh, he would grow serious. He would stare at her and she at him and they would listen, hushed, as for a dreaded and expected sound on the stairs.

Floors to scrub, pots and pans to scour, clothes to wash, food to cook, garments to sew. It was her life, it was for Joe, it was enough and brimming over. Hers was an enormous pride in keeping things in order, the pride of possession inherited from peasant ancestors. Self-respect.

THE men swarmed up the stairway so swiftly that Mary and Joe had scarcely heard their heavy boots on the first landing before they were kicking at the door and banging it with their fists. Joe sprang to his feet and she stood up, one hand at her breast and in that hand a pink knitted hood, no bigger than a fist, that she was knitting. Then they were in the room; they filled the little clean room with their clamor and their oaths and their great brown-clad bodies. They hardly looked at Joe and Mary, they ransacked the cupboards, they pulled out the linen and the dishes, they trampled these. One of the men snatched the pink cap from her hand and held it up and then put it on his own big, round head, capering with a finger in his mouth.

"Stop that!" said one in charge. "We've no time for such foolishness." And snatched off the pink hood, and blew his nose into it, and threw it in a corner.

In the cupboard they came upon the little cakes. She had saved drippings, she had skimmed such bits of rare fat as came their way, she had used these to fashion shortening for four little cakes, each with a dab of dried plum on top. Joe had eaten two for his supper and there had been two left for his breakfast. She had said she did not want any. Cakes made her too fat. It was bad for the boy.

"Look!" yelled the man who had found these. "Cakes! These swine have cakes to eat, so many that they can leave them uneaten in the cakebox." He broke one between his fingers, sniffed it like a dog, then bolted it greedily.

"Enough of this!" yelled the man in authority. "Stop fooling and come on! You want to stay in this pigsty all night! There's a hundred more. Come on. Out!"

Then they saw Mary, big as she was, and they made a joke of this, and one of them poked her a little with his finger and still Joe did nothing; he was like a man standing asleep with his eyes wide open. Then they shoved them both from the room. As they went Mary made a gesture toward the basket in the corner—the basket that had been covered so neatly with the clean white cloth. Her hand was outstretched, her eyes were terrible. The little stitches so small that even she had scarcely been able to see them, once she had pricked them into the cloth.

The man who had stuffed the cakes into his mouth was now hurriedly wiping his soiled boots with a bit of soft white, kneeling by the overturned basket as he did so. He was very industrious and concentrated about it, as they were taught to be thorough about everything. His tongue was out a little way between his strong yellow teeth and he rubbed away industriously. Then, at an impatient oath from the leader, he threw the piece of cloth into a corner with the rest of the muddied, trampled garments and hurried after so that he was there to help load them into the truck with the others huddled close.

Out of the truck and on the train they bumped along for hours—or it may have been days. Mary had no sense of time. Joe pillowed her head on his breast and she even slept a little, like a drugged thing, her long lashes meeting the black smudges under her eyes. There was no proper space for them all, they huddled on the floor and in the passages. Soon the scene was one of indescribable filth. Children cried, sometimes women screamed hysterically, oftenest they sat, men and women, staring into space. The train puffed briskly along with the businesslike efficiency characteristic of the country.

It was interesting to see these decent middle-class people reduced to dreadful squalor, to a sordidness unthought of in their lives. From time to time the women tried to straighten their clothing, to wash their bodies, but the cup of water here and there was needed for refreshment. Amidst these stenches and sounds, amidst the horror and degradation, Joe and Mary sat, part of the scene, yet apart from it. She had wakened curiously refreshed. It was as though a dream she had dreamed again and again, only to awake in horror, had really come to pass, and so, seeing it come true, she was better able to bear it, knowing the worst of it. Awake, she now laid his head in its turn on her breast and through exhaustion he slept, his eyes closed flutteringly but his face and his hands clenched even in sleep. Joe had aged before her eyes, overnight. A strong and robust man, of sturdy frame, he had withered; there were queer hollows in his temples and blue veins throbbed there in welts she never before had seen.

Big though she was with her burden, she tried to help women younger and older than she. She was, in fact, strangely full of strength and energy, as often is the case with pregnant women.

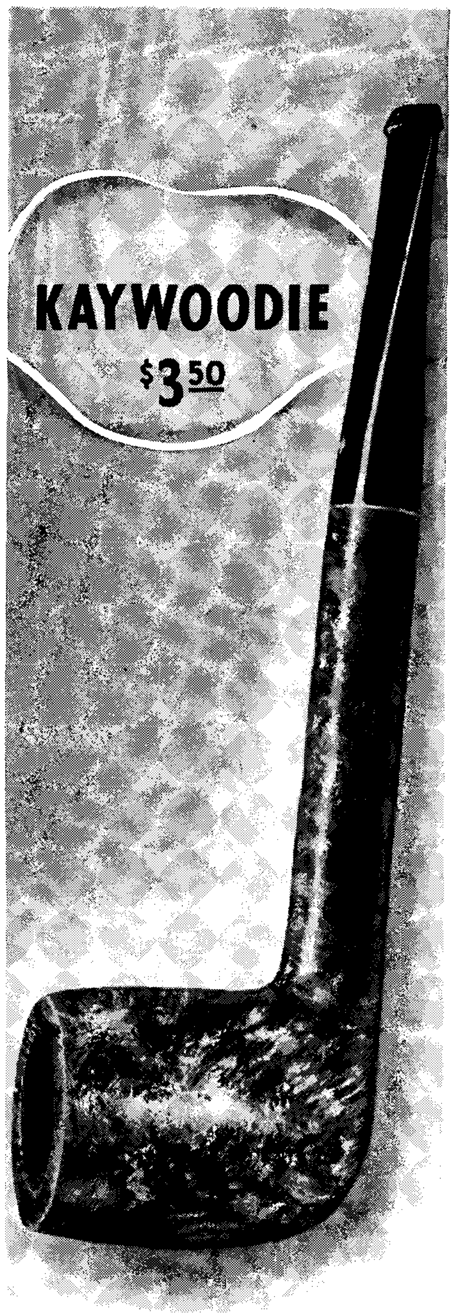
THE train stopped, and they looked out, and there was nothing. It started again, and they came to the border of the next country. Men in uniform swarmed amongst them, stepping over them and even on them as if they were vermin. Then they talked together and alighted from the train, and the train backed until it came again to the open fields where there was nothing. Barren land, and no sign of habitation. It was nowhere. It was nothing. It was neither their country nor the adjoining country. It was no man's land.

They could not enter here, they could not turn back there. Out they went, shoved and pushed, between heaven and hell, into purgatory. Lost souls.

They stumbled out into the twilight. It was October, it was today. Nonsense, such things do not happen, this is a civilized world, they told themselves. Not like this, to wander until they dropped and died.

They walked forward together, the two hundred of them, dazedly but with absurd purposefulness, too, as if they were going somewhere. The children stumbled and cried and stumbled again. Shed, barn, shelter there was none. There was nothing.

And then that which Mary had expected began to take place. Her pains began, wave on wave. Her eyes grew enormous and her face grew very little and thin and old. Presently she could no longer walk with the rest. They came



Do you know the Kaywoodie Flavor?

The urge to smoke a pipe is like the urge to go fishing. Every man harbors the hankering. But many put it off because of a vague sense of "not knowing the ropes." Gentlemen, *Kaywoodie* makes it easy. Kaywoodie possesses two uncommon advantages which simplify starting, and assure beginners of a rich reward—(1) Kaywoodie's smoke is actually *cooler than mouth temperature!*—never *hot* or irritating (2) the smoke is *dry*—free from bitter juices. Better briar and the "Drinkless" device account for this. So put this pleasure in your life. Get to know the *Kaywoodie* flavor. Your dealer will give you Kaywoodie's booklet of helpful information, or write Kaywoodie Company. Shown above, actual size, No. 76B.

This shows the "prime cut" section of a large, mature briar burl—the only part that contains briar of possible Kaywoodie quality.

Carburetor Kaywoodie $4, Super Grain $5
Gale Kaywoodie $5, Flame Grain $10
Meerschaum-Briar $12.50
Matched Grain Sets $100 to $1,000

Kaywoodie Company
Rockefeller Center
New York *and* London

KAYWOODIE *for Christmas*

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WE'RE HAPPIER EACH TIME WE GIVE, IF WE JUST STOP TO HEED IT.
LIKE ALKA-SELTZER, GIVING BRINGS RELIEF TO THOSE WHO NEED IT.
WHEN UPSET STOMACH, HEADACHE, COLDS, RETARDS OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING
WE TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, THEN THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR STOPPING.

Be wise, take Alka-Seltzer

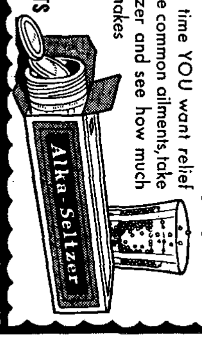
THE FIRST GLASS OF Defense in millions of homes for the relief of Headache, Acid Indigestion, Muscular Fatigue, Muscular aches and pains and Cold symptoms.

The next time YOU want relief from these common ailments, take Alka-Seltzer and see how much better it makes you feel.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

AT ALL DRUG STORES BY THE PACKAGE OR GLASS

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SAT. NIGHT • • • NBC



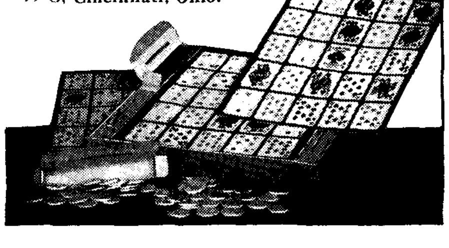
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
WE'RE PLAYING PO-KE-NO AT HOME TONIGHT!

YES, Po-ke-no makes evenings at home exciting . . . gives parties action and thrills! It's sweeping America!

Young and old love it! 2 to 13 can play. Takes only a minute to learn.

In stunning black and red gift box. Includes 12 handsome, durable playing boards, 200 chips in rich colors, complete instructions. A welcome gift.

● See Po-ke-no at your dealer's today. If he doesn't have it, send $2 for prompt, postpaid shipment. Address: U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. 99-C, Cincinnati, Ohio.



upon a little flock of sheep grazing in a spot left still green in the autumn, and near by were two sheepherders and a tiny donkey hardly bigger than a dog.

Joe went to the sheepherders, desperate. "My wife is ill. She is terribly ill. Let me take your donkey. There must be some place near by—an inn. Some place."

One of the shepherds, less oafish than the other, and older, said, "There's an inn but they won't take her."

"Here," said Joe, and held out a few poor coins that had been in his pocket. "Let her ride just a little way."

The fellow took the coins. "All right. A little way. I'm going home. It's suppertime. She can ride a little way."

So they hoisted her to the donkey's back and she crouched there, but presently it was her time, and she slipped off and they helped her to the ditch by the side of the road.

She was a little silly by now, what with agony and horror. "Get all the nice clean things, Joe. The linen things, they're in the box in the cupboard. And call Elisabeth. Put the kettle on to boil. No, not my best nightgown, that comes later, when everything is over and I am tidy again. Men don't know."

Her earth rocked and roared and faces were blurred and distorted and she was rent and tortured and she heard someone making strange noises like an animal in pain, and then there came merciful blackness.

When she awoke there were women bending over her, and they had built a fire from bits of wood and dried grass, and in some miraculous way there was warm water and strips of cloth and she felt and then saw the child by her side in the ditch and he was swaddled in decent wrappings. She was beyond the effort of questioning, but at the look in her eyes the woman bending over her said, "It's a boy. A fine boy." And she held him up. He waved his tiny arms and his hair was bright in the reflection of the fire behind him. But they crowded too close around her, and Joseph waved them away with one arm and slipped his other arm under her head and she looked up at him and even managed to smile.

As the crowd parted there was the sound of an automobile that came to a grinding halt. They were officials, you could see that easily enough, with their uniforms and their boots and their proud way of walking.

"Hr-r-rmph!" they said. "Here, all of you. Now then, what's all this! We had a hell of a time finding you, we never would have got here if we hadn't seen the light in the sky from your fire. Now, then, answer to roll call; we've got the names of all of you, so speak up or you'll wish you had."

They called the roll of the two hundred and each answered, some timidly, some scornfully, some weeping, some cringing, some courageously.

"Mary!" they called. "Mary."

She opened her eyes. "Mary," she said, in little more than a whisper.

"That must be the one," they said amongst themselves, the three. "That's the one had the kid just born." They came forward then and saw the woman Mary and the newborn babe in the ditch. "Yep, that's it. Born in a ditch to one of these damned Jews."

"Well, let's put it on the roll call. Might as well get it in now, before it grows up and tries to sneak out. What d'you call it? Heh, Mary?" He prodded her a little, not roughly, with the toe of his boot.

SHE opened her eyes again and smiled a little as she looked up at him and then at the boy in her arm. She smiled while her eyes were clouded with agony.

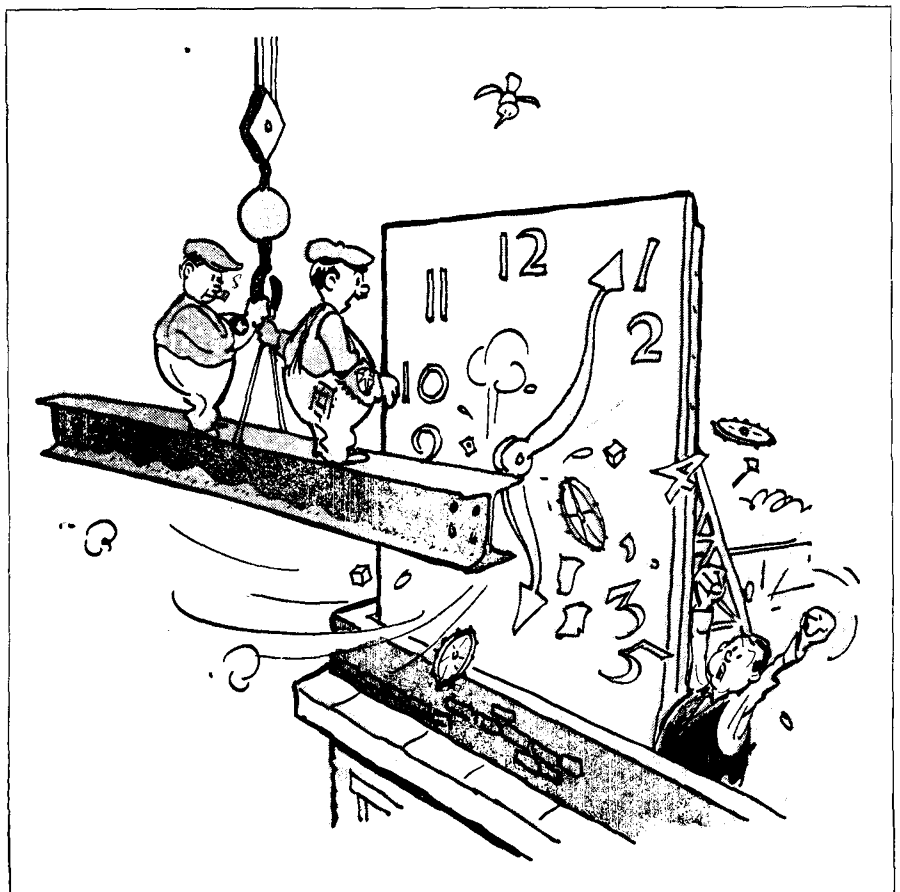
"Niemand," she whispered.

"What's that? Speak up! Can't hear you."

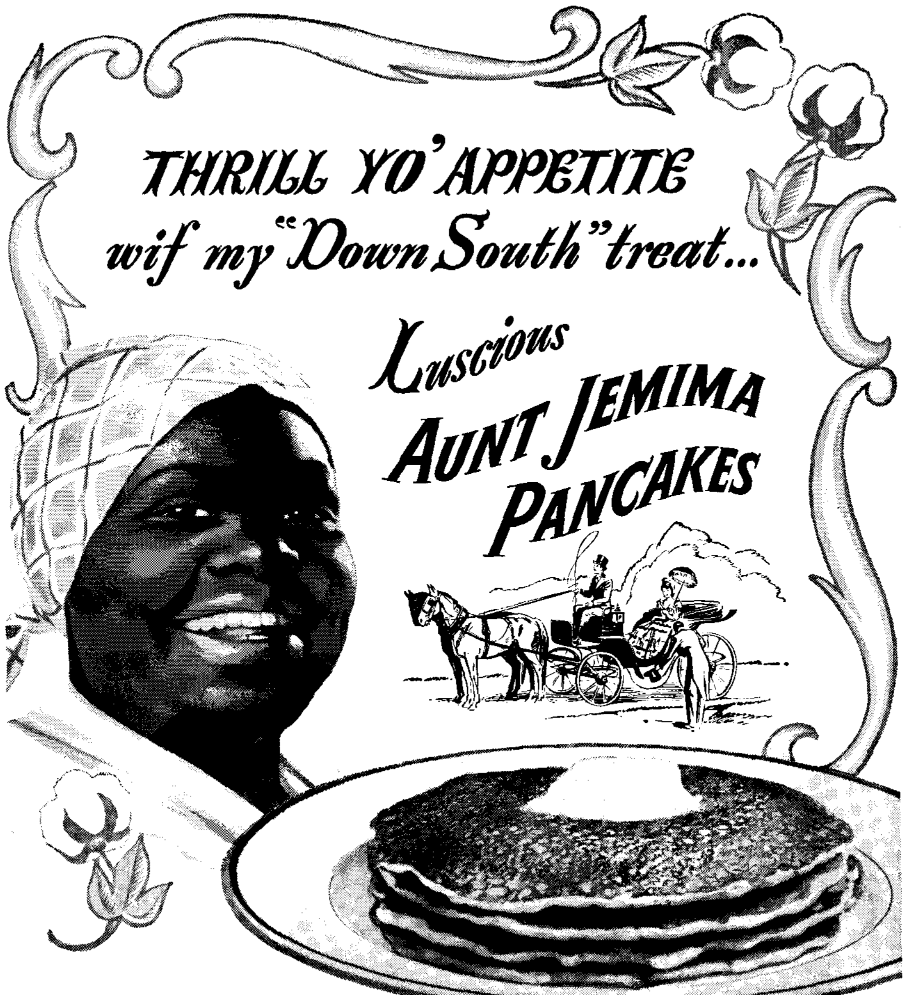
She concentrated all her energies, she formed her lips to make sound again, and licked them because they were quite dry, and said once more, "Niemand . . . Nobody."

One man wrote it down, but the first man stared as though he resented being joked with, a man of his position. But at the look in her eyes he decided that she had not been joking. He stared and stared at the boy, the firelight shining on his tiny face, making a sort of halo of his hair.

"Niemand, eh? That the best you can do for him! . . . Jesus! . . . Well, cheer up, he's a fine-looking boy. He might grow up to be quite a kid, at that."



"Take it to your jeweler and send the bill to us" REAMER KELLER


THRILL YO' APPETITE
wif my "Down South" treat...
Luscious
AUNT JEMIMA
PANCAKES

DARLING, YOU ARE A WONDERFUL COOK. TREAT ME TO AUNT JEMIMA'S ANY TIME!

A FLAVOR FEAST in every thrilling bite of Aunt Jemima Pancakes and Aunt Jemima's tantalizing Buckwheats. *Nothing to prepare!* Easy as 1-2-3. Simply mix water or milk with Aunt Jemima's magic Ready-Mix. Easier and costs less than ordinary cook-book recipes.

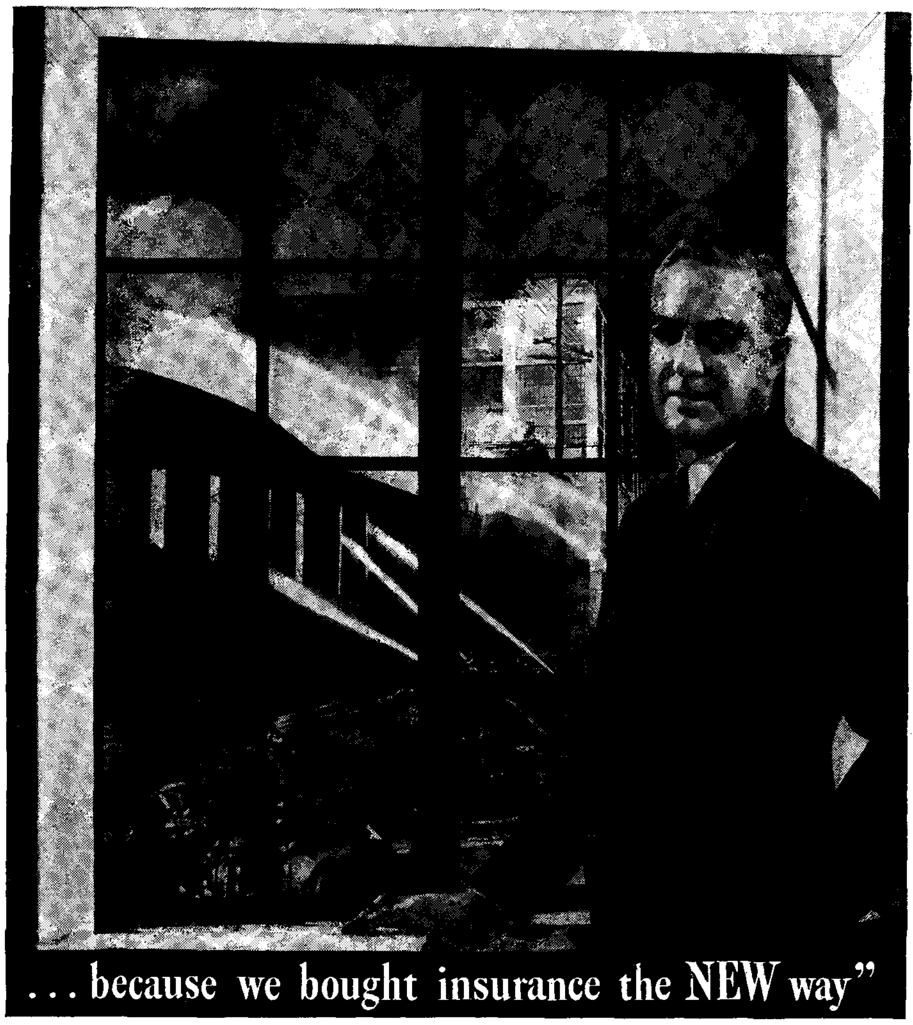
PANCAKE DAYS IS HAPPY DAYS
WITH Aunt Jemima
NOTHING TICKLES THE OLD APPETITE LIKE AUNT JEMIMA'S PANCAKES!
WE'LL ENJOY THEM MORE OFTEN FROM NOW ON! THEY'RE SO GOOD FOR YOU... AND THEY'RE CERTAINLY EASY ON OUR BUDGET!

EVERY DAY IS AUNT JEMIMA DAY! A wonderful treat at breakfast, luncheon, or supper. Enjoy Aunt Jemima's Pancakes turnabout with Aunt Jemima's Buckwheats. So nourishing and easy to digest. Order both from your grocer today!

WAFFLES TOO!
TODAY is Aunt Jemima Pancake Day
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX FOR PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX PANCAKES
IN THE RED BOX
An' enjoy my ol' fashion' buckwheats, too!
GET BOFE PACKAGES FROM YO' GROCERMAN 'AN SERVE TURNABOUT
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR
IN THE YELLOW BOX

P.S. To Mother: You will agree that Aunt Jemima's Pancakes are the best-tasting and easiest you ever made, or we will gladly refund your money!

"We'll have to shut down... but our income will *GO RIGHT ON!*


... because we bought insurance the NEW way"

"Of course we always have carried plenty of insurance on our buildings and contents, but it took a smart insurance man to show me that I could lose more as a result of a shutdown than the plant itself was worth.

"He pointed out that I also needed insurance to cover fixed charges, wages and salaries of key men, advertising and other expenses that would continue during the shutdown from fire, windstorm, explosion, riot, aircraft and several other kinds of destruction.

"Then he told me about Business Interruption Insurance, putting clear-cut information of the NEW way to buy insurance into a complete survey that he made especially for us. We bought the protection and now, after the fire, our usual dividends can be paid, our organization held together, ready when we reopen. We are sitting pretty."

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The NEW way of buying insurance is based on the idea that it hurts just as much to lose a dollar one way as another and that *what hurts most are the big losses.* Hartford agents sell insurance — not just policies. They know how to fit insurance to your particular requirements — whatever they may be.

Just call Western Union

— in Canada, call Canadian National Telegraphs — and ask for the name of the nearest Hartford representative. Or call your own insurance broker for full details on Business Interruption Insurance and the NEW way of buying insurance protection for yourself.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company

and the HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
write practically every form of insurance except life
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Sad Cypress

Continued from page 24

Elinor said: "Yes—but you see—it would have been a very large house for me to live in—alone."

Mrs. Bishop sniffed.

Elinor said quickly: "I meant to ask you, is there any especial piece of furniture that you might care to have? I should be very glad for you to have it, if so."

Mrs. Bishop beamed. She said graciously: "Well, Miss Elinor, that is very thoughtful of you—very kind, I'm sure. If it's not taking a liberty—"

She paused and Elinor said: "Oh, no."

"I have always had a great admiration for the secretary in the drawing room. Such a *handsome* piece."

Elinor remembered it, a somewhat flamboyant piece of inlaid marquetry. She said quickly: "Of course you shall have it, Mrs. Bishop. Now I must be getting on. So glad to have seen you, Mrs. Bishop."

She shook hands and passed on.

She went to the baker's and bought a loaf of bread. Then she went into the dairy and bought half a pound of butter and some milk.

Finally she went into the grocer's.

"I want some paste for sandwiches, please."

"Certainly, Miss Carlisle." Mr. Abbott himself bustled forward, elbowing aside his junior apprentice. "What would you like? Salmon and shrimp? Turkey and tongue? Salmon and sardine? Ham and tongue?"

He whipped down pot after pot and arrayed them on the counter.

Elinor said: "One used to be rather afraid of eating fish pastes—there have been cases of ptomaine poisoning from them, haven't there?"

Mr. Abbott put on a horrified expression. "I can assure you this is an excellent brand—*most* reliable—we never have any complaints."

Elinor said: "I'll have one of salmon and anchovy and one of salmon and shrimp. Thank you."

Elinor Carlisle entered the grounds of Hunterbury by the back gate.

It was a hot, clear summer's day. There were sweet peas in flower. Elinor passed close by a row of them.

Suddenly, rushing over her like the stream from a broken dam, a wave of anger—of wild resentment swept over her.

"We all hoped the place would be kept on by the family...."

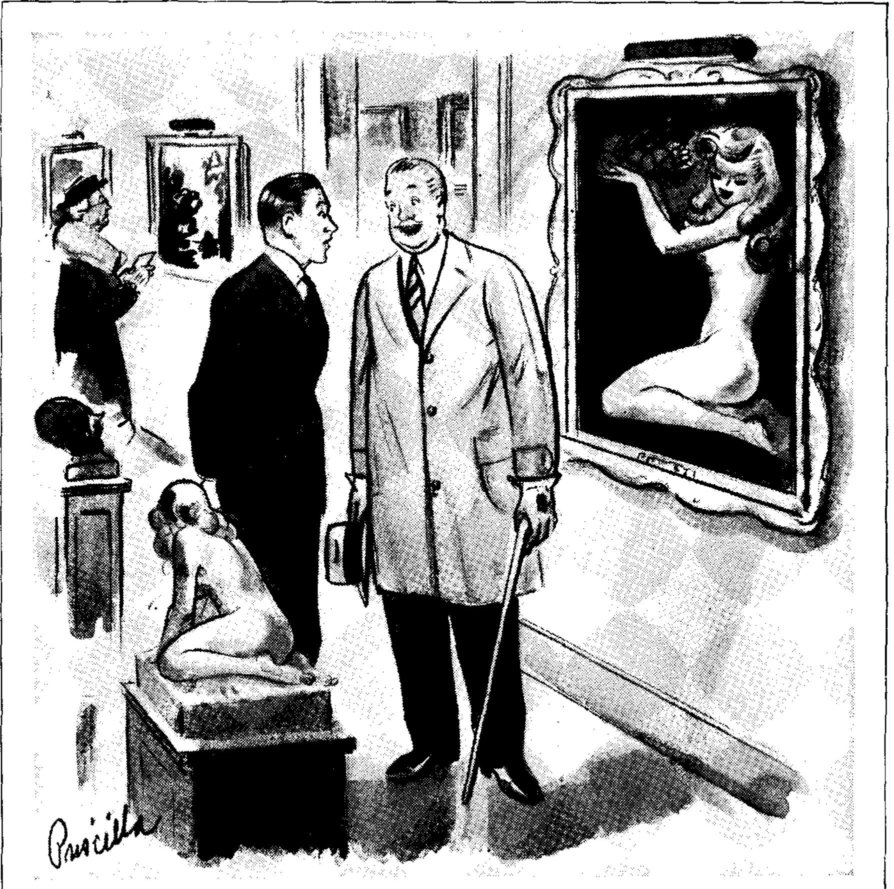
She and Roddy could have lived here! *She and Roddy....* Roddy would have wanted that. It was what she herself would have wanted. They had always loved Hunterbury, both of them. Dear Hunterbury.... In the years before her parents had died, when they had been in India, she had come here for holidays. She had played in the woods, rambled by the stream. There had been places, secret lairs, where she had curled up with a book and read for hours.

She had loved Hunterbury. Always, at the back of her mind, she had felt sure of living there permanently some day. Aunt Laura had fostered that idea. Little words and phrases: "Some day, Elinor, you may like to cut down those yews. They are a little gloomy, perhaps!" "One might have a water garden here. Some day, perhaps, *you* will."

And Roddy? Roddy, too, had looked forward to Hunterbury being his home. It had lain, perhaps, behind his feeling for her, Elinor. He had felt, subconsciously, that it was fitting and right that they two should be together at Hunterbury.

And they *would* have been together there. They would have been together *here—now*—not packing up the house for selling, but redecorating it, planning new beauties in house and garden, walking side by side in gentle proprietary pleasure, happy—yes *happy* together—but for the fatal accident of a girl's wild-rose beauty....

What did Roddy know of Mary Gerrard? Nothing—less than nothing! What



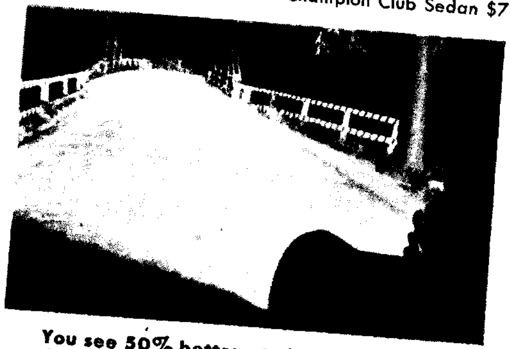
"Can I have it sent to my home as a gift from my employees?"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

Illustrated: 1940 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan $700 delivered at factory

Give your family this thrill of owning a car that all their friends admire

1940 STUDEBAKER CHAMPION



You see 50% better at night in your 1940 Champion, thanks to its new sealed-beam headlamps. And night and day, you have the additional safety of the Champion's steel body, brilliant acceleration, shock-proof variable ratio steering and foot-regulated hydraulic brakes.

You enjoy clear windows and warm floors in the coldest weather in your Champion, if it's equipped with Studebaker's unique, fresh-air Climatizer, available at added cost. The warm, filtered air is constantly changing—windows and windshield don't fog or frost—all passengers are kept cozily comfortable.

YOU certainly can't blame any family for preferring the smartness and prestige of this 1940 Studebaker Champion to an ordinary lowest price car—because, first of all, you pay equally little for a Champion.

And when you own this roomy, handsome, 6-cylinder Studebaker, you proudly drive a true-blood team mate of Studebaker's distinctive Commander and President.

Costs less per mile and month!

Thousands of thrilled Champion owners are proving daily that this Champion saves 10% to 25% more gas than other cars of its low price. And the Champion stands up better, too, because the ablest craftsmen in the automobile business build expense-defying long life into every sound, solid inch of it.

Go for a restful, revealing 10-mile Champion trial drive and discover how safe, surefooted and easy to handle this brilliant-performing Studebaker is. See how it upholds its reputation as a guaranteed, quality product of Studebaker, the motor car industry's Great Independent.

You pay nothing extra for such advancements as the Champion's sealed-beam headlamps, steering wheel gear shift, planar independent suspension, non-slam rotary door latches and front-compartment hood lock.

See your local Studebaker dealer now and learn how easy it is to buy this good-looking, money-saving 1940 Studebaker Champion on C.I.T. budget plan terms.

PRICES BEGIN AT $660

for a Champion coupe, delivered at factory, South Bend. Prices subject to change without notice

You get a nice part of your money back when you finally trade in your Champion after years of faithful service. The reason is expert Studebaker craftsmanship. Men who have been building Commanders and Presidents for years carefully construct your Champion to stay in sound running condition, mile after mile.

Wine with your festive meals

...IT LENDS A SPECIAL TOUCH OF HOSPITALITY

Famous hosts and hostesses find an increasing number of their guests prefer this moderate kind of beverage

A fine table wine like ruby Burgundy or golden Sauterne—its soft fragrance mingled with the savory aroma of roast turkey! Each taste piquant and appetizing, inviting you to enjoy dinner to the full!

Why don't you try it, this year?

Sip your wine slowly—let it bring out and complement the tempting flavor of "turkey and fixings." For Burgundy and Sauterne make good food taste even better ...they are made especially to add glamour and extra goodness to your main course.

You'll find wines like these add a note of leisurely enjoyment—a note of geniality — to your festive meal. They flatter your most discriminating guest.

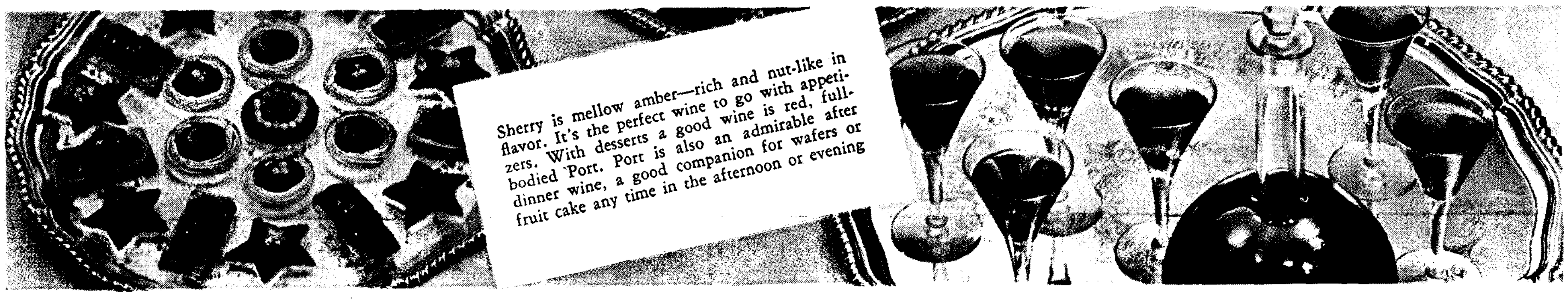
And as these famous "dry" table wines add a crowning touch to dinner, so the "sweet" wines bring graciousness to your evening entertaining.

Here, for instance, is an idea reported by well-known hosts in many sections of the country. A gay assortment of appetizers flanked by two decanters — one glowing with mellow Port, the other flashing with amber Sherry. It's become "the tops" with many, who notice a growing number of people prefer wine as their beverage today.

Just try it at your home. With appetizers or evening refreshments give every guest an opportunity to make wine his beverage. Or bring to dinner one of the good table wines and pour it when the main course is served — as a special touch of hospitality.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA: Now chosen by more than 9 out of 10 American hosts and hostesses are the good wines of our own country. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. You will find these wines true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco



Sherry is mellow amber—rich and nut-like in flavor. It's the perfect wine to go with appetizers. With desserts a good wine is red, full-bodied Port. Port is also an admirable after dinner wine, a good companion for wafers or fruit cake any time in the afternoon or evening did he care for her—for the real Mary? She had, quite possibly, admirable qualities, but did Roddy know anything about them? It was the old story—Nature's hoary old joke!

Hadn't Roddy himself said it was an "enchantment?"

Didn't Roddy himself—*really*—want to be free of it?

If Mary Gerrard were to—die, for instance, wouldn't Roddy some day acknowledge: "It was all for the best. I see that now. We had nothing in common. . . ."

He would add, perhaps, with gentle melancholy: "She was a lovely creature. . . ."

Let her be that to him—yes—an exquisite memory.

If anything were to happen to Mary Gerrard, Roddy would come back to her—Elinor. . . . She was quite sure of that!

If anything were to happen to Mary Gerrard. . . .

Elinor turned the handle of the side door. She passed from the warm sunlight into the shadow of the house. She shivered.

It felt cold in here, dark, sinister. . . .

She walked along the hall and pushed the baize door that led into the butler's pantry.

It smelt slightly musty. She pushed up the window, opening it wide.

She laid down her parcels—the butter, the loaf, the little glass bottle of milk. She thought: "Stupid! I meant to get coffee."

She looked in the canisters on a shelf. There was a little tea in one of them, but no coffee.

She thought: "Oh, well, it doesn't matter."

She unwrapped the two glass jars of fish paste.

She stood staring at them for a minute. Then she left the pantry and went upstairs. She went straight to Mrs. Welman's room. She began on the big tallboy, opening drawers, sorting, arranging—folding clothes in little piles. . . .

In the lodge, Mary Gerrard was looking around rather helplessly. She hadn't realized, somehow, how cramped it all was.

Her past life rushed back over her in a flood. Mum making clothes for her dolls. Dad always cross and surly. Disliking her. Yes, disliking her. . . .

She said suddenly to Nurse Hopkins: "Dad didn't say anything—send me any message before he died, did he?"

Nurse Hopkins said cheerfully and callously: "Oh, dear me, no. He was unconscious for an hour before he passed away."

Mary said slowly: "I feel perhaps I ought to have come down and looked after him. After all, he *was* my father."

NURSE HOPKINS said with a trace of embarrassment: "Now just you listen to me, Mary, whether he was your father or not doesn't enter into it. Children don't care much about their parents in these days from what I can see, and a good many parents don't care for their children either. Miss Lambert, at the secondary school, says that's as it should be. According to her, family life is all wrong and children should be brought up by the state. That's as may be—just a glorified orphanage it sounds to me—but anyway it's a waste of breath to go back over the past and sentimentalize. We've got to get on with living—that's our job—and not too easy either sometimes!"

Mary said slowly:

"I expect you're right. But I feel perhaps it was my fault we didn't get on better."

Nurse Hopkins said robustly: "Nonsense!"

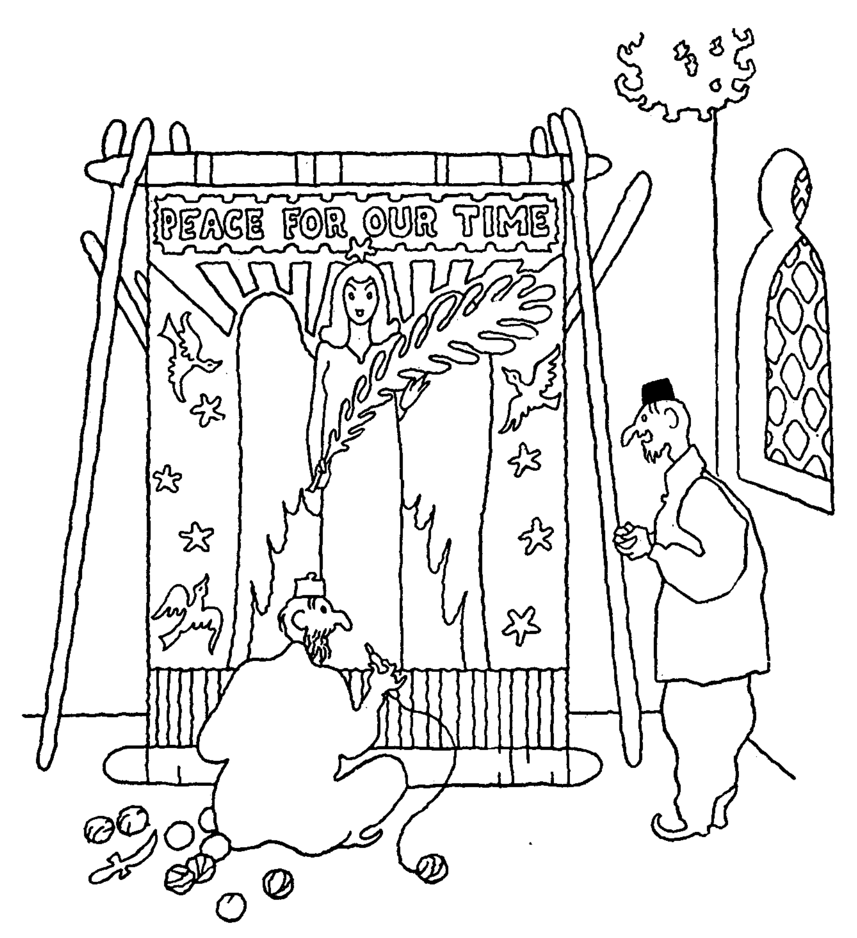
The word exploded like a bomb.

It quelled Mary. Nurse Hopkins turned to more practical matters.

"What are you going to do with the furniture? Store it? Or sell it?"

Mary said doubtfully: "I don't know. What do you think?"

Running a practical eye over it, Nurse Hopkins said: "Some of it's quite good and solid. You might store it and furnish a little flat of your own in London some day. Get rid of the rubbish. The chairs are good—so's the table. And that's a nice bureau—it's the kind that's



"I am the bearer of ill tidings, Yussuf!"

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$15.00 AC-DC

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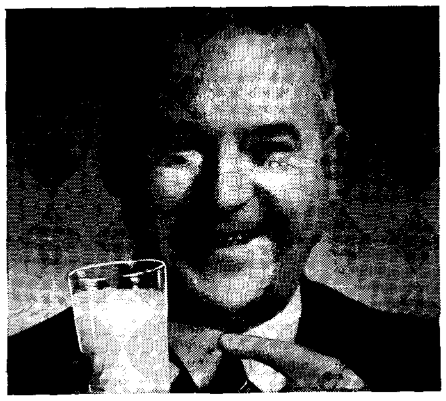
because once they get enthusiastic

You should hear 'em talk about this pineapple juice



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out of fashion but it's solid mahogany, and they say Victorian stuff will come in again one day. I'd get rid of that great wardrobe, if I were you. Too big to fit in anywhere. Takes up half the bedroom as it is."

They made a list between them of pieces to be kept or let go.

Mary said: "The lawyer's been very kind—Mr. Seddon, I mean. He advanced me some money, so that I could get started with my training fees and other expenses. It will be a month or so before the money can be definitely made over to me, so he said."

Nurse Hopkins said: "How do you like your work?"

"I think I shall like it very much. It's rather strenuous at first. I come home tired to death."

Nurse Hopkins said grimly: "I thought I was going to die when I was a probationer at St. Luke's. I felt I could never stick it for three years. But I did."

They had sorted through the old man's clothes. Now they came to a tin box full of papers.

Mary said: "We must go through these, I suppose."

THEY sat down, one on each side of the table.

Nurse Hopkins grumbled as she started with a handful. "Extraordinary what rubbish people keep! Newspaper cuttings! Old letters! All sorts of things!"

Mary said, unfolding a document: "Here's Dad's and Mum's marriage certificate. At St. Albans, 1919."

Nurse Hopkins said: "Marriage lines, that's the old-fashioned term. Lots of the people in this village use that term yet."

Mary said in a stifled voice: "But, Nurse—"

The other looked up sharply. She saw the distress in the girl's eyes. She said sharply: "What's the matter?"

Mary Gerrard said in a shaky voice: "Don't you see? This is 1939. And I'm twenty-one. In 1919 I was a year old. That means—that means—that my father and mother weren't married till—till—*afterward*."

Nurse Hopkins frowned. She said robustly: "Well, after all, what of it? Don't go worrying about that, at *this* time of day!"

"But, Nurse, I can't help it."

Nurse Hopkins spoke with authority: "There's many couples that don't go to church till a bit after they should do so. But so long as they do it in the end, what's the odds? That's what I say!"

Mary said in a low voice: "Is that why—do you think—my father never liked me? Because, perhaps, my mother *made* him marry her?"

Nurse Hopkins hesitated. She bit her lip, then she said: "It wasn't quite like that, I imagine." She paused. "Oh, well, if you're going to worry about it, you may as well know the truth. You aren't Gerrard's daughter at all."

Mary said: "Then *that* was why!"

Nurse Hopkins said: "Maybe."

Mary said, a red spot suddenly burning in each cheek: "I suppose it's wrong of me but I'm glad! I've always felt uncomfortable because I didn't care for my father, but if he *wasn't* my father, well, that makes it all right! How did you know about it?"

Nurse Hopkins said: "Gerrard talked about it a good deal before he died. I shut him up pretty sharply, but he didn't care. Naturally *I* shouldn't have said anything to you about it if this hadn't cropped up."

Mary said slowly: "I wonder who my real father was—"

Nurse Hopkins hesitated. She opened her mouth, then shut it again. She appeared to be finding it hard to make up her mind on some point.

Then a shadow fell across the room and the two women looked around to see Elinor Carlisle standing at the window.

Elinor said: "Good morning."

Nurse Hopkins said: "Good morning, Miss Carlisle. Lovely day, isn't it?"

Mary said: "Oh—good morning, Miss Elinor."

Elinor said: "I've been making some sandwiches. Won't you come up and have some? It's just on one o'clock and it's such a bother to have to go home for lunch. I got enough for three on purpose."

Nurse Hopkins said in pleased surprise: "Well, I must say, Miss Carlisle, that's extremely thoughtful of you. It *is* a nuisance to have to break off what you're doing and come all the way back from the village. I hoped we might finish this morning. I went round and saw my cases early. But there, turning out takes you longer than you think."

Mary said gratefully: "Thank you, Miss Elinor, it's very kind of you."

The three of them walked up the drive to the house. Elinor had left the front door open. They passed inside into the cool of the hall. Mary shivered a little. Elinor looked at her sharply. She said: "What is it?"

Mary said: "Oh, nothing—just a shiver. It was from coming in—out of the sun. . . ."

Elinor said in a low voice: "That's queer. That's what I felt this morning."

Nurse Hopkins said in a loud, cheerful voice and with a laugh: "Come now, you'll be pretending there are ghosts in the house next. *I* didn't feel anything!"

Elinor smiled. She led the way into the morning room on the right of the front door. The blinds were up and the windows open. It looked cheerful.

Elinor went across the hall and brought back from the pantry a big plate of sandwiches. She handed it to Mary, saying: "Have one?"

Mary took one. Elinor stood watching her for a moment as the girl's even white teeth bit into the sandwich.

She held her breath for a minute, then expelled it in a little sigh.

Absent-mindedly she stood for a minute with the plate held to her waist, then at sight of Nurse Hopkins' slightly parted lips and hungry expression, she flushed and quickly proffered the plate to the older woman.

ELINOR took a sandwich herself. She said apologetically: "I meant to make some coffee but I forgot to get any. There's some beer on that table, though, if anyone likes that."

Nurse Hopkins said sadly: "If only I'd thought to bring along some tea now."

Elinor said absently: "There's a little tea still in the canister in the pantry."

Nurse Hopkins' face brightened. "Then I'll just pop out and put the kettle on. No milk, I suppose?"

Elinor said: "Yes, I brought some."

"Well, then that's all right," said Nurse Hopkins, and hurried out.

Elinor and Mary were alone together.

A queer tension crept into the atmosphere. Elinor, with an obvious effort, tried to make conversation. Her lips were dry. She passed her tongue over them. She said, rather stiffly: "You—like your work in London?"

"Yes, thank you. I—I'm very grateful to you—"

A sudden harsh sound broke from Elinor. A laugh so discordant, so unlike her that Mary stared at her in surprise.

Elinor said: "You needn't be so grateful!"

Mary, rather embarrassed, said: "I didn't mean—that is—"

She stopped.

Elinor was staring at her—a glance so searching, so—yes—strange that Mary flinched under it.

She said: "Is—is anything wrong?"

Elinor got up quickly. She said, turn-

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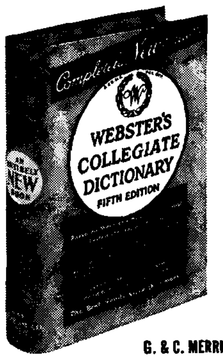

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ing away: "What should be wrong?"

Mary murmured: "You — you looked—"

Elinor said with a little laugh: "Was I staring? I'm so sorry. I do stare sometimes—when I'm thinking of something else."

Nurse Hopkins looked in at the door and remarked brightly, "I've put the kettle on," and went out again.

Elinor was taken with a sudden fit of laughter. "Polly put the kettle on, Polly put the kettle on, Polly put the kettle on—we'll all have tea! Do you remember playing that, Mary, when we were children?"

"Yes, indeed I do."

Elinor said: "*When we were children*. . . . It's a pity, Mary, isn't it, that one can never go back? . . ."

Mary said: "Would you like to go back?"

Elinor said with force: "Yes . . . *yes*. . . ."

Silence fell between them for a little while.

Then Mary said, her face flushing: "Miss Elinor, you mustn't think—"

She stopped, warned by the sudden stiffening of Elinor's slender figure, the uplifted line of her chin.

Elinor said in a cold, steel-like voice: "What mustn't I think?"

Mary murmured: "I—I've forgotten what I was going to say."

Elinor's body relaxed—as at a danger past.

Nurse Hopkins came in with a tray. On it was a brown teapot, the milk and three cups.

She said, quite unconscious of anticlimax: "Here's the tea!"

She put the tray in front of Elinor. Elinor shook her head. "I won't have any."

She pushed the tray along toward Mary.

Mary poured out two cups.

Nurse Hopkins sighed with satisfaction. "It's nice and strong."

Elinor got up and moved over to the window. Nurse Hopkins said persuasively: "Are you sure you won't have a cup of tea, Miss Carlisle? Do you good."

Elinor murmured, "No, thank you."

Nurse Hopkins drained her cup, replaced it in the saucer and murmured: "I'll just turn off the kettle. I put it on in case we needed to fill up the pot again."

She bustled out.

Elinor wheeled around from the window. She said, and her voice was suddenly charged with a desperate appeal: "Mary. . . ."

Mary Gerrard answered quickly: "Yes?"

Slowly the light died out of Elinor's face. The lips closed. The desperate pleading faded and left a mere mask—frozen and still. She said: "Nothing."

The silence came down heavily on the room.

Mary thought: "How queer everything is today. As though—as though we were waiting for something."

Elinor moved at last.

She came from the window and picked up the tea tray, placing on it the empty sandwich plate.

Mary jumped up. "Oh, Miss Elinor, let me."

Elinor said sharply: "No, you stay here. I'll do this."

She carried the tray out of the room. She looked back once over her shoulder at Mary Gerrard by the window, young and alive and beautiful. . . .

NURSE HOPKINS was in the pantry. She was wiping her face with a handkerchief. She looked up sharply as Elinor entered. She said: "My word, it's hot in here!"

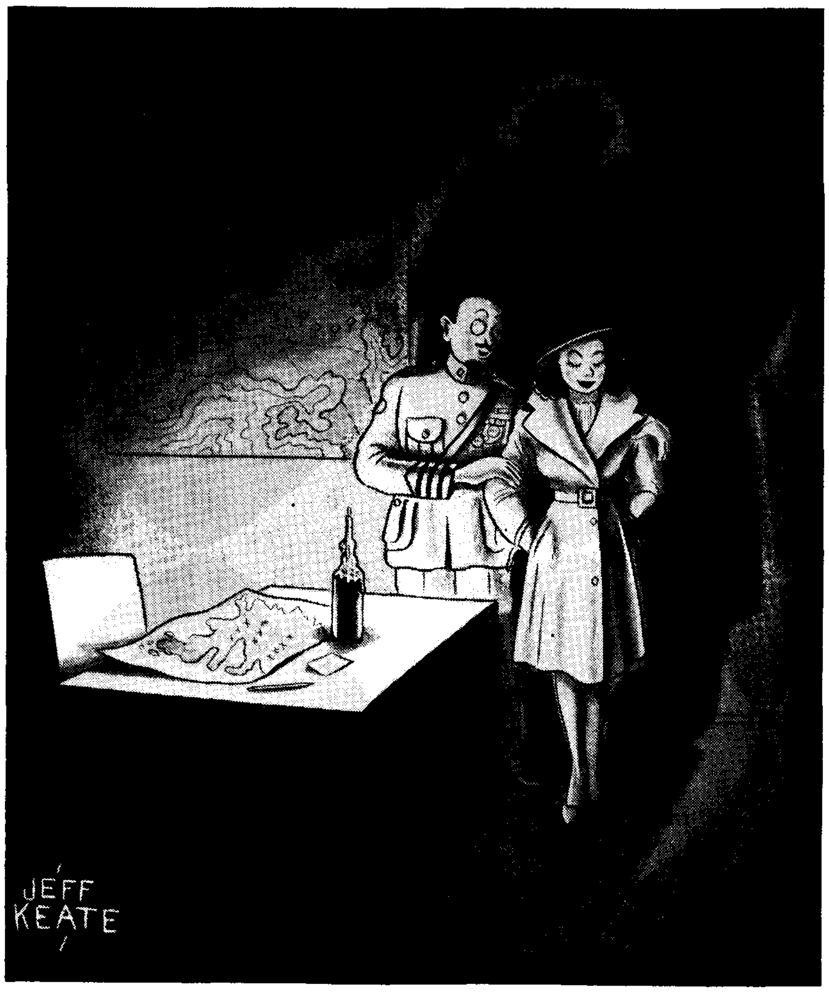
Elinor answered mechanically: "Yes, the pantry faces south."

Nurse Hopkins relieved her of the tray. "You let me wash up, Miss Carlisle. You're not looking quite the thing."

Elinor said: "Oh, I'm all right."

She picked up a dishcloth. "I'll dry."

Nurse Hopkins slipped off her cuffs



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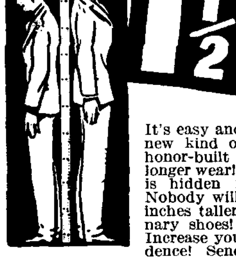

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and poured hot water from the kettle into the basin.

Elinor said idly, looking at her wrist: "You've pricked yourself."

Nurse Hopkins laughed. "On the rose trellis at the lodge—a thorn. I'll get it out presently."

The rose trellis at the lodge. . . . Memory poured in waves over Elinor. She and Roddy quarreling—the Wars of the Roses. She and Roddy quarreling—and making it up. Lovely, laughing, happy days. A sick wave of revulsion passed over her. What had she come to now? What black abyss of hate, of evil? . . . She swayed a little as she stood.

She thought: "I've been mad—quite mad."

Nurse Hopkins was staring at her curiously. "Downright odd, she seemed—" so ran Nurse Hopkins' narrative later. "Talking as if she didn't know what she was saying, and her eyes so bright and queer."

The cups and saucers rattled in the basin. Elinor picked up an empty fish-paste pot from the table and put it into the basin. As she did so she said and marveled at the steadiness of her voice: "I've sorted out some clothes upstairs, Aunt Laura's things. I thought, perhaps, Nurse, you could advise me where they would be useful in the village."

Nurse Hopkins said briskly: "I will indeed. There's Mrs. Parkinson, and old Nellie, and that poor creature who's not quite all there at Ivy Cottage. Be a godsend to them."

She and Elinor cleared up the pantry. Then they went upstairs together.

In Mrs. Welman's room clothes were folded in neat bundles—underclothing—dresses—and certain articles of handsome clothing—velvet tea gowns, a coat. The latter, Elinor explained, she thought of giving to Mrs. Bishop. Nurse Hopkins nodded assent.

She noticed that Mrs. Welman's sables were laid on the chest of drawers. "Going to have them remodeled for herself," she thought to herself.

She cast a look at the big tallboys. She wondered if Elinor had found that photograph signed "Lewis," and what she had made of it if so.

"Funny," she thought to herself, "the way O'Brien's letter crossed mine. I never dreamed a thing like that could happen. Her hitting on that photo just the day I wrote about Mrs. Slattery."

SHE helped Elinor sort through the clothing and volunteered to tie them up in separate bundles for the different families and see to their distribution herself.

She said: "I can be getting on with that while Mary goes down to the lodge and finishes up there. She's only got a box of papers to go through. Where is the girl, by the way? Did she go down to the lodge?"

Elinor said: "I left her in the morning room. . . ."

Nurse Hopkins said: "She'd not be there all this time." She glanced at her watch. "Why, it's nearly an hour we've been up here!"

She bustled down the stairs. Elinor followed her.

They went into the morning room.

Nurse Hopkins exclaimed, "Well, I never, she's fallen asleep."

Mary Gerrard was sitting in a big armchair by the window. She had dropped down a little in it. There was a queer sound in the room—stertorous, labored breathing.

Nurse Hopkins went across and shook the girl. "Wake up, my dear—"

She broke off. She bent lower. Pulled down an eyelid. Then she started shaking the girl in grim earnest.

She turned on Elinor. There was something menacing in her voice as she said: "What's all this?"

Elinor said: "I don't know what you mean. Is she ill?"

Nurse Hopkins said: "Where's the phone? Get hold of Dr. Lord as soon as you can."

Elinor said: "What's the matter?"

"The matter? The girl's ill. She's dying."

Elinor recoiled a step. She said: *"Dying?"*

Nurse Hopkins said: "She's been poisoned. . . ."

Her eyes, hard with suspicion, glared at Elinor. . . .

HERCULE POIROT, his egg-shaped head gently tilted to one side, his eyebrows raised inquiringly, his finger tips joined together, watched the young man who was striding so savagely up and down the room, his pleasant, freckled face puckered and drawn.

Hercule Poirot said: *"Eh bien,* my friend, what *is* all this?"

Peter Lord stopped dead in his pacing. He said: "M. Poirot, you're the only man in the world who can help me. I've heard Stillingfleet talk about you—he's told me what you did in that Benedict Farley case. How every mortal soul thought it was suicide and you showed that it was murder."

Hercule Poirot said: "Have you then a case of suicide among your patients about which you are not satisfied?"

Peter Lord shook his head.

He sat down opposite Poirot. He said: "There's a young woman. She's been arrested and she's going to be tried for murder! I want you to find evidence that will prove that she didn't do it!"

Poirot's eyebrows rose a little higher. Then he assumed a discreet and confidential manner. He said: "You and this young lady—you are affianced—yes? You are in love with each other?"

Peter Lord laughed—a sharp, bitter laugh.

He said: "No, it's not like that! She has the bad taste to prefer a long-nosed, supercilious ass with a face like a melancholy horse! Stupid of her but there it is!"

Poirot said: "I see."

Lord said bitterly: "Oh, yes, you see all right! No need to be so tactful about it. I fell for her straightaway. And because of that, I don't want her hanged. See?"

Poirot said: "What is the charge against her?"

"She's accused of murdering a girl called Mary Gerrard by poisoning her with morphine hydrochloride. You've probably read the account of the inquest in the papers."

Poirot said: "And the motive?"

"Jealousy!"

"And in your opinion she didn't do it?"

"No, of course not."

Hercule Poirot looked at him thoughtfully for a moment or two, then he said: "What is it exactly that you want me to do? To investigate this matter?"

"I want you to get her off."

"I am not a defending counsel, *mon cher.*"

"I'll put it more clearly. I want you to find evidence that will enable her counsel to get her off."

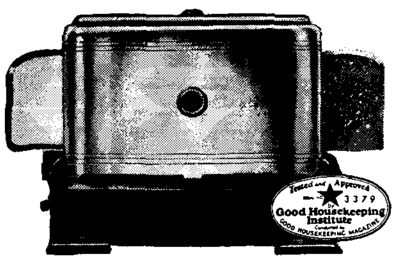
Hercule Poirot said: "You put this a little curiously."

Peter Lord said: "Because I don't wrap it up, you mean? It seems simple enough to me. I want this girl acquitted. I think *you* are the only man who can do it!"

"You wish me to look into the facts? To find out the truth? To discover what really happened?"

"I want you to find any facts that will tell in her favor."

Hercule Poirot, with care and precision, lighted a very tiny cigarette. He said: "But is it not a little unethical what you say there? To arrive at the



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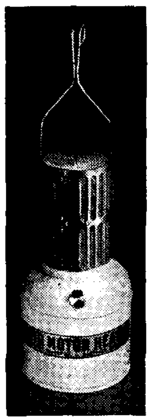

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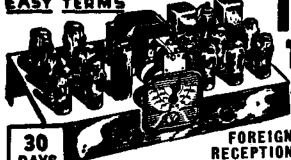

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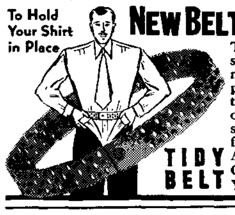

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truth, yes, that always interests me. But the truth is a two-edged weapon. Supposing that I find facts *against* the lady? Do you demand that I suppress them?"

Peter Lord stood up. He was very white. He said: "That's impossible! Nothing that you could find could be more against her than the facts are already! They're utterly and completely damning! You couldn't find anything that would damn her more completely than she is already! I'm asking you to use all your ingenuity—Stillingfleet says you're damned ingenious—to ferret out a loophole, a possible alternative."

Hercule Poirot said: "Surely her lawyers will do that?"

"Will they?" The young man laughed scornfully. "They're licked before they start! Think it's hopeless! They've hired Bulmer K.C.—the forlorn hope man—that's a give-away in itself!"

HERCULE POIROT said: "Supposing she *is* guilty—do you still want to get her acquitted?"

Peter Lord said quietly: "Yes."

Hercule Poirot moved in his chair. He said: "You interest me. . . ."

After a minute or two, he said: "You had better, I think, tell me the exact facts of the case."

"Haven't you read anything about it in the papers?"

Hercule Poirot waved a hand. "A mention of it—yes. But the newspapers they are so inaccurate, I never go by what they say."

Peter Lord said: "It's quite simple. Horribly simple. This girl, Elinor Carlisle, had just come into a place near here—Hunterbury Hall—and a fortune from her aunt, who died intestate. Aunt's name was Welman. Aunt had a nephew by marriage—Roderick Welman. He was engaged to Elinor Carlisle—long-standing business, known each other since children. There was a girl down at Hunterbury—Mary Gerrard, daughter of the lodgekeeper. Old Mrs. Welman had made a lot of fuss about her, paid for her education, etc. Consequence is girl was to outward seeming a lady. Roderick Welman, it seems, fell for her. In consequence, engagement was broken off.

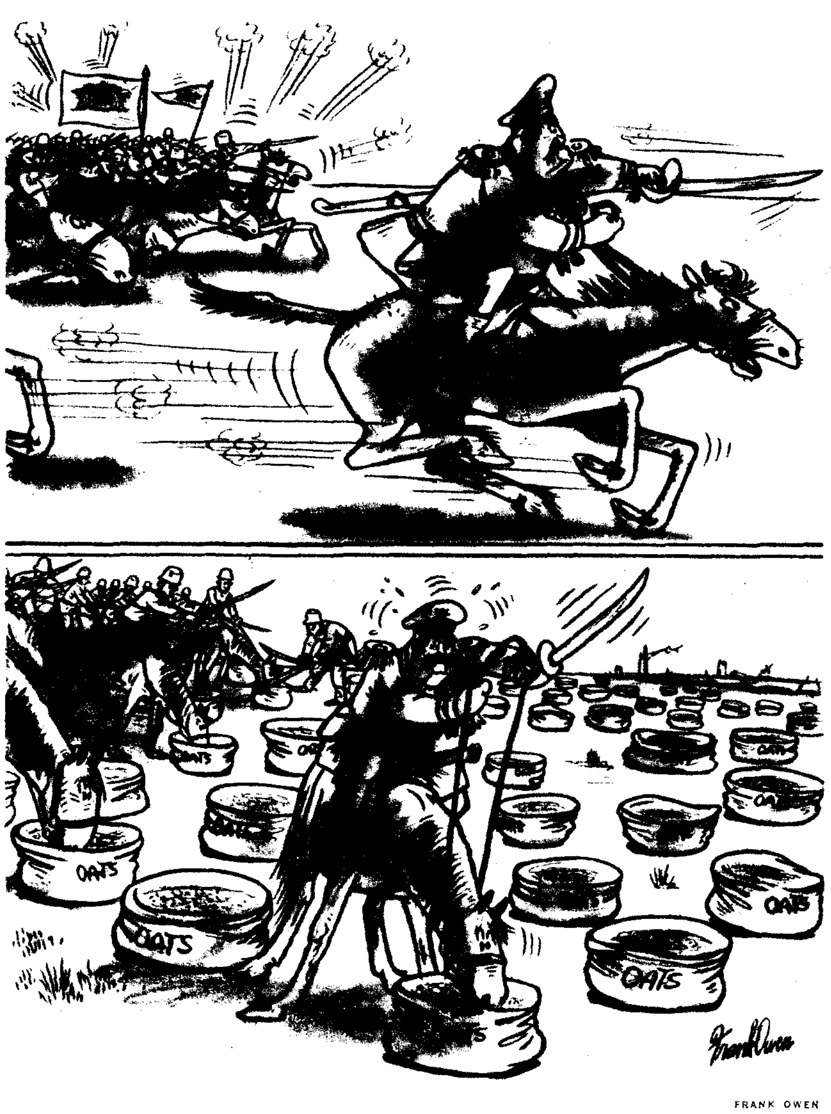
"Now we come to the doings. Elinor Carlisle put up the place for sale and a man called Somervell bought it. Elinor came down to clear out her aunt's personal possessions and so on. Mary Gerrard, whose father had just died, was clearing out the lodge. That brings us to the morning of July 27th.

"Elinor Carlisle was staying at the local hotel. In the street, she met the former housekeeper, Mrs. Bishop. Mrs. Bishop suggested coming up to the house to help her. Elinor refused—rather vehemently. Then she went into the grocer's shop and bought some fish paste and there she made a remark about food poisoning. You see? Perfectly innocent thing to do, but of course it tells against her! She went up to the house and about one o'clock she went down to the lodge where Mary Gerrard was busy with the district nurse, a nosy woman called Hopkins, helping her—and told them that she had some sandwiches ready up at the house.

"They came up to the house with her, ate sandwiches and about an hour or so later I was sent for and found Mary Gerrard unconscious. Did all I could but it was no good. Autopsy revealed large dose of morphine had been taken a short time previously. And the police found a scrap of a label from morphine hydrochloride just where Elinor Carlisle had been spreading the sandwiches."

(*To be continued next week*)

THE GENERAL



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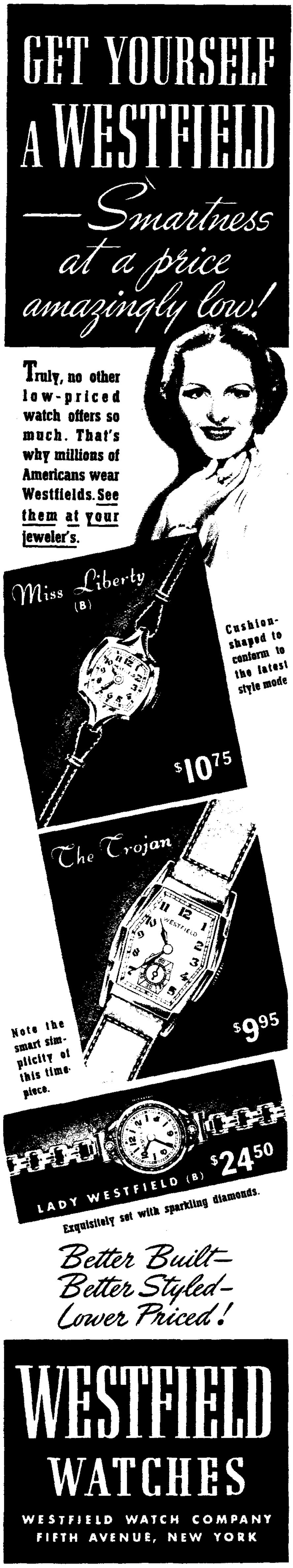
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Musical Triple-Threat

By Howard Taubman

Sergei Rachmaninoff, best-paid pianist in the business, is a composer and a conductor when he feels like it. He usually doesn't, though, because it interferes with his way of life

EVERY time Sergei Rachmaninoff hammers out the bing-bang-bong of the Prelude in C Sharp Minor he hates it a little more. Every time he hears it on a radio program or accidentally comes within earshot of it, he grits his teeth and moans sorrowfully. Recently, he played it for the fifteen hundredth time, cursing long, intricate Russian curses and regretting the day when, as a youth of twenty, he tossed it off and sold all his rights in it for about twenty dollars.

That's all he ever made out of the Prelude. Had he retained the rights and received royalties on the piece for the past forty-seven years, his reward would have ranged somewhere between $50,000 and $100,000.

He thinks about this ironic situation every time the familiar bing-bang-bong of the opening bar echoes through a concert hall.

In the days when Rachmaninoff did not feel so strongly about the Prelude, he tinkered with it and revised it. He played the revised version at a concert. The critics promptly wrote that he didn't know how to play his own piece. He decided that it would be futile to tell them about the revision. He would just have to go through life being a slave to a youthful indiscretion.

The Prelude is one of the few things on which Sergei Rachmaninoff will compromise. Both his art and his way of life are precious and he will not change them. A photographer proposed a series of action studies. The series would begin, the photographer said, with a shot of Rachmaninoff shaving. Rachmaninoff demurred, "I am a musician." The photographer was persuasive: "Why, last week a famous United States senator posed putting on his shirt." Rachmaninoff was unmoved by this triumphant point of logic. He closed the interview with a shrug and a smile. "The senator," he said deferentially, "is a more important man than I am."

Rachmaninoff, through his music, has plenty to say. He is our most accomplished triple-threat musician. If his threefold prowess as composer, pianist and conductor do not speak eloquently enough he has nothing more to say.

That is why he seems to be austere and aloof. That is why he, more than any other musician of his reputation, has kept his private life to himself. He has never courted publicity. He issues no pronunciamentos. He believes that the public judges the artist by what he does. If an artist fails, says Rachmaninoff, it is not because of the public's shortcomings but because he hasn't what it takes.

All by Rachmaninoff

The American public knew that Rachmaninoff had it from the start. He bowled them over when he came here for the first time thirty years ago, and now, at sixty-seven, he is at the summit of his career. There are not more than one or two other musicians alive at this time—maybe Paderewski and Kreisler—who could celebrate an anniversary as he has just been doing with the Philadelphia Orchestra in New York and Philadelphia. There have been three programs, all by Rachmaninoff. Not only was it his own music but he played some of it and conducted a good deal of the rest.

On the stage you see the tall, lean figure walking out on the platform, the long head almost scraping the lintel. He moves slowly to the piano, thrusts his long legs under the keyboard and doubles up like a jackknife as his fingers begin to move over the keyboard. He is clean-shaven, face deeply seamed, eyes set in heavily lined pockets.

Rachmaninoff is not austere. He is self-contained. But when he gets peeved, he can be cutting. He was debarking from a train once in a Midwestern city. A young reporter grabbed his arm and gave it a painful tug. Rachmaninoff turned furiously. "Gangster!" he shouted and strode away. Another time an unruly audience got under his skin. He raced through the program and when it was over vanished from the stage, eliminating encores—including the Prelude—and left the hall.

Home Again

Pass a typical day with him on the road. He spends a large part of his life on trains, but he doesn't grouse about it. He did say sardonically the other day as the porter parked his luggage in his compartment, "Well, at home again." But he is a good sport about travel. He does not ever complain about poor accommodations. In a Wisconsin village once, the plaster of his whitewashed room was loose and faded. He smiled wryly. "The life of an artist."

He usually arrives in a new town in the morning, making long jumps, if possible, by sleeper. His wife, whom he married in Russia thirty-seven years ago, travels with him. When he came to America for the first time in 1909, he was alone. He hated the loneliness of touring so cordially that he did not return for four years. Mrs. Rachmaninoff unpacks a few things while he runs his fingers over the piano—several pianos travel with him and one is sent to his room in advance.

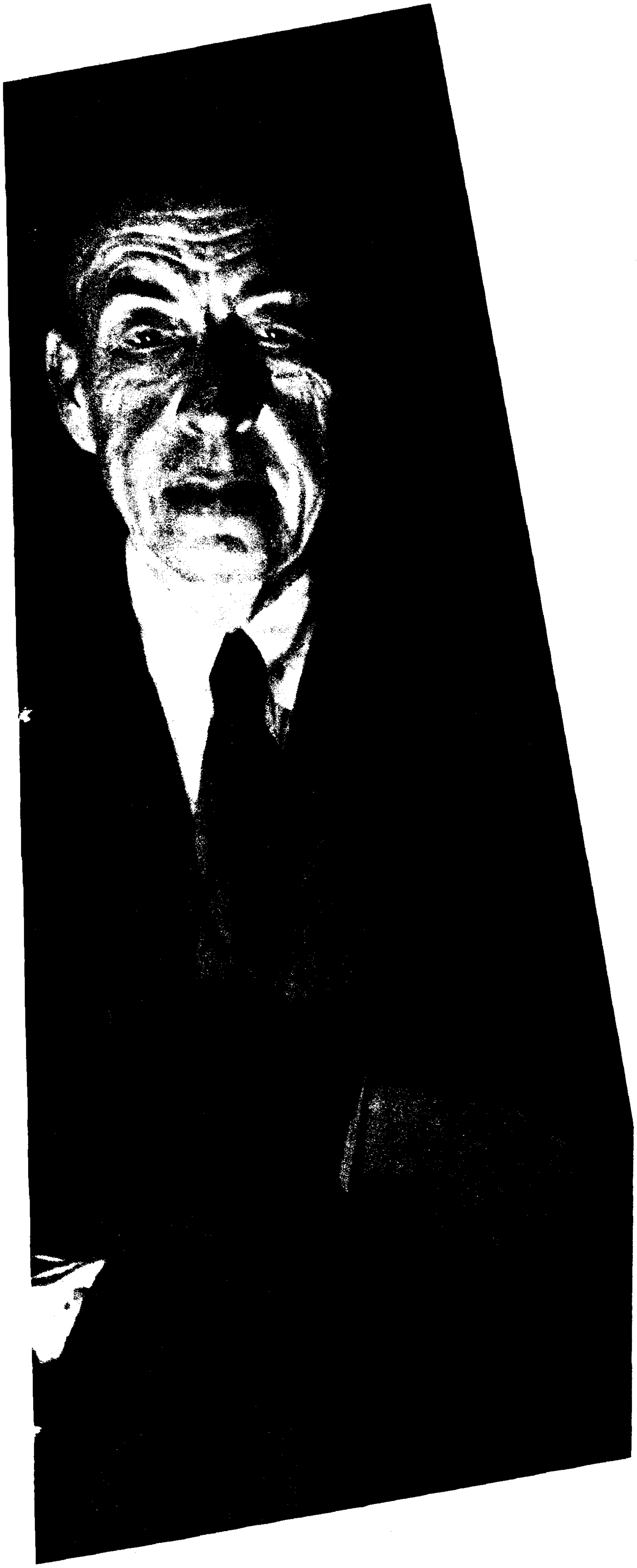
The Rachmaninoffs take their meals in the hotel dining room. He does not avoid people, and only when the dining room is jammed does he prefer eating in his room. After a breakfast of double orange juice, poached eggs, coffee and toast, Rachmaninoff practices for a spell. He is an old-fashioned walker, and if he is visiting a new town he postpones practice and goes for a stroll after breakfast.

When he was younger, he practiced five hours a day. Now he has cut it to two hours in short periods. He has not forgotten how he loafed as a boy and how he had to labor to make it up. He used to rely on his brilliant gifts to cover up laziness. The time he should have spent worrying went into skating, fishing and swimming.

The Rachmaninoffs take lunch and dinner at one and six. He does not

(Continued on page 61)

VALENTINO SARRA



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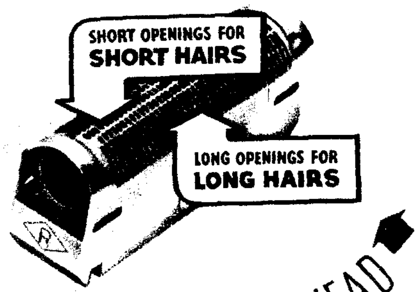
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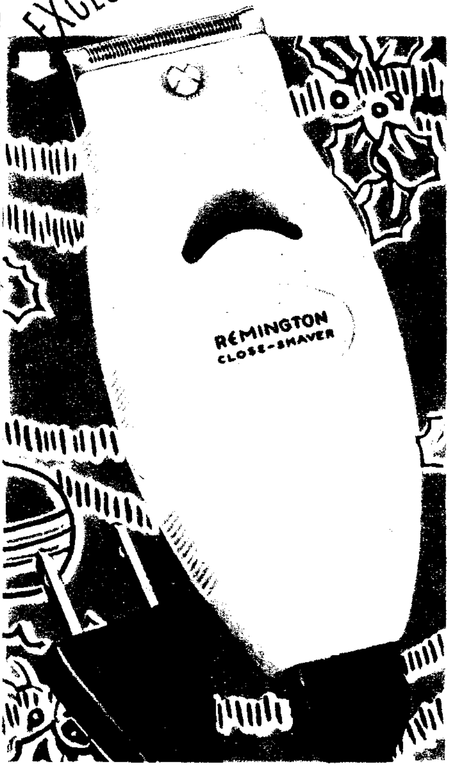

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Saddle and Ride

Continued from page 15

Clay said: "You look thin, Charley."

"I been on the go," said Hillhouse. "We're shippin' heavy this fall."

Hack Breathitt spoke impatiently: "What are we standin' here for? Let's get a drink."

They moved toward the Long Grade Saloon, three abreast. Clay Morgan walked between his partners, a hand lying on each man's shoulder. He was a head taller than Hack, half a head taller than Charley. Directly opposite, under the locust trees, Clay noticed the crowd grouped around Ben Herendeen—Gurd Grant and Lige White, both big cattlemen, and Sheriff Ed Nickum, and a few smaller ranchers like Tip Brigham and Vance Ketchell. Herendeen's riders, with a few townsmen, made up the rest of the crowd. Ben Herendeen had his huge muscular back shoved against the bole of a locust tree. He was speaking with a good deal of energy; his sandy head bobbed up and down and his extremely heavy arms made quick cuts through the air, throwing some of his physical intolerance into the talk. His eyes lifted and found Clay Morgan and for a moment, even as he spoke, his long, full stare clung to Morgan. A moment later the three partners shouldered into the Long Grade.

Hack Breathitt got a bottle, two glasses and a bunch of cigars They went to a corner table and sat down. Hack Breathitt passed the cigars to Morgan, poured a drink for Hillhouse and for himself and settled deep in the chair. For that little interval he was as relaxed as he could ever be, still smiling a little, still with the sparkle of secret amusement in his eyes. He said, "To law and order," and downed the drink.

"You," said Hillhouse tolerantly, "are an ornery son of a gun."

"I guess," murmured Hack Breathitt, "I never see things like other people see 'em. Seems like I was born to argue. I'm the man that puts salt in my coffee instead of sugar. Maybe I ought to settle down. You think so, Clay?"

CLAY MORGAN fired up one of the cigars. He was low in the chair, chin against his breast; his face then was dark and speculative. He shook his head. "Man has to make his own life, Hack. If you like yours, why change?"

Breathitt shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe I better change before it is too late."

Charley Hillhouse's question held a degree of sharpness: "What's that mean?"

"The country ain't the same," murmured Hack. "There's one hell of a beautiful ruckus comin'. The sheep and the goats. That's it. The sheep and the goats. Accordin' to Ben Herendeen I'm one of the goats. Ben's about ready to work on the goats."

Hillhouse started to speak but was stopped by quick-rising talk on the street. A man struck the swinging doors of the saloon with both fists and rushed in. He said, in a half shout, "They let Ollie Jacks free," and ran out. The conversation in the saloon rose at once to a noisy pitch.

Charley Hillhouse slapped the palm of his hand on the table. He was violently and openly angry, a rare thing for him.

"The two townsmen on that jury did it," he said. "It is plain that we can't convict a rustler in War Pass. There won't be any more monkey business with juries."

Hack Breathitt grinned. "I'd like to see Ben Herendeen's face right now."

Charley Hillhouse answered irritably: "If it was your beef, Hack, you wouldn't make a joke of it."

"No," said Hack Breathitt, "I guess I wouldn't. I guess if it was my beef I'd handle that business myself."

"That's what we'll do," stated Charley Hillhouse. "Wait and see."

"I'm waitin'—and I'm seein'," murmured Hack, quite seriously. He put his elbows on the table, a handsome young man, a man impatient and unconforming and disbelieving. "And this is what I'm seein', Charley: Ben Herendeen and Gurd Grant and Lige White will get tough. They'll figure to clear up the hills, their own way. You know how that ends, Charley? The sheep and the goats. Everybody on their side is sheep. Everybody else is goats. No questions and no answers. Just bang." He stretched his long finger outward and cocked his thumb, making an imaginary shot. "They'll figure to scare hell out of every stray rider. But they won't, my boy. They'll just make fellows like me damned good and mad—and then the trouble starts."

"If it was your beef you'd see it our way," repeated Charley Hillhouse.

HACK BREATHITT had his moments of wisdom; he had his far thoughts: "There's two kinds of people in this world, Charley. Those that have got beef—and those that have got none. People that stick and people that drift. The Lord made you and me different. It ain't my fault and it ain't your fault. But I like my way—and no man can make me change."

"Ben's got nothing against you," said Charley Hillhouse.

Hack Breathitt showed Hillhouse a smart, dark expression. "When folks get heated up, Charley, there ain't no halfway. It's one thing or the other. The sheep or the goats." He poured himself a second drink. "You know what I'm thinkin', boys? I'm thinkin' that this is probably the last time us three will sit at the same table."

"Don't talk like that," said Charley Hillhouse.

But both of them were watching Clay Morgan, who sat silent all this while, buried in his own thinking. He had always been the silent one, the last one to speak. He said, very quiet with his words, "I want you to know this, Hack. If you ever get in trouble, come to me. I'll stand behind you."

Charley Hillhouse shook his head, bothered by Morgan's words. "I knew you'd say that, Clay, but I wish you hadn't. Makes it tough on me. Long as I work for Three Pines I'll let nothing get between me and the ranch." He met Hack Breathitt's glance and quietly added: "Don't come to me, Hack."

"See?" murmured Hack, and then was smiling at them with a little regret and a little of his old malice showing. "Well, we've had fun."

That was all. These three rose and crossed the room, pushing through the doors. Ben Herendeen remained under the locust trees, with Lige White and Gurd Grant and a group of Three Pines riders. Sheriff Nickum was also there, coat hung loosely to his gaunt frame. Jesse Rusey, farther down the street, watched this crowd; and on him Clay Morgan put his glance for a moment. Charley Hillhouse went across the dust to join Herendeen. Janet turned out of McGarrah's store, advancing toward Morgan. Her little shoulders showed straight in the sunless light, her small feet made a quick tapping on the sidewalk boards. She said:

"We are having supper with Ann McGarrah, Daddy." Her soft smile held its secret again, her eyes showed it. "Didn't I tell you?"

Hack Breathitt removed his hat with a flourish. "How, honey."

"How, Hack."

Hack said: "Come along with a gentleman."

Janet put her hand in Hack Breathitt's fist and walked away with him.

Morgan laid his shoulders against the wall of the saloon and freshened his cigar with a match. The group remained beneath the locust trees, Herendeen and Lige White now talking together while the rest remained silent A good many people had come to the street, scattered under the board awnings. All of them, he noticed, were watching the courthouse. Tension crawled up the street, strong enough to touch Morgan's nerves. Jesse Rusey never moved from his position as he, too, watched the courthouse door. A stage stood by the Mountain House Hotel, ready to go. At the stable, Parr Gentry sat on a capsized barrel, lumped over and apparently disinterested, but Morgan saw the way the man's eyes traveled around. Hack Breathitt and Janet were crossing the dust to Tanner's drugstore and at this moment Ollie Jacks, freed by the jury's verdict, stepped from the courthouse, looked to either end of the street, and halted.

There had been some talk along the street. It died out as quickly as if a gust of wind, rushing between these buildings, drew all sound away. A pair of men walked from the saloon and stood near Morgan, one of them whispering, "Watch this, Bill." Herendeen swung his big body from the locust tree. The crowd around him shifted, each man wheeling on his heels, until everybody faced Ollie Jacks. Suddenly, for some reason of his own, Jesse Rusey left his position at the mouth of Stage Street, passed Herendeen's group and stopped at the edge of the post office, not far from Ollie Jacks.

This shifting and turning was what Clay Morgan saw, this and the taut shape of Ollie Jacks before the courthouse. He was a wiry man with the drawn, blank face of a gambler; he was a man who had been caught stealing beef and now, by the act of the jury, was free to ride out. His horse was in Gentry's stable, fifty feet from where he stood, yet this was as far as he got, this rooted position before the courthouse with Jesse Rusey on one side of him and Herendeen's group watching him from the other, and with all the town looking on. At that moment he knew what Clay Morgan and every soul in town knew: he knew he was a dead man.

THIS was the way Ollie Jacks faced the town, narrow-shaped and thoroughly still, his glance taking in all that was to be seen. He showed no expression during that small interval, nothing marred the smooth blankness of his wiry cheeks, yet Clay Morgan knew what lay behind that mask—the shocking fear, the wild clawing of desperation, the scheming and the hoping, the fatal insight, and though Morgan had never liked the man, he had his stir of admiration and pity. This was showdown for a fellow who had gambled his life; now in the showdown, with all his luck running out, he wasn't breaking.

During this time two other bits of side play caught Clay Morgan's attention—Rusey's change of position and the sudden appearance of Pete Borders at the corner of the Mountain House Hotel. By all the rules of the book, Borders had less security in this town than Ollie Jacks, for Borders was known as a rustler far more ambitious than Jacks had ever been. Jacks was a weak man caught by a daring he wasn't big enough to carry off, whereas Borders was the kind to make his audacity stick, and now to appear here, contemptuous of them all.

The long silence held on, as though everybody waited for something to come. Ollie Jacks reached his shirt pocket and produced his tobacco. He put his head down while he rolled the cigarette, the brim of his hat shading his eyes, and he was thinking, Clay Morgan knew, of each last thin chance he had. Morgan watched the man's fingers roll the cigarette back and forth until the paper began to crush and the tobacco to spill. There was a growing sharpness to Jacks' shoulder points until at last, when Jacks could no longer endure it, he dropped the cigarette and pulled up his head and showed this town the gray, bitter color of his face. His glance struck into the street, point by point; he looked at Herendeen, at Rusey, at Gentry's stable, and at last he looked straight to Clay Morgan. His shoulders dropped and he seemed to let a great breath out of him; and, still staring at Morgan, he came across the dust.

"Clay," he said, "I never did you no wrong, did I?"

"Not that I know of."

SWEAT ran its oil shine across Ollie Jacks' face; his lips were small and sharp and his eyes—not the eyes that any man could trust—clung to Morgan. "No," he said, "I never did you any wrong. I never set foot on an inch of your range in my life. That's something, ain't it? I'm not lyin'. The jury gave me a break but I know what all this means. All I want is a chance to ride out of this town."

Morgan slowly turned the cigar in his mouth. The weight of the town was on him; all the eyes of Herendeen's crowd had swung to him. He saw the way Charley Hillhouse slowly shook his head, as a signal to keep out of it. He watched Jesse Rusey make a half turn to face him more accurately. Hack Breathitt came from the drugstore with Janet, reached the middle of the street and stopped at once. He bent down and whispered to her, and sent her on to McGarrah's. Pete Borders hadn't moved from the corner of the Mountain House Hotel. There was nothing good in Ollie Jacks; never had been and never would be. If he got away from Herendeen now he would be back in the hills again, once more rustling. Morgan knew it, yet said, "Wait here, Ollie," and walked toward Herendeen.

The group around Herendeen gave ground as he came up. Lige White said in a puzzled voice, "Don't interfere, Clay," and Gurd Grant shook his head. They were all cattlemen and so was he; but they felt a difference in him now and didn't like it. Ben Herendeen remained against the locust tree; his round, long jaw ran back to flat ears, to a tall forehead and close-cut sandy hair; he was no older than Morgan, no more than twenty-nine, with a ruddy, unlined face. He was heavy and swell-chested. His chin threw the lower lip over the upper, adding to the square, bulldog cast of his expression; and he hated Clay Morgan, and had hated him as far back as boyhood.

Morgan said: "My daughter is in town. I don't want her scared—"

"Clay," said Lige White, "step over here a moment. I want to explain something—"

"Later, Lige. Not now."

Herendeen said in his bluntly unanswerable manner: "Everybody's been talking about things being legal. So we made this legal and see what happened. We won't make that mistake again. You're on the wrong foot, Clay. Better get right."

"Never mind," said Morgan. They saw him now as he seldom was, the quick angles of his face showing up. The change was instant; he had no smoothness, no reasonableness. What he said was a challenge—he meant it that way and wanted them to know it. No qualifications, no arguing: "As long as Janet is in town I want no racket about this. If there is a racket I'll take care of the man that made it." He swung around, speaking to Ollie Jacks: "You're all right in town, Ollie. But when you leave, that's your grief."

"Whoa," said Herendeen, "I'll make what damned racket I please."

Morgan came about fast enough to make Lige White jerk his head aside. Morgan said: "All right, Ben. If you want it, you can have it now."

It shocked everybody still, this challenge, so unexpected and so deadly in a quick-tempered country. It caught Herendeen with his guard down. Charley Hillhouse's mouth fell open, Gurd Grant showed Morgan a stunned wonder; and then everybody was waiting for Herendeen to say the only thing he could say. Nobody accepted that kind of talk. Herendeen stepped away from the locust tree, the bright flame of anger in his eyes.

"I'll just go along with you—"

Jesse Rusey's voice, very soft and very sure, broke in: "Nothing's going to happen to Ollie Jacks inside this town."

HERENDEEN turned at once. The marshal had come to the edge of the group. He stood by, short and quite broad, with no change on his face. Blood rushed to Herendeen's cheeks until they were a dark-stained red. He gave Rusey a killing glance and looked over to Ollie Jacks, who remained by the saloon. Pete Borders had drifted forward as far as Gentry's stable; he had the point of a shoulder against the stable wall and he stared on with a latent, amused insolence. Herendeen watched him a moment and then looked at Morgan again. There was this long interval in which he had seen these four men, Rusey, Ollie Jacks, Pete Borders and Morgan; and after that something changed in his head and his eyes showed a gray, heated smartness. He spoke in a level voice:

"I've got some business to finish during the week, Morgan. When that's done I'll see you. That is all I care to say."

"Fine," answered Morgan, and walked away. Behind him, the astonished silence still held.

He passed the courthouse and went into the post office, rapping at the wicket until Fred Rich came out of the back room.

"No notice yet on Government Valley?"

"No," said the postmaster.

"I want to know when it comes."

"I'll post it on one of the buildings in the valley. That's regulation."

"Sure," said Morgan and turned to go. He met Lige White and Gurd Grant at the doorway. They waved him back into the post-office lobby, both of them dead serious. Gurd Grant was a man close to thirty, redheaded and pretty cool; Lige White was older. These two operated outfits almost as large as Herendeen's; they were long friends of Morgan but they were irritated with him now, and told him so.

Lige White said: "You had no call to talk to Herendeen like that. Now there's hell to pay. You know very well he'll have to call you on those words. I want you to take this right, from me—you were mighty foolish. Everybody knows you two boys don't care much for each other, but that gives you no license to insult him on this matter. What's Ollie Jacks to you, anyhow?"

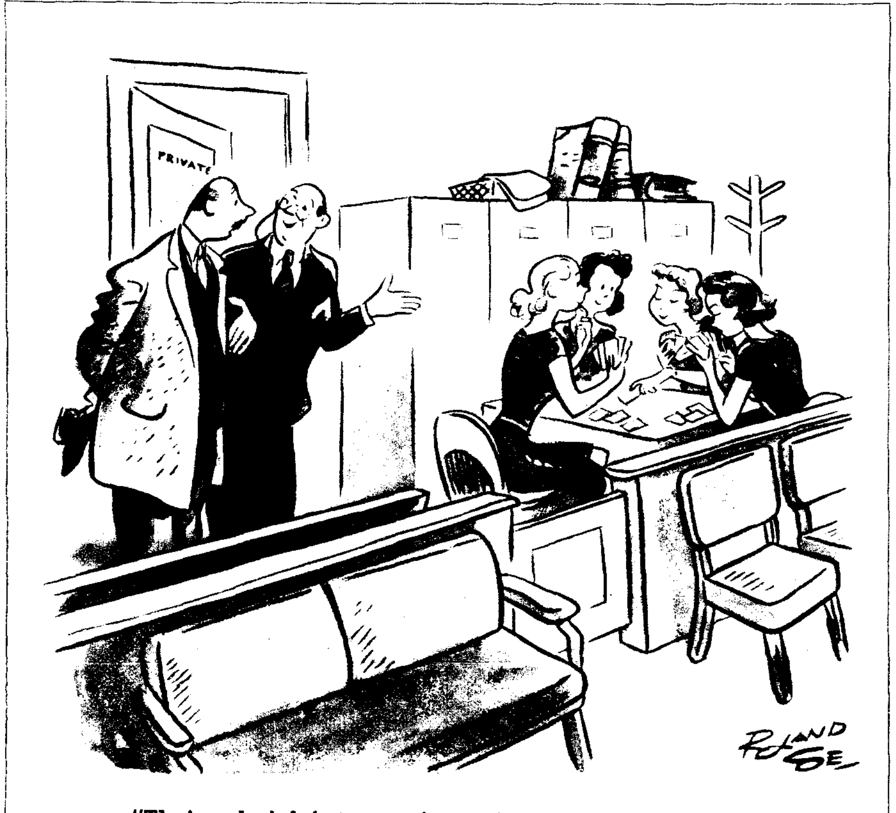
"Nothing," answered Morgan.

Lige White threw up his hands. "Then why?"

MORGAN only shook his head, still smiling. The smile further irritated Lige White, who said: "You must be crazy. We've all got to stick together. I don't know how we're going to do this, but we'll have to patch up this quarrel somehow. Come over to the saloon with me. We'll have a drink, and then maybe Gurd can get Herendeen to join us. We can talk about it."

Morgan still held his cigar. He lighted it again, letting these two wait for his answer. He said: "Ben Herendeen is pretty proud. Damn a man that brings his outfit down here to scare hell out of one small-time rustler. Tell him that."

Lige White said: "I never saw you



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this way before. There must be something else."

"Maybe there is."

Lige White shrugged his shoulders. "All right, Clay. Your funeral, not mine. Let's go, Gurd."

He watched them return to the group under the locust trees. Pete Borders turned back from Gentry's stable and traveled along the opposite walk. He looked over to Morgan, showing the latter a deeply interested expression. This scene had puzzled him as much as the others; he was trying to figure its meaning. Jesse Rusey hadn't moved. Ollie Jacks still stood against the wall of the saloon, as though tied hand and foot. The man was waiting out this long, dangerous stretch of time, fearing the slightest motion. Herendeen watched him, and the group around Herendeen remained tight. He showed nothing on his face, but the feeling in him ran quick and hard and restless, made so by the dragging suspense.

SUDDENLY Herendeen said something to Charley Hillhouse, who walked over to Jesse Rusey. Hillhouse spoke a quiet word, whereupon Rusey shook his head. Charley Hillhouse returned to Herendeen, carrying back the message, and then Herendeen gestured with one arm and crossed to the Long Grade, going inside. The group dissolved. Herendeen's riders drifted into the street aimlessly but Morgan saw that they were still watching Ollie Jacks. There would be no trouble for a little while, he guessed.

Janet had gone into McGarrah's store, but all this while Hack Breathitt remained in the middle of the street, missing none of the scene. As soon as Herendeen entered the saloon Breathitt came over to Morgan. Excitement brightened his restless blue eyes; the strain of all this had kinked his nerves.

"I never saw you do that before, Clay."

"What were you standing out there for?" Morgan wanted to know.

Hack showed a small, embarrassed grin. "What you think?"

"My grief—not yours, Hack."

"Maybe, maybe not." But the small man shook his head. "You're too smart to spout off like that unless you had it all figured out. So you got something in your coco. I wish I knew. When you leaving town?"

"After dinner."

"I'll stick around until then," said Hack dryly, and headed for the saloon.

The sun was gone from desert and sky, leaving a soft, blue-running light behind. The supper triangle began to beat up its iron clanging from the porch of the Mountain House Hotel. The Red Canyon stage rolled out of the hills, made a howling swing into Main Street and stopped before the hotel in smoky eddies of dust. Morgan left the post-office doorway, still interested in the way the Three Pines riders—Herendeen's outfit—scattered themselves along the street. When he passed the hotel he saw Lige White's wife standing in the doorway, a repressed expression on her face. He stopped and removed his hat and spoke pleasantly; she was, he thought, the most self-contained woman in the country. When she smiled she became ten years younger but, as always, a shadow remained in her eyes. Like worry, or like some unhappiness deeply hidden. Janet had appeared at McGarrah's doorway and was calling his name.

Mrs. White, who had no children of her own, said gently: "She has the prettiest hair, Clay. I wish you'd let her stay with me sometime."

"I'll ask her," said Clay Morgan. He turned over the dust, once more running the street with his careful glance. A Three Pines man stood by the post-office corner, and one loitered at the arch of Gentry's corral. Jesse Rusey wasn't to be seen. Ollie Jacks left his spot by the saloon, crossed the street and walked beneath the board awnings, as far as the hotel. He put his arm on the porch rail. His head was lowered but Morgan saw his hat perk a little. The man was dead, even as his mind clawed at the thought of escape; and he knew he was dead. A Three Pines rider walked by Morgan, going down to the brick and dobe buildings of Old Town. From the doorway of McGarrah's, Morgan watched that man turn and block the way for Ollie Jacks. Ollie Jack's arm slowly fell from the hotel's porch rail; he swung around and started back for the stable, walking as though a heavy weight pushed at his shoulders and at his knees. Morgan caught one good glimpse of his face; it was thin and old with strain.

Janet took his hand. They went on through the store, into the back quarters. Ann McGarrah was in the kitchen, dishing the meal; he passed on to the rear porch, took off his coat and scrubbed away the riding dust. When he returned to the dining room they were waiting for him—Janet and Ann.

Sometimes, in his long riding hours, Clay Morgan's thoughts turned to the puzzle of his future, and always, in that pondering, there came a time when he saw Ann McGarrah's face and heard the even melody of her voice. Her eyes were deep brown, with stillness, with depth. Black hair ran smoothly away from forehead and temples. Her lips, red and expressive, could quickly smile; but always, when she spoke, she held him gently distant.

"Like home," he said.

She looked at him carefully. "What should home be like? Men have different notions."

"I wish," said Janet, "you would tell Daddy not to cut up my meat. I'm nine years old now."

"I keep forgetting," said Morgan. "Hard for me to recall you're practically a lady. Just a little while back, it seems, you were in a high chair, spilling milk. That's how time goes." He was watching Janet and he was smiling, knowing that this reference to babyhood always teased her. This was how Ann McGarrah best remembered him; this was the side of him that made her still and watchful and a little sad—this sight of the big man idle in the chair, loosened and idle and affectionately amused with his daughter.

Few people knew Clay Morgan as Ann McGarrah knew him. And she knew what almost nobody else knew: he had never forgotten, never would forget, his first wife.

They ate, idly talking, idly arguing. The druggist's boy, Fred Tanner, came to the back yard and called Janet's name. Janet moved restlessly in her seat until Morgan nodded. As soon as she had gone, Ann McGarrah said: "You'll be riding a lot this week. Let Janet stay here."

Morgan smiled. "What is it this time, Ann? There's always something."

She said candidly: "A new dress, Clay. And her hair."

He said: "I guess there are some things I can't do for her."

"I can do those things for her. I like to. I want to." But when she said this her manner changed and her eyes were cool and her voice pushed him away. "I don't mean that the way it sounds. For her, Clay. Not for you."

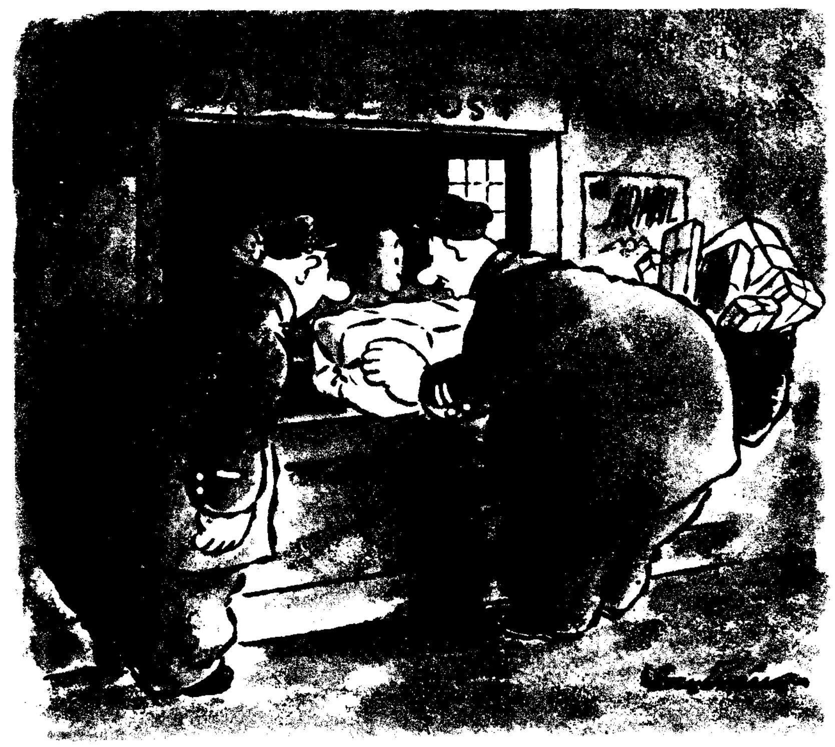
His head was lifted and he was listening to the thinned report of a man's loud voice on the street; he was straight in the chair, his mind and temper changing back to the world out there. She knew what he was thinking, for she had been on the porch when he had challenged Herendeen. She said in a subdued voice:

"I'm not surprised you were willing to quarrel with him. It goes back a long way. You never forget anything."

He said, politely unrevealing: "What?"

"Clay," she said, "your memory is too long. Someday it will kill you."

HE BOWED his head a little, as if in agreement. Then he got up, and said, "Thanks for the supper, Ann," and walked on through the store to the front porch. She followed him; she was beside him when he paused on the street. Janet ran forward from the store's back alley, out of breath and laughing. At this moment Morgan's interest was wholly on the street. Ann McGarrah saw how closely he studied the roundabout shadows. It was a carefulness that he had always had, as though the need of it had been burned in him since the beginning. Darkness rolled tidally down the hills, filling War Pass. Lights



"It says here—it says, 'If not delivered in five days soak in a bucket of water and return to sender' . . ." JAY IRVING glinted through window and doorway and made yellow, fanwise pools on the walks, and the night breeze bore in sage scent and pine scent from the upper country. The Burnt Ranch stage stood before the hotel, ready to go. Morgan's attention clung to the dark area around Gentry's corral a long while. Afterward he said to Janet: "You're staying here for a few days. Let's take a little walk before I start home."

Ann McGarrah knew where they were going. Paused by the storeway door, she watched these two, the tall shape of the man and the slender figure of the girl, side by side, go down into Old Town, Janet's small hand gripping her father's. One light illumined them a moment, then they were lost beyond Old Town as they walked toward the cemetery. Ann McGarrah stood still. She put her hands together, turned bitter by what she knew.

BEYOND Old Town a creek came out of the hills and crossed under the road with a liquid lapping. Past the creek the round-topped wooden headboards of the cemetery glowed vaguely white under the moonlight. Following the irregular row, Morgan stopped before his wife's grave. Janet's hand gripped his fingers more tightly and she stood quite close to him. There was a child's dread of the unknown in her. He didn't want it to trouble her, so he said casually: "Next time I come to town, we must cut the grass here and paint the board again."

She said: "Do I look like her, Daddy?"

"When you are eighteen, Janet, you will look exactly as she looked. That was the year we were married."

He heard her soft, long sigh. "It would be so nice to have a mother."

This was the thing that hit him so hard, his daughter's loneliness for a mother. He stood at the foot of the grave, with his hat removed, thinking back to that long-gone night when Lila Durrie, so full of life and laughter and recklessness, had smiled to him across the dance hall's width, putting everything into her round, black eyes. At eighteen a man was like the blowing wind; he had gone over, knowing there would be a fight. Ben Herendeen had brought her to the dance and Ben Herendeen stood by, quietly raging. When the music started, Lila Durrie looked up at the sullen Herendeen, laughed at him and took Clay Morgan's arm, dancing away. At the doorway they had stepped out; down by the row of buggies, in the bland, black night, they had stood a moment, no longer cool and no longer laughing. Even now Morgan remembered the sharpness, the wild intensity of his feelings as he kissed her and heard her whisper in his ears, "Clay—Clay, do you love me?" They had gone immediately to his rig. At daylight in War Pass, forty miles away, they were married.

Janet's fingers tugged at him. "Didn't you ever have a picture, Daddy?"

"No," he said, "she never had one taken."

There hadn't been time for a picture, or for much of anything else. At that time he owned a small ranch in the Lost Hills and ran a few cows on it. This was where they set up housekeeping, a long way from town, a long way from dances or from her friends. She had been used to better things and couldn't help remembering it. She was a stormy girl, so rash in anger, so quick to seek laughter, by turns so terribly forlorn and so tempestuously happy. Four months after their marriage Herendeen rode up to the place and stepped from the saddle. From the far corner of the meadow, Clay had seen this. When he reached the house, Herendeen was laughing and she was laughing, but that laughter stopped soon enough, for Herendeen said: "Why stick so close to the house, Clay? Don't you trust your wife?"

Morgan drew the cigar from his mouth, feeling some of the fury of that fight. He had rushed against Herendeen, hearing his wife's scream of protest. Herendeen started laughing again, but when they were finished both exhausted and drained dry and badly beaten, there was no amusement in Herendeen. That hurt still came back to plague Morgan, even now; he remembered how he walked to the corral and hung his elbows against it to keep from falling, and how blindly Herendeen staggered toward his horse. He had whipped Herendeen in that fight and yet he had lost; for, five months later, shortly after Janet's birth, Lila had looked up from her bed, white and strengthless, and all her love gone, and whispered: "I should tell you something, Clay. I made a mistake. It was Ben I wanted to marry. You and I are not at all alike." And so she had died.

He brought himself out of all this with effort and replaced his hat. "I think," he told Janet, "we'd better go."

Janet reached down and patted the dust of her mother's grave. "Everybody," she murmured, "says you were very beautiful."

He had turned away. But he turned back, holding the warm, small hand of his daughter within his own big fingers, knowing that in his daughter's head was a wistful and wonderful image of her mother—an image made out of a child's longing. Like a fairy tale, he thought, that had to be bright and always fair. So he said: "Yes, she was, Janet. There never was a mother like her. She had black hair. It was very long and sunlight made it shine. Her eyes were the same color as yours. She was never angry and never afraid and she loved us both. When you were just three days old she sang a song to make you sleep. The song was Alice, Ben Bolt. She had a lovely voice. You will be like her and you will always see her when you look in the mirror."

She remained silent, drinking in his description, storing those words in her retentive memory. She drew a long, pleased sigh; the pressure of her hand grew greater on his fingers, and afterward they turned through Old Town, walking in silence. He had made her happy.

HE WAS thinking of this, pleased by her pleasure, when he saw a low-bent and shadowy shape run from the alley adjoining the Mountain House Hotel and whip across the street toward Mike Boylan's blacksmith shop. This was in the corner building of Old Town and Mike Boylan, late-working, had hung a lantern above the shop's wide double door. A saddle horse stood loose before Boylan's rack, toward which the running man aimed. Farther up the street somebody shouted a warning and a Three Pines rider rushed forward from McGarrah's store. Slowly pacing forward toward Mike Boylan's shop, Morgan identified the runner as soon as the latter entered the yellow arc of the lantern's light. It was Ollie Jacks.

Ollie Jacks' breath was a lunging, painful sound in the night as he rushed against the horse, threw himself into the saddle and clawed at the reins. For a brief moment his face came around and Morgan saw the constricted desperation on it; then Ollie Jacks slashed the horse away from the blacksmith shop, turned into the gap between Old Town and McGarrah's store and raced downslope into the desert.

Janet's hand gripped Clay Morgan's fingers. "What's the matter, Daddy?"

"Nothing," he said, "nothing but Ollie Jacks having some fun." He quickened his step, coming into the gap and halting there as a pair of Three Pines men

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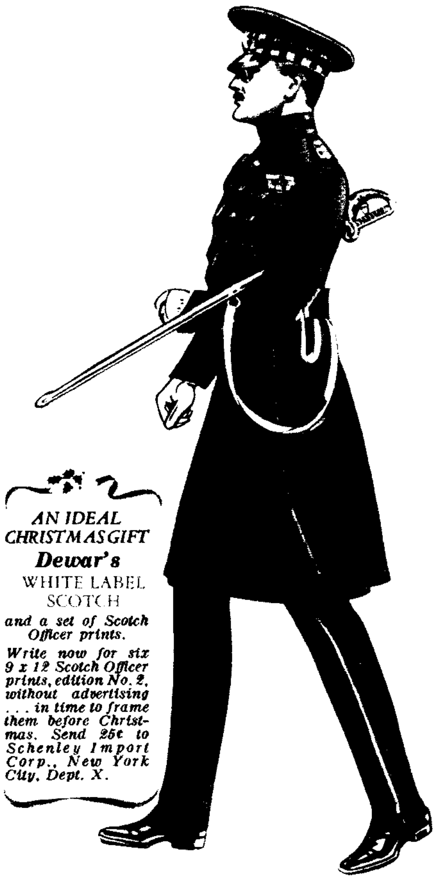

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reached it. Herendeen arrived, saying, "Get your horses," and then these men were facing Clay Morgan. One of them had drawn his gun to take a shot at the retreating Ollie Jacks. He held the gun half out of the holster, staring at Morgan, but Ollie Jacks was gone and it was too late and he let the gun drop back, shrugging his shoulders. Three Pines men were riding up behind Herendeen and Herendeen's face was red and round.

The echo of Ollie Jacks' horse made a dying tattoo in the blackness, out in the desert. Other Three Pines riders were rushing from town by the stage road. Morgan said, courteous and quiet: "Maybe Janet and I are in your way. We'll step aside."

"No," said Herendeen, rage running behind his falsely cool tone. "There is nothing to hurry about. There's a time for everything, Clay. Good evening, Janet."

Janet said in her precise, little-woman voice: "Good evening." Morgan pulled her gently on to McGarrah's porch. Ann McGarrah waited there. Part of the Three Pines crew galloped toward the desert, after Ollie Jacks. Herendeen walked up the street, his boots lifting dust.

MORGAN said: "I'll ride along, honey. Be back in a few days. You have a good time." He reached down and kissed her, feeling the warmth of her hands as she held them at the back of his neck. He was smiling as he straightened, smiling at Janet, and then at Ann McGarrah's attentive eyes. Out on the desert—far out—a gunshot sounded, quick and faint, and was echoed by two other shots. That was all. Ann McGarrah saw the smile die and saw the flame of temper in his eyes. They both knew Ollie Jacks was dead. Herendeen had respected Morgan's challenge; that and nothing more. Morgan lifted his hat, noting how Ann McGarrah's arm rested on Janet's shoulder. He said, "Good night," and turned into the street.

Mrs. White was on the porch of the Mountain House, and called to him in her even, calm voice: "If you see Lige at the Long Grade, Clay, tell him I'm ready to go home."

"I'll see if I can find him," said Morgan. Walking slowly up the street, he passed Rusey at the corner of the bank and noticed Pete Borders in the post-office shadows. He stepped into the Long Grade, seeing most of the men of the town here, but not Lige White. Charley Hillhouse slouched at a corner of the bar. Charley looked at him, not moving. Afterward Morgan went to his horse at Gentry's and spoke to the hostler in the runway: "Take Janet's horse, Parr. She's staying in town."

He wanted a word with Hack Breathitt but Hack wasn't around, and so he followed the upper road from War Pass, passing into a brief stand of pine. Two or three houses lay back in these trees. When he came by one of them—Mrs. Benson's house—he saw the glint of a cigarette on the shadow-blackened porch and heard Lige White quietly laughing. Mrs. Benson was there, suddenly suppressing her voice. The road bent away from the pines and dropped into the Powder Desert, and a little wind rolled out of the south. Clay Morgan rode on, thinking of Mrs. White on the porch of the Mountain House Hotel, a proud woman with old hurt shadowing her eyes. He knew what the hurt was.

After Morgan had gone, Mrs. White went into the stuffy red-plush stillness of the women's parlor of the hotel. She sat straight in a chair, hands folded, her eyes sightlessly fixed to a far wall. Across the hall was the hotel's bar and now and then, though she was too deep in her own thoughts to give much heed, she heard the burst of men's laughter. The night stage to Rhett's Station, nine hours over the hills from War Pass, came to the front of the hotel and, a half-hour later, went away. This was eight o'clock. At ten o'clock, still seated in the chair, closemouthed and proud, she saw Lige White come to the parlor door. He had been drinking and his black hair curled down from his forehead, giving him an air of amused humor. At forty-five he still held his youthful attraction and at forty-five he still kept his perfect manners toward her. She went by him, out to the rig, and sat in silence as he trotted the team from War Pass toward the ranch, fifteen miles away. She kept her hands folded in her lap, she held her head straight, so that he couldn't see how swiftly her eyes sought Mrs. Benson's house when they passed it. Once in that fifteen miles he said, briefly courteous: "Tired?"

"No."

NEAR midnight Hack Breathitt, tiring of the Long Grade, came down to the bar of the Mountain House for his last drink. Finished with it, he stepped into the center hall, not yet knowing whether he would put up here for the night or ride out. A little drunk, he paused to think of it and at last turned, choosing to ride out. As he left the Mountain House, Helen Lavalle came to the window of her room on the second floor and watched him go.

Clay Morgan ate breakfast by lamplight and was in the saddle before day crossed the eastern hills. He rode until he saw dust boiling near the Potholes, which was the roundup crew at work; he turned that way.

Ducking in and out of the small ravines of the land, he came upon cattle and young stuff occasionally grazing, and he herded these before him and threw them back toward the roundup crew. Three men were working this section—Charley Hillhouse and two other Three Pines hands. He drove his small collection of beef into the held bunch and started on another circle, Hillhouse accompanying him. Around ten o'clock, having dragged the north end of the range, all of them started the held bunch back for the main roundup.

The sun was a copper-red flare in the middle sky and the dust began to thicken behind the herd. Morgan dropped back to the drag, throwing his neckpiece over his nose. Charley Hillhouse, on a flank of the beef, motioned one of the other men to take his place and joined Morgan, and made his first speech in two hours:

"I been thinkin' over last night, Clay. Hard to figure."

"Let it slide, Charley."

Charley Hillhouse retorted, "It won't slide," and stared before him. He was a compact, capable man, not given to much talk; the type to worry a lot of things around in his head, to reach his own answers and hold his own conclusions. A Three Pines rider pushed against the flank of the straying herd, yipping, "Hi-hi-hi!" Charley Hillhouse's clever horse shot in against the rear of the beef, checking a bolt, and then Charley came beside Morgan again, still staring in front of him.

"A man's got to stick with his kind, Clay. Ollie Jacks was a crook. Why take his side?"

"A break, Charley."

Charley Hillhouse had a dry answer for that: "He had his break a long time ago—and didn't take it. A crook's always a crook."

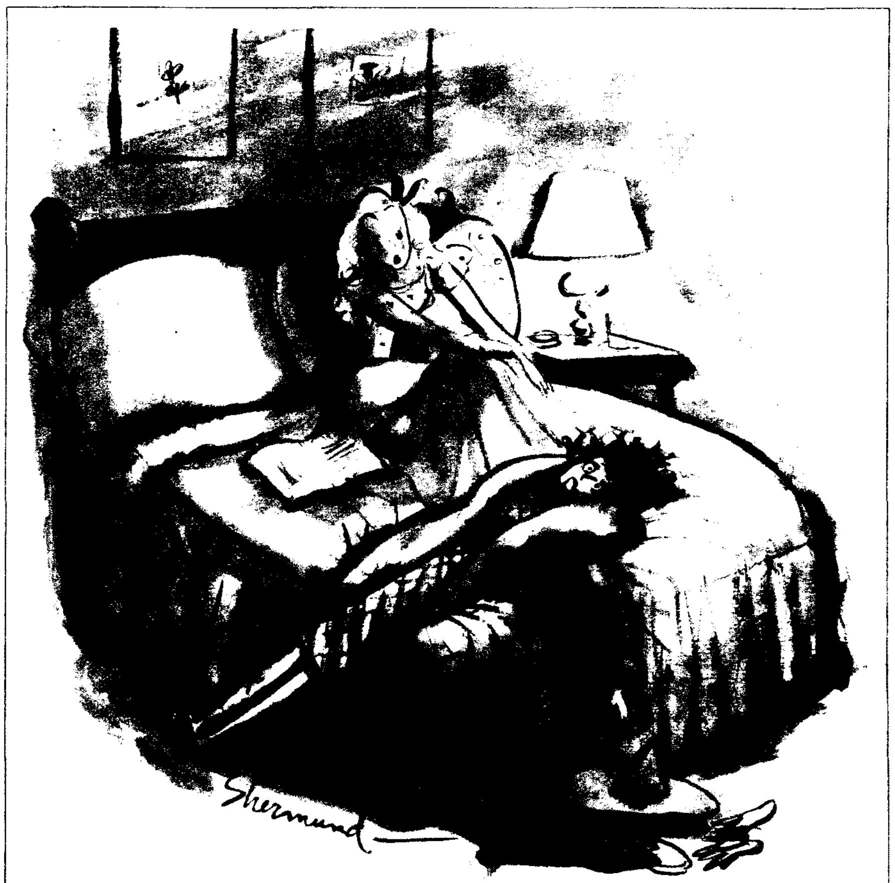
"Maybe," agreed Morgan. "But last night when he came out of the courthouse I got to thinking—it might have been me, or you."

Hillhouse, disgruntled by the unpredictable side of a man who had been his friend for so many years, took this last remark almost as an affront: "Don't talk like that. If I ever get on the wrong side of the line, I hope God strikes me dead. Right's right and wrong's wrong. You should stay out of the dirty messes men like Ollie Jacks make for themselves. I don't like to hear you go soft."

Morgan was smiling behind the bandanna; the reflection of it showed in his eyes and in the quick crow-track wrinkles at the edge of his temples. He murmured: "All right, Charley. I'll change the tune, when I see Herendeen."

"Be a mighty bitter tune," commented Hillhouse, "for one of you. I will say no more."

(To be continued next week)



"Then another car gave me a lift, and again I had to get out and walk!"

BARBARA SHERMUND

Musical Triple-Threat

Continued from page 54

alter his hours or diet even if he has a concert that day. He eats simple foods. In his apartment on West End Avenue in New York, or in his lakeside chalet in Hertenstein, Switzerland, he satisfies his passion for Russian dishes. He has a Russian cook and dinners of *borsch, shashlik* and *blini* are spoken of admiringly by people invited to the Rachmaninoff table.

Between meals, on a train or in a hotel, Rachmaninoff likes to munch a Mackintosh apple. Wherever he travels he carries a bag of fresh apples. Before and during a performance, Rachmaninoff sticks to coffee. At home he takes tea, like a good Russian, from a samovar. He is not a man for strong liquor; an occasional glass of wine is his limit.

Drink for an Artist

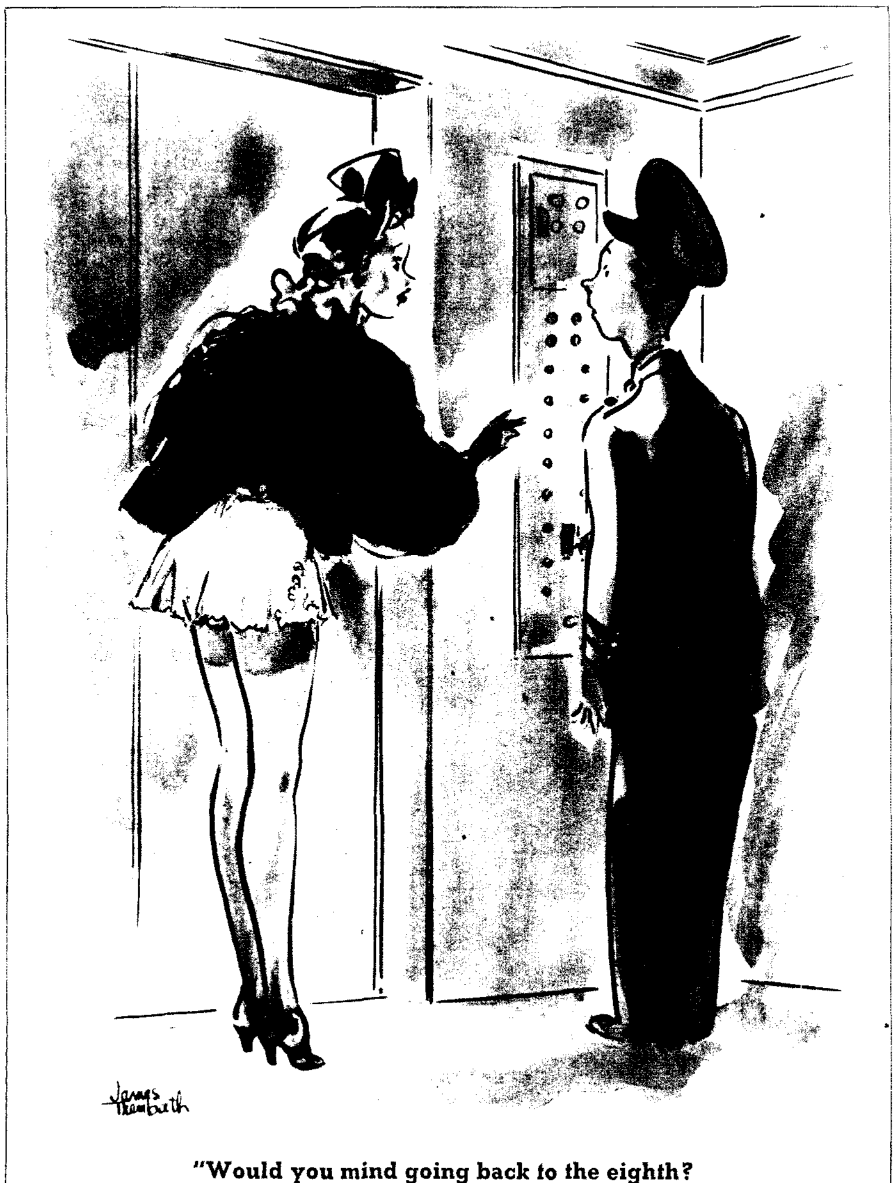
Waiting his turn at a soda bar a couple of years ago, where he had come for a double orange juice, he heard a girl ordering a cherry malted milk float. He watched, fascinated, as the soda jerker put together this mysterious beverage. He asked for one. It tasted fine. He got the recipe and carefully memorized, "Cherry syrup, malt, milk, a scoop of ice cream." The sight of a fancy soda counter evokes in him an immediate desire for the drink. If he happens to be in a one-arm joint where the soda jerk has never graduated beyond an ordinary malted milk, Rachmaninoff patiently instructs him in the mysteries of his drink.

Rachmaninoff smokes a lot. He uses a denicotined brand, and stuffs his amber cigarette holder with a wad of absorbent cotton. When he buys cigarettes, he cuts each in two and deposits the halves in a black leather case. When he takes out a half and sticks it in his holder, you wonder whether he goes around picking up neatly sliced butts.

After lunch, Rachmaninoff sleeps. He knows how to relax and can fall asleep readily. On a day train he can drop off for cat naps at will. If he is not sleeping, he plays solitaire or solves crossword puzzles, while his wife reads mystery stories. Mrs. Rachmaninoff and Rudy Heck, traveling manager, are both thriller addicts, and they trade books. Rachmaninoff's taste is for serious literary fare, if he is not reading newspapers. He regards his wife's and Heck's favorites with good humor. He joshes them both. When Mrs. Rachmaninoff criticized a yarn the other day, her husband's comment was: "It has only five murders, not enough for her."

Practice follows the nap. Occasionally Rachmaninoff thinks of a new tune. He writes it down rapidly and neatly, although he will not work on it until summer. He says composition makes a slave of him, and he must have complete relief from all other duties. When he composes, he works from nine in the morning to eleven at night. Last summer, when the war was brewing, he could not create. He was too uneasy.

Rachmaninoff does not take any special precautions about his dinner on a concert night. After dinner, he relaxes



"Would you mind going back to the eighth? I think my skirt is caught in the door" JAMES TREMBATH

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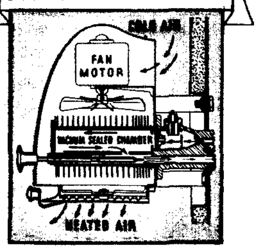

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and then dresses. He arrives at the hall at 8, and at 8:30 goes on as advertised. He is punctual, and if the start of a concert is delayed, he keeps pulling out his large gold watch every thirty seconds. He is one of the most exact and businesslike of musicians.

A reporter once asked him for two minutes for an interview. When the writer arrived, Rachmaninoff placed his watch on the table. At the end of two minutes he arose and said goodby. Rachmaninoff asked the photographer who made the special study of him for Collier's how many shots he wanted. The photographer said, "Four or five." Rachmaninoff counted, "One, two, three, four, five. That's all, and thank you." If the photographer had asked for ten, Rachmaninoff would have agreed. He is even exact about his private correspondence. In his apartment he maintains a complete filing system.

For fifteen minutes before he begins playing, Rachmaninoff keeps his hands warm and flexible by placing them in an electric muff. Most pianists and fiddlers soak their treasured paws in a bowl of warm water, but Rachmaninoff discovered that his hands chapped. Once or twice the tips of his slender fingers split open and playing became agony. His hands are his fortune. He has them insured with Lloyd's but thinks it's bad luck to tell for how much. If he goes to a reception and has to shake hands with many people, he keeps his glove on to protect the hand from athletic wringers. He does not forget the bird who grips his hand like a vise and he will never shake hands with him again.

Mrs. Rachmaninoff goes along to the hall and listens to him from the wings. He gravely asks her what she thinks of each concert, and she replies, with equal gravity, that it went well. She is a good musician, and when vacationing the two sometimes play four hands at the piano.

Before a concert Rachmaninoff is generally silent, concentrating on the work in hand. One day he was riding with his piano tuner to the auditorium in Toronto and surprised the fellow by exclaiming, "God Save the King!" The tuner was puzzled. Rachmaninoff explained, "How does it go? I have to play it to start the concert, and I can't remember it." The tuner whistled the melody. Rachmaninoff whistled it. They whistled it together, as the cab driver looked back in surprise.

Subjects That Are Taboo

After a concert, if he does not have to catch a train, Rachmaninoff has his nightcap of cherry malted milk float and chats. He is an expert linguist, and his dry wit has four or five languages in which to spread itself. Two subjects of conversation are taboo—politics and death. He seldom goes out to parties, and sees only close friends. Whenever he gives a concert in Los Angeles, his buddies, Akim Tamiroff and Mischa Auer, turn up for a session of animated Russian-French-English palaver. Rachmaninoff, who likes movies, never misses a picture with either of these friends. He even goes to see the bloodcurdlers, which he dislikes, when Tamiroff plays them.

It was Rachmaninoff's great countryman, Dostoevsky, who said: "Show me the chap who likes children and I will show you a real man." Rachmaninoff, on that definition, qualifies as a real man. He sometimes ignores autograph hunters cavalierly, but when a young boy or girl asks for his signature he stops everything to comply. Naturally, his favorite children are Granddaughter Sophie, who is fourteen, and Grandson Alexander, eight. He has told his own daughters, the mothers of the youngsters, that it is their duty to train the children. As a grandfather he reserves the right to spoil them to his heart's content. His granddaughter has a fine soprano voice. One day she surprised and touched her granddad by singing some of his songs to him. But he would not consider teaching her, even if he had the time; that might cost him her good will.

Because his grandchildren and children are around him there, Rachmaninoff's happiest days are spent in the summer in Switzerland. For occasional play he takes out his motorboat for a fast run. He loves speed. During the winter in America, he drives his car to concerts near New York, and has stepped it up to 75 and 85 miles an hour. Rachmaninoff is a poor mechanic and cannot make repairs if anything goes wrong. He has even been known to knock the boards off the dock when backing his boat in. But the way he gives the car or boat the gun is a sign of his zest for action.

Rachmaninoff was a top-hole practical joker in his day. Many years ago when Feodor Chaliapin, the great Russian basso, was married, Rachmaninoff organized what the singer called "a hell chorus" and what Westerners here would call a shivaree. At dawn after the wedding, a group of rowdies set up a howling and shrieking and banging of pots and pans as their greeting to the newly married couple. Conducting this madhouse outfit, like a symphony orchestra, was Rachmaninoff.

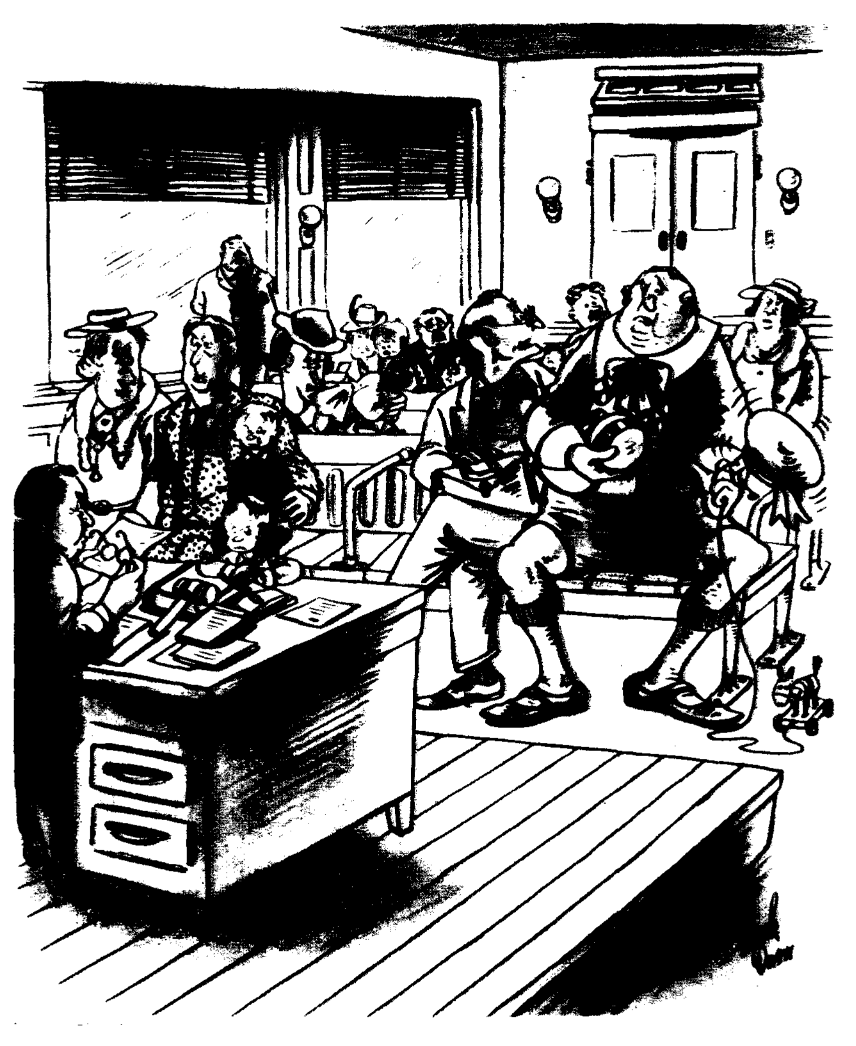
Now that Paderewski has retired, Rachmaninoff is the highest-paid pianist in the business. He and Kreisler are the only artists I know who work on an outright guarantee basis for every concert. He can play as many concerts as he likes; this year he is giving fifty in America. In the depression year of 1931, his income from concerts, records and royalties was $134,000. The royalty item is a sad thing, considering that Rachmaninoff is one of the most popular composers alive. He sold many of his works outright for a small sum and now, when he wants to conduct his second or third symphony, he has to rent the score and pay a rental fee.

Rachmaninoff's earnings could be even greater if he chose to play for radio. He and Kreisler are the only great musicians who have not been heard on the air. Rachmaninoff has turned down offers of more than $10,000 for an hour's broadcast. Not that he dislikes the radio. He listens to it himself, and thinks it is a fine thing. He just can't bring himself to go on the air.

The Piano's Challenge Enough

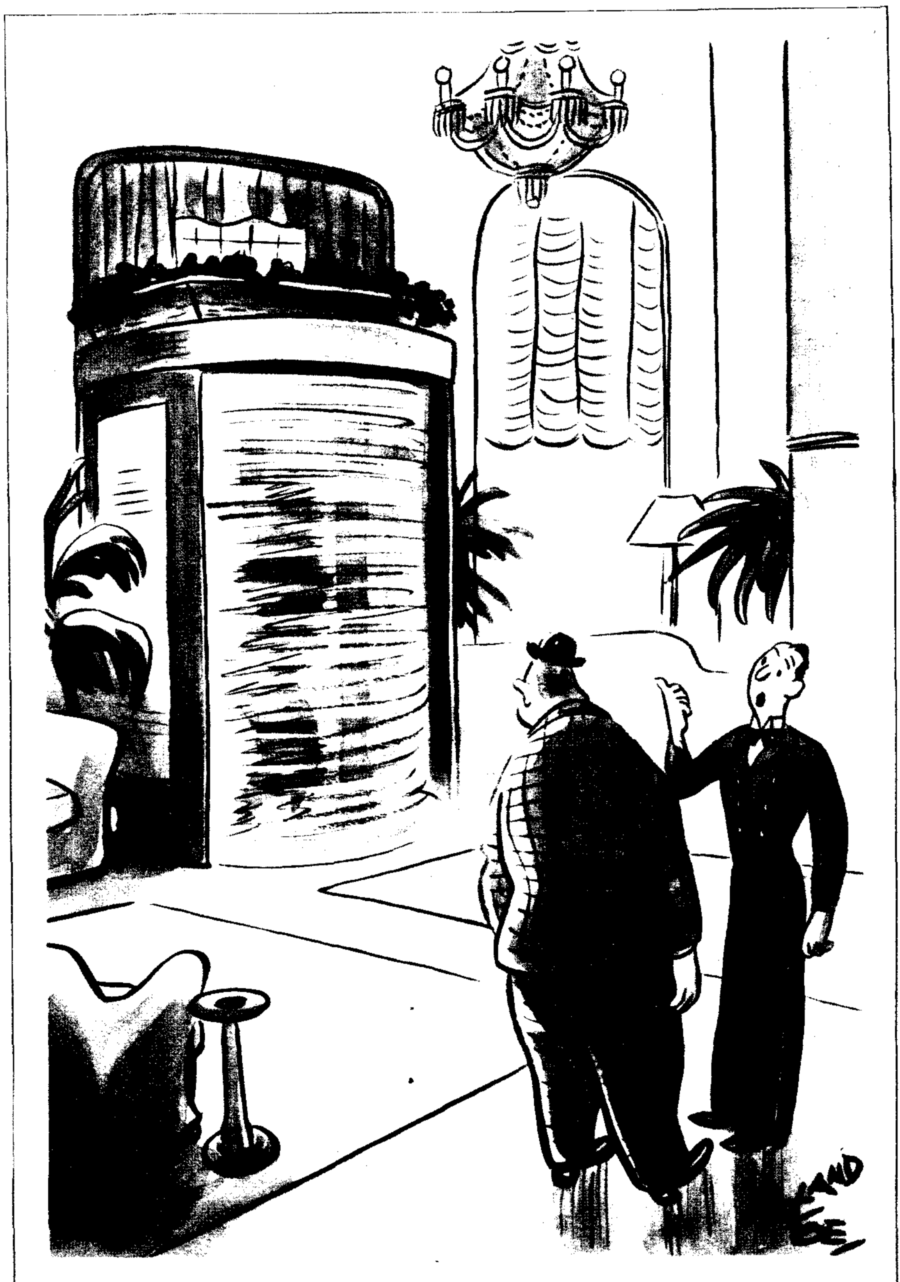
Rachmaninoff could have earned huge sums as a conductor. Twice he declined invitations to head the Boston Symphony Orchestra before Serge Koussevitzky, his friend, took over. He felt that it was too much effort to wrestle with a hundred players; the piano was challenge enough. He explained it to us this way: "When I composed, I was told that I was a good pianist. When I played the piano, I was told I was a good composer. Why conduct and give them a chance to devise further variations on the theme?"

When he talks about music, which saturates his life, Rachmaninoff marshals the sayings of philosophers and poets to support his opinions. He has little use for modern music that avoids melody as if it were double pneumonia. He quotes Schopenhauer: "Music is melody; the words are the world." Give Rachmaninoff melody. In the popular field, he is fond of the arrangements of fellows like Ferdé Grofe and Eddy Duchin. He feels that music should bring relief to human beings; it should rehabilitate minds and souls. He sums up his own philosophy in the words of Heine: "What life takes away, music restores."



"For a bank job, you oughta be glad I got you tried in juvenile court!"

FRANK OWEN



"It's that dame in the squirrel coat again!" ROLAND COE

The Fiftieth All-America Football Team

Continued from page 12

State took his place as the star receiver of the season. Kavanaugh lacked the all-round defensive play shown by Sarkkinen and Ivy, but he was always dangerous when the ball was in the air anywhere in the same county.

Kerr of Notre Dame had a fine year although injuries cut in a trifle around midseason. Kerr undoubtedly was one of the best. So was Rankin of Purdue.

Each season produces a flock of fast, able backs and 1939 was no exception to the rule. They were all over the map—Christman of Missouri, Harmon of Michigan, Cafego and Foxx of Tennessee, Kinnick of Iowa, Piepul and Zontini of Notre Dame, Scott of Ohio State, Kimbrough of Texas A. & M., Washington of U. C. L. A., McFadden of Clemson, Crain of Texas, Cordill of Rice, the McAfees of Duke, Stirnweiss of North Carolina—on and on in an almost unending swirl of speed and drive.

The top back of the year was Nile Kinnick of Iowa. Here was a passer, kicker, runner, blocker and strong defensive back who played 60 minutes of hard, battering, bruising football week after week through one of the hardest schedules any team has known in years. He was the flame that lifted Eddie Anderson's fine Iowa team from the rut of 1938 to the uplands of 1939.

Christman of Missouri was one of the best passers football has known in many seasons. In addition to his passing, this big, blond star from the West was an able ball carrier but it was his passing that lifted him above most of the pack.

The battle among big McFadden of Clemson, Harmon of Michigan, and Kimbrough of Texas A. & M. came close to resulting in a dead heat. Of the three, McFadden, a three-year brilliant, had more versatility. He was the South's best combination of passing, kicking, blocking and ball carrying. Kimbrough of Texas A. & M. was an outstanding challenger, but Harmon's all-season play for Michigan could not be overlooked. This fleet, elusive Wolverine, a 195-pounder who can beat ten seconds for the hundred, was the spark plug of Michigan's attack. Only Minnesota held him in check. Don Scott, the 215-pound star from Ohio State, belongs high in any group.

Cafego of Tennessee was up around the front until injured.

Both Tennessee and Tulane had so many fast, hard-running backs it was almost impossible to reach into either group and pull out any single leader. This also goes for Southern California with its high-powered array of blockers and ball carriers.

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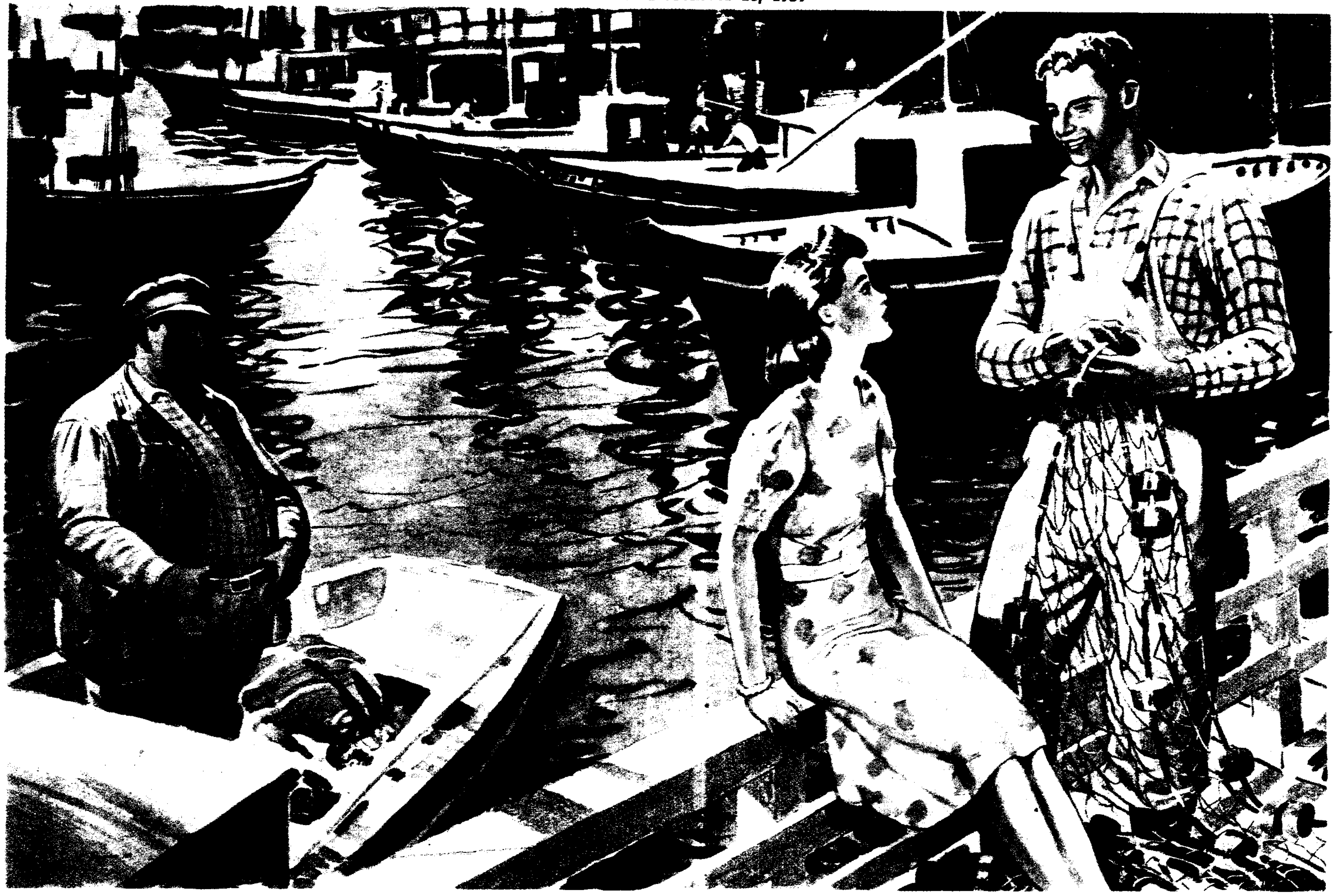

Now he didn't care. Not even about Luigi Pambori's hating him

Love Comes First

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY C. JAMES

The story of a dream that was interrupted by romance

A DAY with blue weather in the north and west is a very fine time to see Fisherman's Wharf. It looks then like a toy town smiling at the bottom of the San Francisco hills, wedged between Pier 45 and the Sausalito ferry slips.

Even the crabmen, overhauling their traps, can forget, on such a day, that fat Luigi Pambori owns half their mortgaged boats and can give them whatever he wants for the catch.

But when the wind is raw, when there is fog on the bay and the siren on Alcatraz is moaning, you can hear the frightened whistles of the little crab boats piping as they scurry in for home—and maybe you would see Tony Bufano swaggering down Taylor Street to the sardine pier, with his leather coat on his shoulder and his cap pulled over one ear.

That's how Tony Bufano walked, making jokes with the crabmen, who are really below the station of a first-class sardine fisherman. Tony was easily six feet tall and he weighed close to two hundred, as anyone could guess by the strength he had in his fine young legs and arms when he walked. But Tony didn't always walk like that and he didn't always know how to laugh when everybody made fun of his wonderful boat, saying behind his back: "Poor Tony Bufano. He is a little bit cracked in the head."

In those days, when Tony dropped from the pier stringer to the slippery deck of the purse seiner for the night's trip, all his shipmates, including the Piedmontese cook, would start looking seaward, with their dirty hands shielding their eyes to make the joke more real. Till the captain shook his shaggy head and loudly growled in his big mustache, "Now there is a funny thing," he would say, making heavy sadness with his voice, "I cannot see Tony Bufano's boat at all. Where do you suppose she is?"

Then everyone would laugh. Even when the night and the face of the sea far out past Farallon was dark, they still made fun of Tony Bufano's boat. They laughed at him—and his boat—till Tony was sorry he had ever said a word about that beautiful thing, and he spoke about it no more. But that was before he and Marie started to love each other. Since then everything was different. Now he didn't care. Not even about Luigi Pambori's hating him. And it was funny, about Tony Bufano and little Marie Celeste: it happened just like this, over at Baker's Beach.

The people from Fisherman's Wharf couldn't have picked a finer day for their fall party. Tony Bufano was there, swaggering through the happy groups on the sand to make believe he wasn't lonely at all. That way he hoped the kids, racing around at their silly games, would think him a very angry man. But he couldn't fool the kids. They stopped whenever he passed, hollering after him: "Hi, Tony! Can I have a job in your fine new boat when I grow up to fish?"

He only grinned, as if he liked that joke. And that's when it happened. All in a flash. That's when he first saw little Marie Celeste.

She was standing in the sand. She didn't have a hat. Her coiled hair was black as midnight, and the sunlight made it shine. Her small face was oval; the color of her skin made Tony think of early moonlight flushing the sail of a ship.

Tony just stood and stared at her. Then he saw a man in front of her, fat and paunchy. There was something in that man's eyes Tony couldn't stand. Marie was shaking her head. It was when the man reached to touch her that something snapped in Tony's brain.

He moved like lightning. Just when his fist struck out, he knew it was Luigi Pambori who went tumbling into the sand. But Tony didn't care. Tony was angry.

Pambori came up on one knee, red-faced with rage. His eyes narrowed to little points. "You will remember this, Tony Bufano!"

That was all he said, with a voice full of hate. Then the crowd came hastily in between. They kept pushing Tony farther away, murmuring excited alarm: "Tony Bufano, thou foolish man; Luigi Pambori you had to fight! No one else. And he owns half of Taylor Street! Tony will be lucky to have a job at all now. Luigi doesn't forget."

That's what Tony heard, but he didn't care. He pushed them away from him, still full of his strange rage. So they left

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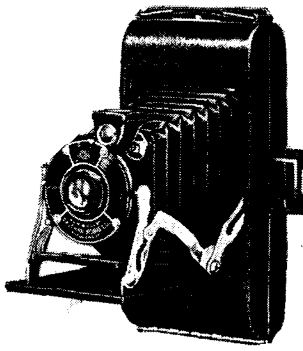
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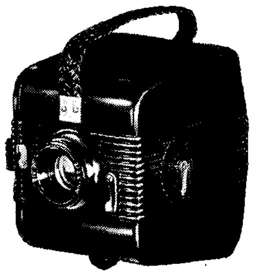
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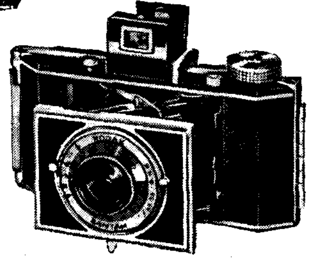
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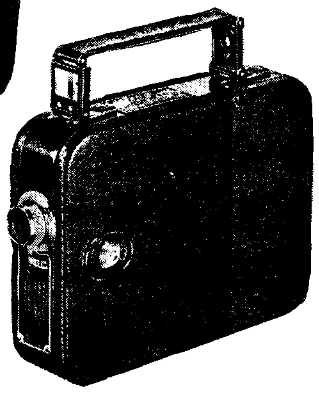
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But, like Christmas, tangerines come only once a year—and the season is short. Yet, they come in such generous quantity every family can afford all they want.

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Florida
TANGERINES

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA him alone. All except Marie Celeste, who didn't go away. He found she was standing in front of him, her eyes full of flashing anger.

"Well!" she snapped at him.

"Well, and what?" he said.

"What right have you got to do a thing like this?"

Tony's brows beetled. "I don't like the way he looks at you."

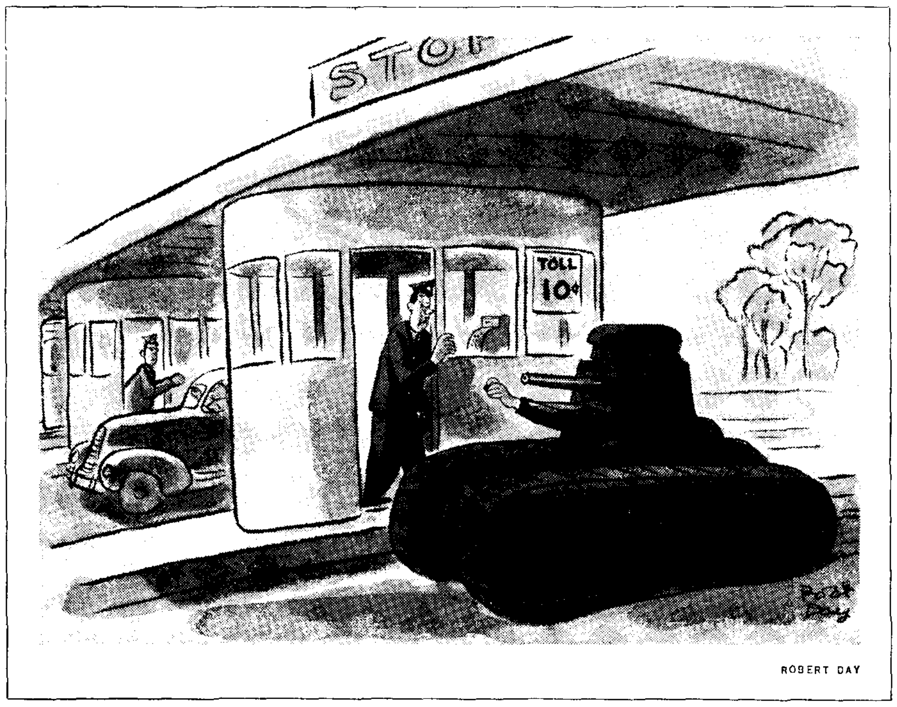
"Oh, is that so? He has every right to look at me if he wants!"

"He has not."

"Well, I say he has!" She tossed her head. "I am going to marry Luigi Pambori. What right have you—"

SHE stopped there. Abruptly. She never knew why, unless it was because of the terrible way Tony looked when he heard that thing. But she stopped. And after a while all the hot, passionate anger went out of Tony Bufano. Just quietly looking at her, he said in a very low voice, not even knowing why: "No, Marie. You will never marry fat Luigi Pambori. No matter how rich he is. No matter how much your father owes him for the mortgage to his crab boat."

She laughed derisively.



"You will never marry him!" Then Tony turned on his heel and started to walk away.

He didn't walk far. Because very soon Marie Celeste was again in front of him somehow, blocking his way. "You are right, Tony," she murmured. "I will never marry him. . . . And I am glad you knocked him down."

That's when the song came leaping into Tony Bufano's heart. And all in an instant both of them knew how it was. So they walked to a quiet place to find out about each other, sitting very close together in the warm sand.

Marie told him about herself. She kept the house for Papa Celeste and her little sister, Linda. It wasn't very easy, because Papa had to sell all his crabs to Luigi's wholesale shop. It left very little; they were always so much in debt to him for oil for the engine, for new traps or for heavy interest on the loans. Tony nodded. He knew about that. Why didn't they go to a regular bank? Why were they all so afraid of him and his hired hoodlums? But what could you expect of crabmen? If Tony told them this, they laughed and whispered he was a little cracked in the head.

"Well, it is not for me," he told her. "I have a different plan." And then very suddenly, for the first time in many months, Tony Bufano began to talk of his boat again. It just came slipping out of him, that beautiful thing, because he was sitting so close to Marie. "Wait till you see my boat," he said, staring toward the open west where the sea and the sky made pale blue haze. "I will fish her for sardine. And Sundays or holidays or when the moon is lit, we will take fishing parties out on the bay for striped bass, or maybe out past the heads when the big silver salmon is running home to spawn.

"People will be glad to go in Tony Bufano's boat, because it is a wonderful boat. It is a finer boat than anything on San Francisco Bay. You—"

Just then he realized what it was his spirit was saying. So he stopped, expecting to hear the old derisive laughter come hammering at his ears. But it didn't. He was so surprised he trusted himself to look sidewise at the girl. Her wide, dark eyes were on him, seeing how his whole face glowed. Oh, there never was a boat like Tony Bufano's boat. It was a wonderful thing to see. . . . But it wasn't a boat at all. It was really just the dream of a boat. And so Tony Bufano dropped his head sheepishly.

"Everyone laughs at me for that," he said. "They think I am just a great liar, or else a very great fool."

"Not me, Tony. I wouldn't laugh."

"No. I should have known you wouldn't."

"They laugh because they don't understand. . . . It is imagination you have, Tony."

"Is that what it is?"

"That's what it is." She nodded with conviction. "But a boat like that will cost a very great deal."

"We'll build her under Bottari's boatshed near Pier 45; and we'll slide her down the skids right into the bay. Maybe Bottari will take a share in her. Just now he can only laugh. He thinks where will Tony Bufano, that foolish man, ever get money enough to build such a boat? But I have been saving for a very long time, Marie. Maybe when I get four thousand dollars it will be enough to start. I will borrow a lot on a hull mortgage from the bank. . . . What do you say, Marie?"

For a little while she said nothing, just resting her hand in his, because she knew that this came out of the soul of him. Then she said: "Yes, Tony. Of course." It was wonderful the way Marie Celeste could say such simple words as that.

That's how it was between them. That's why Tony Bufano didn't care a bait man's damn any more when everyone laughed at his boat.

Saturday evenings, when the fleet stayed home, they left crowded Jefferson Street behind with its neon lights, its steaming sidewalk crab pots, and went to Bottari's shed. That's where Tony showed her where the keel of his boat would rest on the stocks while it was being built. It would just fit. He had measured carefully when no one was around. And there were the skids to slide it down to the water. Then he'd take out his soiled paper with all the drawings and sketchings, and they'd study it under a street lamp's light. So Marie wouldn't worry, he drew in a set of relieving tackles for his tiller bar. And Tony printed in the name of the boat on the bows—*Marie Celeste.*

SHE looked at him with that funny tilting of her head. My, how her dark eyes could shine! She was thinking what a big masculine man he was, and how the muscle of his arm where her hand rested was solid as an iron bar. She was thinking what fine boys she would have to help him fish in his wonderful boat.

Sometimes Linda, Marie's little sister, would be with them, her small hand lost in Tony's. She used to keep very quiet, listening with wide eyes and secretly hoping she would soon grow up to talk like that to a man as fine as Tony. And she was with them the night that Tony went away.

Tony had to go away because the sardine season was over for the year out of San Francisco Bay. Pretty soon you would see all the purse seiners go bobbing out through the Gate. When they migrate north they look like a little mosquito fleet heading bravely into the wintry west, leaving Fisherman's Wharf to the blue-and-white crab boats dancing at their moorings to the tidal swells. But Tony couldn't afford to waste a winter spinning yarns and drinking beer in Oregon or Alaska the way ordinary fishermen did. So he was saying goodby to Marie.

"I only take the bus to Santa Barbara," he explained. "From there to San Diego it is very easy to catch a ride in a fruit truck. It saves a lot of fare, too. There's a friend of mine down there in the tuna clipper fleet. If the luck is good, I can save almost all the pay. So you mustn't worry at all. . . . But it will be very lonely."

"Now isn't that a foolish thing?" Her eyes were shining in a very funny way. "We will be together every minute of the time."

"You mean because of my imagination?"

She nodded. "It's a wonderful thing to have."

"Yes, Marie, it is." Then Tony took the bankbook out of his pocket and gave it to her. "When I come back maybe there will be enough, because I will work very hard. Then we'll talk with the boatbuilder, Bottari, and I'll have a talk with the bank. The book is in your name, too. It is called a joint account, Marie. That's when you signed the little card. You remember what I told you about how it works?"

She nodded, looking at him all the time. Suddenly he stooped and kissed Linda on the cheek. When he came erect she knew he wanted to kiss her too. But he didn't trust himself enough. So he just touched her, a little furtively.

"Marie, you—you take good care of our boat. . . . Goodby."

He turned very quickly and walked to where the big bus was waiting.

TONY came back as soon as he could, early in the summertime.

When the Hyde Street cable car popped up on top of the hill, Tony was standing on the running board with his duffel bag on the lengthwise seat and a great eagerness in his eyes at the sight of San Francisco Bay spread out below him in the sun. Three purse seiners were

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standing in—the first of the homing sardine fleet! They appeared suddenly out of a wall of channel fog, and Tony recognized them at once.

"They're not very much," he told the startled gripman, shaking his head in jovial disapproval. "You just wait till you see the look of Tony Bufano's boat!"

With that he hopped off, going along Bay Street and turning into Taylor with his duffel bag on his back. This was the finest time of a fellow's life, he thought, nothing on earth could be any better than this. He had his pay in his pocket, and he was homeward bound. He had the four thousand dollars now, and fifty-two besides. But that wasn't the half of what he had. Who else had a girl like little Marie Celeste? What blessed saint must be watching over him.

So he swung down Taylor Street, the song of it filling his chest till he felt very soon he must let some joyful sound come out of him or he would surely burst. When he came to Luigi Pambori's wholesale shop, Luigi was standing in the doorway smoking a big cigar.

"Hello, Tony," he said. "By golly, you are a smarter man than I thought." Tony looked at him coldly and walked right along. "You are just in time. Everyone is invited to the wedding, you know. At the Fior D'Italia Restaurant."

Tony stopped. For just half an instant he stopped. Then he hurried on, frowning like thunder. What kind of talk was that? For just a little while cold ice came close to Tony's heart. But he knew when a man is so happy he sometimes gets afraid of it. Surely, that's all it was. But his heart beat faster than ever now and his legs kept pushing him along. In another block he would be there. He crossed the street. A minute more and he would see her. Now! There it was! There was the house in which she lived. There was Papa Celeste himself, standing on the stoop. Tony wanted to rush right past him. But he had to hold himself back until he made respectful talk:

"You are home early from the crabbing. You are well, Papa Celeste?"

"Yes; I am home early." How sad and deep-toned the voice of the old man was! Then. "You be kind to my Marie," he growled severely.

He started at once to lumber up the street, fumbling awkwardly in his pocket for the stump of a crooked black cigar. Tony looked after his stooping shoulders. What was this thing? The finger of dreadful fear closed around Tony's throat. And all of a sudden he dropped his duffel bag and, spinning around, he went bursting in through the door. "Marie!" he cried out wildly.

SHE was at the kitchen table. She came erect instantly, whirling at the sound of his voice with a little crying gasp. That way they stood facing each other, and Tony knew there was something awful in between.

"What is the matter in this house?" he cried.

"Oh, Tony, my Tony; forgive me."

She said it in a whisper, but it sounded to him like a scream. He stepped forward crazily, seizing her by each shoulder, his fingers deep in her flesh. "You . . . you and Luigi! Tell me it is not true!"

She looked at him. His fingers were bruising her, but she just kept looking at him.

"Is it true?" he roared.

Her head nodded. But her wide, dark eyes never left his face. An incoherent sound of anguish tore loose from Tony's chest. Then he released her, shoving her violently from him. She was so passive she stumbled backward, striking the table so she fell to the floor in a heap. Tony's eyes blazed down on her.

"You . . . ! What a great fool you have made of Tony! Now you have his money, his boat and your fat Luigi besides! Oh, you are very clever, Marie. It is the best joke of all! It—"

He couldn't go on. He had to stop. So he just stood there with his big fists clenched and his eyes flaming on her. Till he saw she was holding something out to him; something she had taken from her bosom without moving from where she fell. She held the bankbook out with her eyes strangely bright.

"No, Tony. It's all here. I took out only enough for a pair of shiny black shoes to wear for you when you came home. See?" She showed her small feet from under her skirt. "I have them on now."

Tony stared. The hot passion began to drain away. He noticed the small whip of blood on her temple where she had struck the table's edge. He couldn't bear to see it. It made his own head throb. All the while she was talking to him, softly and in a gentle voice. Till slowly the words began to make sense in his brain, and he dropped down beside her on the floor with his head bent. And that way they sat together as children in great trouble might.

"You are wrong to think such things," she was murmuring. "It's only that when you are whipped you cannot help yourself. The saints have changed their minds about us; but me, I have not changed. There is no blood in Marie's heart any more. There never was since the first day you looked at me. It is only Tony Bufano's blood. If Tony Bufano does not love me, then I am dead."

SHE said this, touching his shoulder with her finger tips. He didn't say anything, just watching her dark eyes on him, and she went on:

"It was a bad winter while you were gone. Full of foggy gales and rain. And one night it was dark and very wet. Linda was coming home from school and a big automobile came skidding around the corner of Jefferson Street. It hit her and it never stopped. She was so white and quiet we thought she was going to die. But it wasn't that. It was in her spine. They couldn't do anything at all to make her able to walk again. She could just lie in the bed and stare. But they told us about a wonderful hospital in a place very far away where they are sure they can make her spine the way it ought to be. That's why we borrowed the money, Tony, to send her there with a nurse.

"All the crab fishermen wanted to help, but Pambori hates you and he told them he would foreclose the mortgages and take away their boats. So they didn't dare. Johnny Moroni tried; the same night he got a broken head from one of Luigi's hoodlums—the one called Lefty. So you see we had to borrow it from Luigi Pambori himself on a note for four thousand dollars, even though we didn't get nearly that much. And that's the reason I must marry him. He says that afterward he will forgive you for knocking him down and he will even loan you the money to build your own fine boat. I know, because I spoke to him about that." She tried very hard to smile. "Now isn't that wonderful, Tony? I will come down and see it when it is done. Can I?"

Marie Celeste didn't cry. She knew when the gods had hold of you there was little help in that. She just told him about it as well as she could. He had a hard time swallowing so he could speak: "Didn't I tell you how to get money from the bank? Didn't I tell you where to sign the slip? Why—"

"Oh, Tony, I couldn't do that! Papa Celeste wanted me to. Everyone wanted me to. But how could I? Don't you see I could never do that? Never! Because it isn't money at all that's in the book. That's what I told them all. It's not money at all, I said. It's Tony's wonderful sardine boat. I took care of it while you—"

"The boat!" Tony exploded, laughing a crooked, bitter laugh. "What a silly thing a girl is! Don't you know a boat like that would cost over twenty-thousand dollars? Do you think I ever really thought I could ever have a boat like that? Do you think I am so great a fool? It was nothing but a fine big joke! . . . Now you give me the book."

"No! What are you going to do?"

"Give me the book!"

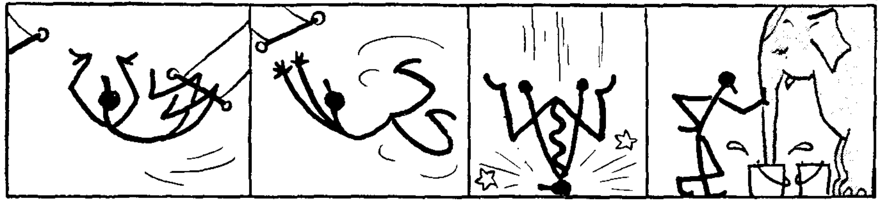
"No, Tony!"

He tore it savagely from her hand and stood up. Without another word he went from the house while Marie cried his name out after him. He went to the bank and came out with a big bunch of greenbacks crumpled in his fist. The fog was beginning to roll in. The siren on Alcatraz began to moan when he smashed open the office door where Luigi Pambori sat behind his desk. It was strange, but the anger that was in him now was a cold thing. It was cold as a lump of ice in his chest. Luigi looked up, grinning loosely.

"You are much too soon. I said I would loan you the money for your crazy sardine boat *after* the marriage was made." He wagged his head. "You are a smart man, Bufano. Who would imagine a fellow like you playing around with pretty Marie Celeste just to get me to loan you—"

Tony's rage was still that frozen, brittle thing. He just reached out, as if he meant to brush a fly away. With the heel of his palm he smashed against Luigi's jowl. "Here is the money," he said flatly. "There's four thousand dollars there." He flung it wide on the desk. "Give me the note."

HAIRLINE HARRY



ALAN FOSTER

Luigi sprang to his feet. "You fool! You are throwing away the only chance you'll ever have to—"

"Give me the note or I break you in two!"

"You fool!" Quickly Luigi touched a buzzer on his desk. "Lefty!"

LUIGI'S henchman came bursting in. Tony waited. A great joy filled him. He had never felt so fine before. This was a thing that should have been done a long time ago. Lefty reached to his back pocket for his slug, grinning, but he never got it out. A short, quick laugh broke from Tony's lips as he stepped in quickly, smashing his left fist home. Lefty rocked with the impact, but recovered and leaped in again, crouching. Tony didn't care. Tony was strong as a dozen men now. He took a crashing blow on the side of the head that brought blood, but it didn't bother him a bit. A chair flew at him. But he ducked and stepped in once more, feeling the tingling exhilaration of it as his fists found flesh and bone. The next thing he knew the room was full of men from the street, babbling excitedly and pushing him away from a cringing hoodlum on the floor. And he saw Luigi Pambori, standing white-faced in a corner with a thread of blood at the corner of his mouth and a paper in his trembling paw.

That's all that Tony took. Then, pushing the crowd aside, he went striding down Taylor Street like a man who is altogether wild. Till he saw Marie running toward him, crying worry at the sight of him. And right there, in front of everyone, he grabbed her roughly by the hand so she had to run to keep up with the giant strides of him. And that's just the way it was. That's the way he took her home. . . .

So there was a wedding feast at the Fior D'Italia Restaurant after all. It was the wedding of Tony Bufano and little Marie Celeste, and they are still speaking about it down on Fisherman's Wharf. Everyone was there, even the North Beach people, dancing and laughing and drinking wine till every hour of the dawn. Except Tony and Marie. They didn't have any time to dance. They just had time to keep looking at each other, with a look some people have when they are close to God.

THERE was a white moon shining through the high summer fog when Tony and Marie drove to their own house at last. Tony waited until everyone went away from the step and the street got very still, shining blackly. Then he picked her up in his arms to carry her over the sill. But before he did, he kissed her on the temple. The bruise still showed faintly where he had knocked her down. She smiled.

"I am hoping it will leave a scar," she said. "A very big scar to tell everybody I belong to Tony Bufano and to no other man on earth. . . . It was a beautiful wedding, Tony."

He nodded. Then he frowned. "I am wondering, Marie. There were over a hundred people there. How can Joe Tromboni of the Fior D' Italia give such fine food and drink to so many with only the fifty dollars I had to give to him? I asked him about it, because I was worried. So he laughed in my face and put another bottle of wine in front of me."

Marie laughed, too. That throaty little gurgle of pleasure that was like music for a man to hear. "Well, don't you know? I will tell you then. It is Papa Celeste did that. He had a meeting with all the crabmen yesterday. They decided they have been frightened of Luigi Pambori and his racketeering ruffians long enough—after Tony Bufano showed them the way! So they are all going to refinance their loans through a regular bank, the way Americans should. And then they will work very hard and each one of them is going to take a share by and by in a brand-new sardine boat. . . . Your boat, Tony."

He went into the house, still holding her in his arms that way. And he kissed her on the mouth.

So that's why no one laughs any more down on Fisherman's Wharf about Tony Bufano's boat. They speak of it now with a dignity, and with respect. For they know there never was such a boat as Tony Bufano's boat. It is really a wonderful thing to see. It is painted all purple and white, with a dolphin striker of blue and martingale stays of chain. And there's a big Neapolitan boom and two jibs, to run home with like a gull when the wind is in the west. But it isn't a boat at all. It is just the dream of a boat. But a dream that maybe some day will be true. Because things like that can happen in a place where still the hearts of men are free.

That fine thing Tony Bufano was thinking as he carried little Marie Celeste in his arms into their own house, kissing her once more on the mouth.

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PAT SURE LOOKED PLEASED with that gift from Joe . . . and *no* wonder. It's a bottle of Old Drum! As Pat puts it: "Boy, what a whiskey! Smooth and mellow, with a swell taste, Old Drum is something worth cheering! Takes skillful blending to do that!" (Note to Pat: You'll *really* cheer when you find out how economical it is, too!)

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EVERYWHERE YOU GO, the trend's to Old Drum. Sales throughout the nation show an increase of 27% over the same period last year. Proof aplenty that millions are swinging to Old Drum!

OLD DRUM

BRAND · Blended Whiskey

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY*—90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.*

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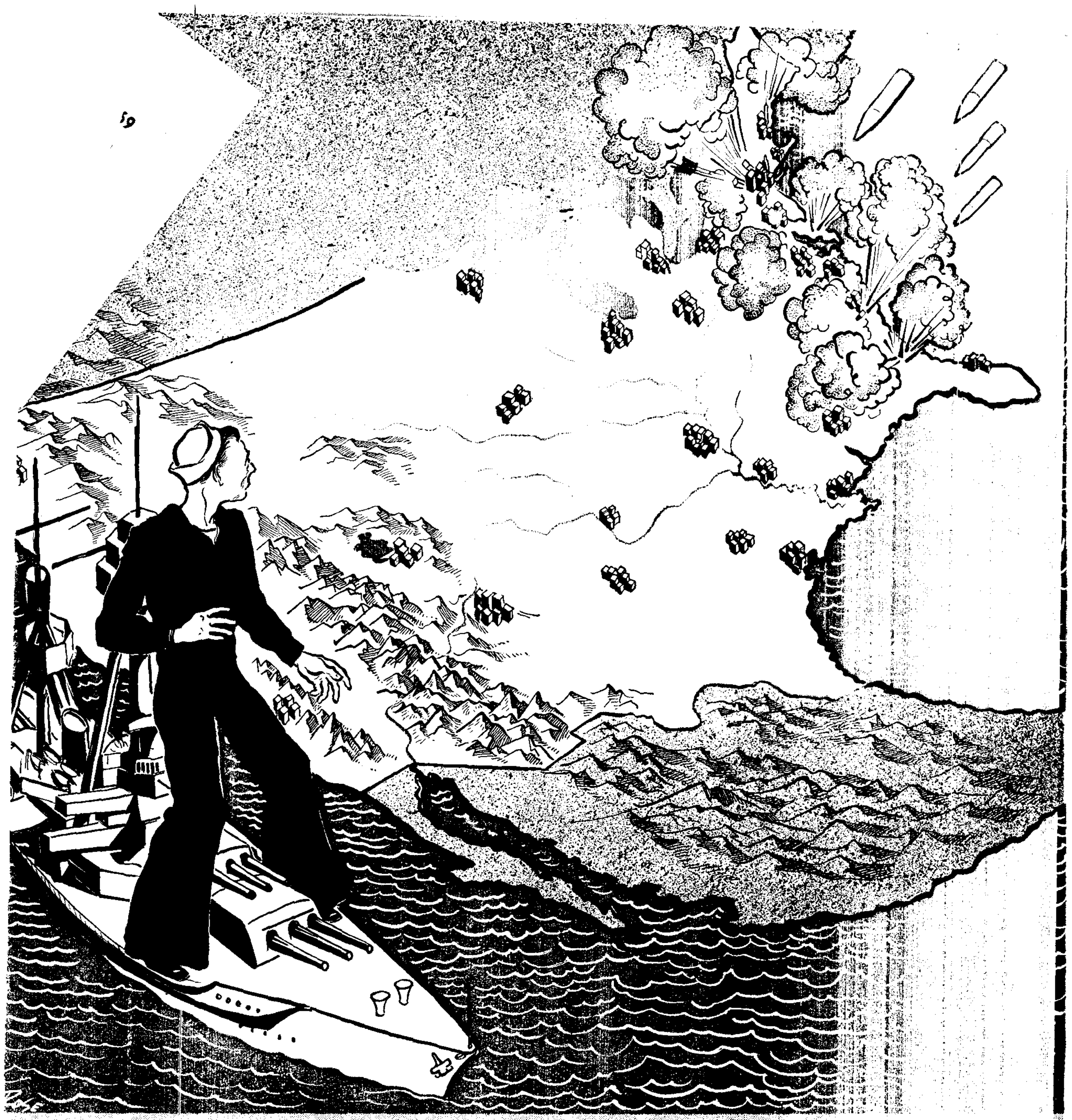


A Two-Ocean Navy?

THE "two-ocean navy" question is getting warm, and promises to be hot by the time Congress convenes in regular session early next month.

For generations, we have depended on the British navy as our first line of Atlantic defense, enabling us to maintain a smaller navy than we would need on our own. The British navy has done very well by us, for which it deserves our heartfelt thanks—though of late years we've been able to return the favor in considerable part by tacitly letting the British regard our fleet concentration in the Pacific as *their* first line of Pacific defense.

Times change, though. We shall have to forget about the British navy as our Atlantic defense outpost, what with the Italians building up such Mediterranean sea forces, the Japanese ogling the British and the Dutch East Indies ever more greedily, and so on.

It all leads us to hope that the two-ocean navy question will be thoroughly debated in the coming Congress, and that the American people will not shrink from taking any steps the debate may show to be needed.

We're not one hundred per cent sold, ourselves, on the two-ocean navy idea as yet. But if we find that we need it, let's have it, and too bad about the expense.

Our best information is that to step our Navy up to two-ocean fighting strength would cost $2,800,000,000; would take from eight to ten years; and would call for construction of 12 battleships, 6 aircraft carriers, 17 heavy cruisers, 18 light cruisers, 77 destroyers, 36 submarines and 53 auxiliary vessels, with a proportionate increase in the naval air force.

It sounds like a big undertaking and an expensive one. But it wouldn't be nearly so big or so expensive as an emergency rally to the defense of, say, our East Coast, some morning when our major sea forces happened to be concentrated off the West Coast. Or vice versa.

We hope the American people in the next few months will do some serious, unemotional, hardpan thinking about the state of their defenses by sea, and whether those defenses are adequate for various emergencies that might easily boil up in our face in today's boiling world.

How's Your Old I.C.?

THE above title doesn't contain a misprint for I.Q., meaning the Intelligence Quotient beloved by psychiatrists. I.C., as used above, stands for inferiority complex, the mental quirk that, above all others, the psychologists seem to feel should be avoided or cured.

Well, we don't know. We've been doing some thinking of late about acquaintances of ours who have I.C.'s sticking out all over them as contrasted with some who have equally pronounced S.C.'s or superiority complexes. And we don't know but what the I.C. guys and gals are better off in various ways than the victims of S.C.

Certainly the I.C. people are better company as a rule than those who feel that they are the people and that wisdom will die with them.

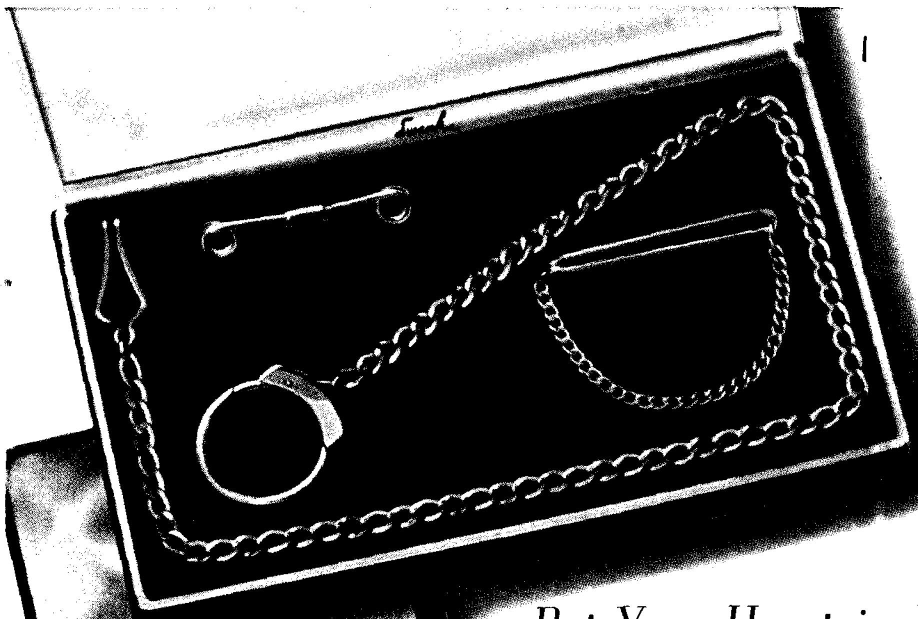
But that isn't all. A person who feels that he or she isn't so much would seem to be likely, given a fair quota of backbone, to strive fiercely to overcome that not-so-muchness. There's an old saw about he who knows not and knows that he knows not is better equipped to learn something eventually than he who knows not and knows not that he knows not. (That tongue twister is worth taking a little time to figure out.)

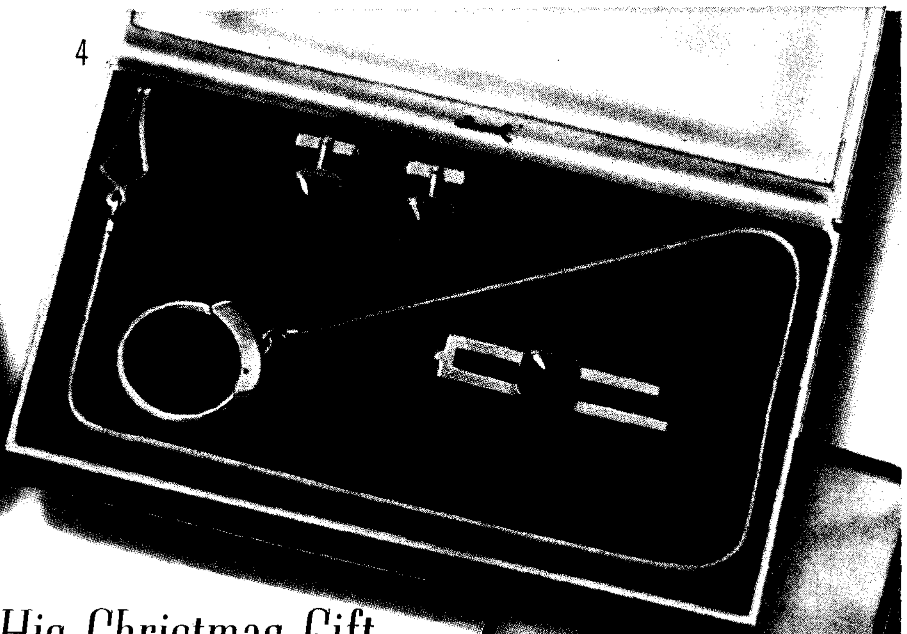
There have been some rather famous I.C. victims in history—Abraham Lincoln, Napoleon Bonaparte, Theodore Roosevelt, the elder (an especially interesting example—physical handicaps in childhood, plus the unease of the aristocrat who finds it hard to be a good fellow with the crowd), Disraeli, Francis Bacon, possibly Arthur Brisbane, probably Thomas A. Edison, almost certainly William Shakespeare.

In their younger years, no doubt, each of these men was surrounded by persons who knew it all but of whom we don't hear today.

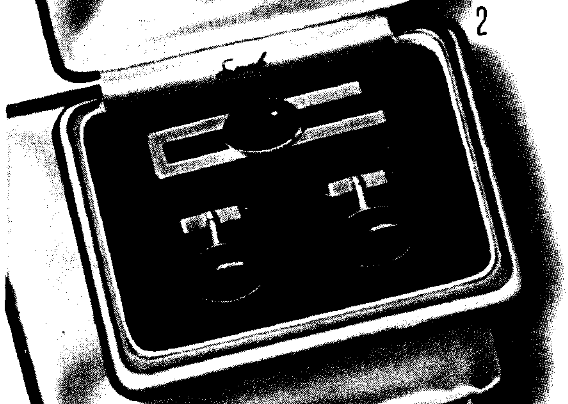
So we're not sure that if you have a big, husky, ingrowing inferiority complex you're not about as lucky as you could hope to be—only provided you have the above-mentioned backbone along with it.

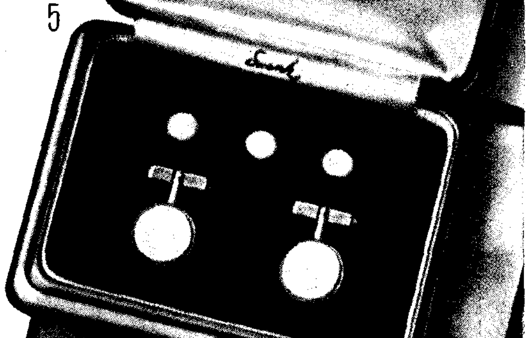
Just make your I.C. and your backbone work for you, and the chances are you'll get farther in the long run than many an S.C. Or even than many an N.C.—no complexes.





Put Your Heart in His Christmas Gift





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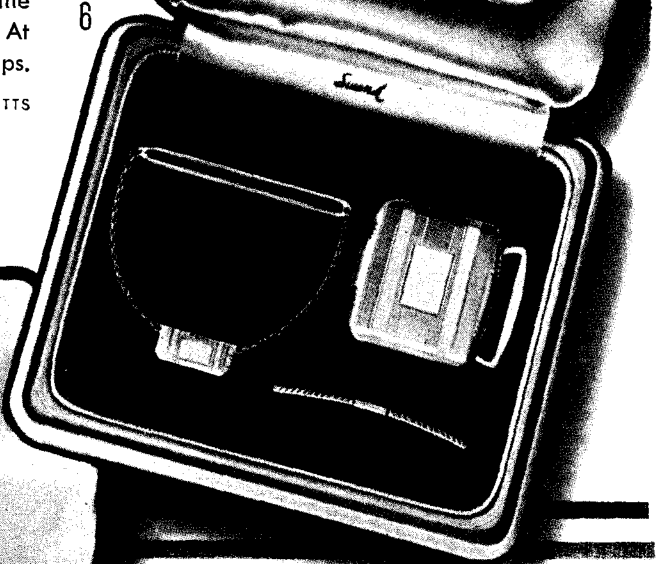

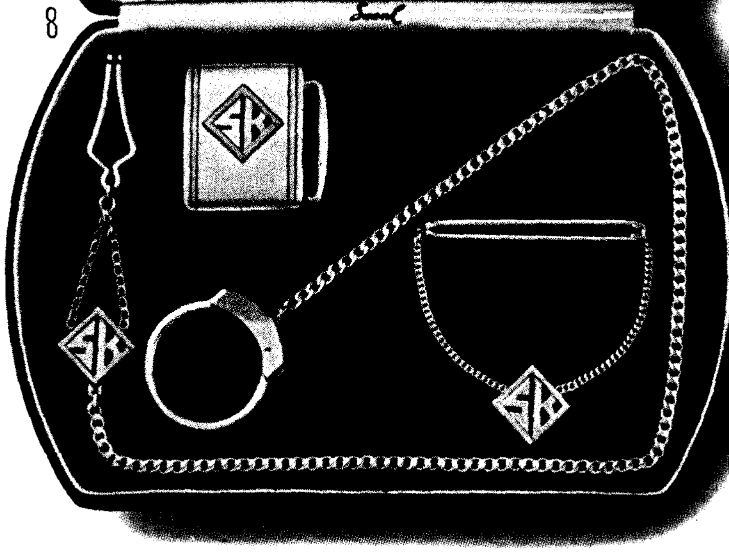

1 Click-On Key Chain, Cravat Chain and Collar Holder...in the new massive style . . . Set **$3.50**

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3 Duo-gram* Key Knife, with his initials...a novel combination of blade, file and key blank (quickly cut to fit any lock) ...with waldemar chain...Set **$5**
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4 Click-On Key Chain, Airway Links and Tie Klip, in simulated ruby, sapphire, emerald or topaz. Set **$3.50**

5 Evening Set in white mother-of-pearl for tail-coat, or smoked pearl for dinner jacket **$3.50**
Other Evening Sets from $2.50 to $35

6 Cravat Chain, Belt Buckle and Collar Holder in 1/20th 12 Kt. gold filled, handsomely hand engraved...ready for monogramming . . . Set **$10**
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In 1/20th 12 Kt. gold filled...Set $13.50

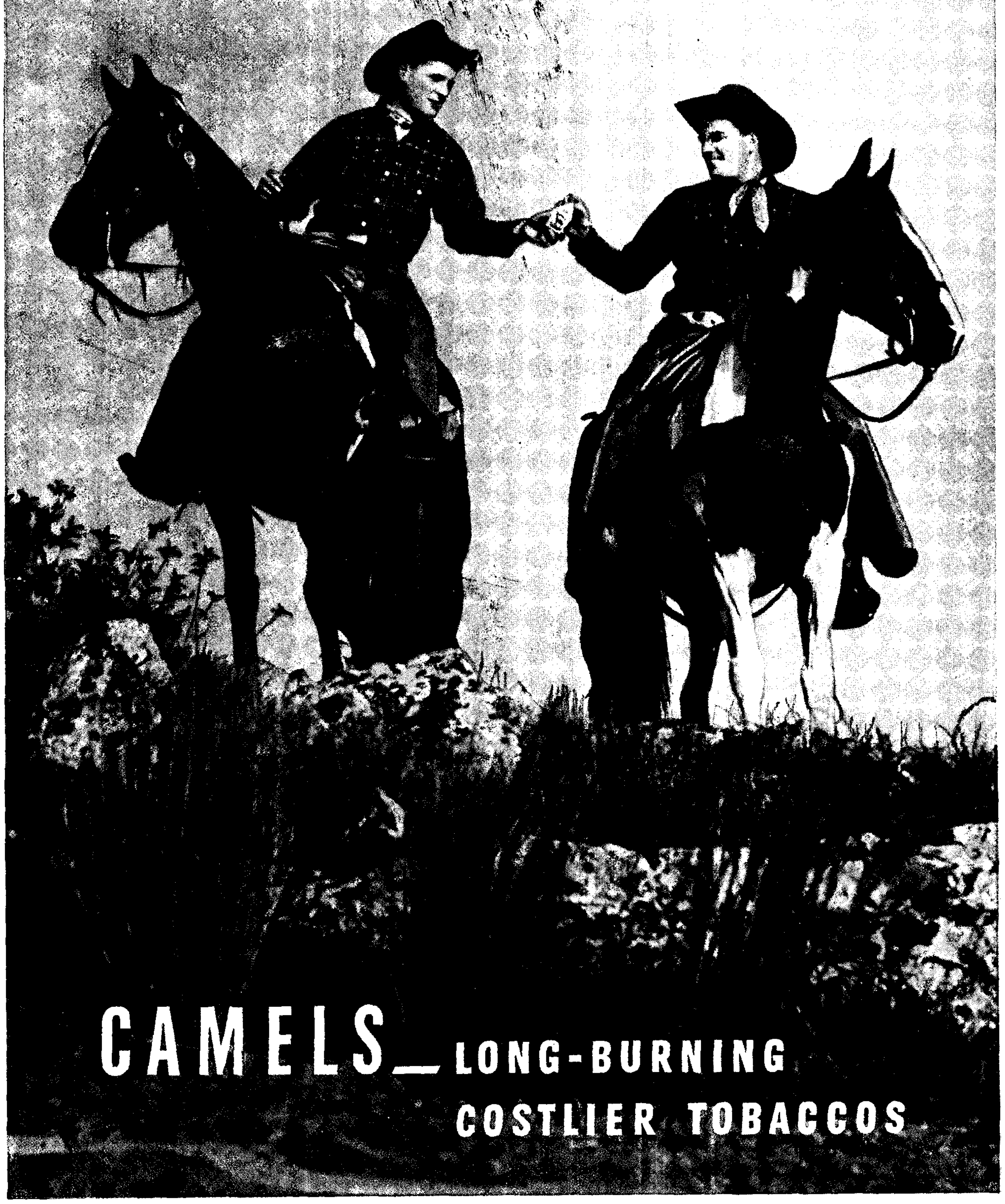
*PAT. APP. FOR

GOOD FRIENDS AGREE—

"THERE'S EXTRA PLEASURE . . AND EXTRA SMOKING IN CAMELS!"

NORTH, East, South, West, you'll hear the same story: One true yardstick of cigarette pleasure is *slow burning!* Kenneth E. (Nick) Knight *(below, left)* confirms the experience of millions of smokers when he says: "One of the first things I noticed about Camels was their slow burning. I figure that's why Camels smoke so much cooler, milder and taste so much better. Camels last longer, too." Howard McCrorey agrees on Camel's slow burning, and adds: "To me that means extra pleasure and a thrifty measure of extra smoking per pack."

Yes, the *costlier tobaccos* in Camels are *slower-burning!* And of course the extra smoking in Camels *(see right)* is just that much more smoking pleasure at its best—*Camel's costlier tobaccos!* Enjoy extra pleasure and extra value in America's No. 1 cigarette...Camels!



Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES

Cigarettes were compared recently...sixteen of the largest-selling brands...under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

3 In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

PENNY FOR PENNY
YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY

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